

*Lights up on a living room apartment, but just barely. The apartment is poorly lit, with a few lamps and accent lights littered throughout the space. There's clutter everywhere: papers, boxes, cups, mugs, clothing, bong, half-used candles. There's a sofa center stage and a large coffee table in front of it, a liquor shelf stage right next to a door, and the front door of the apartment stage left. A trash can or two can be seen overflowing with crumpled up papers. There's posters on the walls of different rock bands. There appears to be a thick haze in the apartment, a combination of burning incense and cigarette smoke looming over the room.*

*DOTTY, 28, sits on the sofa. She's wearing a short, black, satin night dress and smoking a cigarette. She's chasing each puff of her cigarette with a swig from a flask. She appears lost in thought, staring into the distance.*

*The doorbell rings. Dotty sighs out a heavy breath.*

DOTTY: Just a second!

*Dotty does not stand up, nor does she do anything else. She blows smoke rings into the ceiling. Then the doorbell rings again, and again, and continues on.*

DOTTY: Fuck you!

*Dotty goes to the door and opens it. RAMBO, 29, barges in and his hand flies to Dotty's throat, grabbing her and pulling her in for an aggressive kiss. They make out for a moment before he shoves her out of the way, storming into the apartment. He is wearing baggy pants and an oversized black jacket. His hair is soaked and he's carrying a large grocery tote bag. Dotty closes the door behind him.*

RAMBO: Open the door quicker.

DOTTY: Stop drinking cheap gin.

RAMBO: Eat shit, Dot.

DOTTY: I do every time you tell me to swallow.

RAMBO: The protein's good for you.

*Rambo sets the grocery bag on the table and sits on the couch. He starts pulling out so many lottery tickets, more than anyone should be buying. They form a pile on the table. Dotty walks back to the couch after him, sits down, and puts her feet up on the table, and also on top of the pile of lottery tickets.*

RAMBO: Do you fucking mind?

DOTTY: Yeah I do, these shits are gonna give me paper cuts.

RAMBO: Then move your dogs.

*Dotty goes to take a swig from her flask but Rambo takes the flask from her hand and finishes what's in it with a few gulps, then tosses the flask to the floor somewhere. Dotty continues smoking.*

DOTTY: What did Marge say?

RAMBO: Poker's tomorrow, but we're not meeting in the den. Gonzo got busted so his place is swimming with cops now.

DOTTY: Dumb bitch for getting caught.

*Rambo grabs a notebook from somewhere on the table and starts writing things down as he sorts*

*through the lottery tickets. Dotty does not move her feet from the pile.*

DOTTY: So how was she?

*Rambo stops writing and for a moment in frustration but doesn't look at Dotty. As he speaks, he continues writing without making any eye contact.*

RAMBO: How was who?

DOTTY: Whatever broad you slept with today.

RAMBO: I didn't do shit.

DOTTY: You smell like sex.

RAMBO: Sure you're not just horny and smelling yourself?

DOTTY: Your hair's still wet from wherever you showered.

*Rambo stops writing and looks back at Dotty. She flicks the butt of her cigarette off to the floor somewhere.*

RAMBO: If I fuck you, will you shut up?

DOTTY: No need, Jeremy came by today. I'm all set.

RAMBO: Germ was here? In my fucking apartment?

DOTTY: *Our* apartment, you sexist prick. We split the rent even.

RAMBO: Doesn't mean you get to invite whatever boot-licker you want into here.

DOTTY: Trust, it's not boots he's been licking.

*Rambo gets up angrily and walks over to the liquor shelf on the side. He grabs a random bottle and brings it back to the table.*

RAMBO: I told you it pisses me off when you sell yourself like that.

DOTTY: And what makes you think this was a business date? Haven't you thought I might *like* Jeremy?

RAMBO (chuckling): Even if you did, I know you're not stupid enough to have sex with someone you actually like. You'd only do it for the cash.

*Rambo sits back on the couch. He looks at Dotty tenderly.*

RAMBO: It's what I love about you.

DOTTY: Excuse me?

RAMBO: You know that I've always loved how smart you are. *(beat)* I'd love you more if you weren't sucking every dick in the area, but whatever.

*Dotty sits up and leans into Rambo.*

DOTTY: Why can't you ever tell me you love me like a normal person?

*Rambo brushes a finger on her cheek, slowly cupping her face in his hand.*

RAMBO: Would you love me if I was "normal"?

DOTTY: I'd probably have mugged you and left by now.

*They keep leaning in closer to each other, very slowly. The build up for this kiss feels very soft and intimate. But just before their lips meet—*

DOTTY: You haven't answered my question.

RAMBO: Hmm?

DOTTY: How. Was. She.

RAMBO: Fuck you, bitch.

*Rambo pushes Dotty back into the couch. Dotty giggles to herself. Rambo gets up and hangs his jacket on the wall, then goes to another room offstage. From offstage, he calls back.*

RAMBO: I don't get why you're so pressed about me having other bitches.

DOTTY: Clearly despite the "magical head" I give, I'm just not enough for you. I'd just /love to know what Becky from the diner can do that keeps you coming back to her.

*Rambo walks back in drying his hair with a towel. He's now just wearing a black tank top.*

RAMBO: Oh right, because I'm sure the reason you keep letting *Germ* hit it raw has everything to do with how satisfied he leaves you and nothing to do with the expensive shit he buys you.

*Dotty seductively pulls one of the straps of her nightie off her shoulder.*

DOTTY: You like them too.

RAMBO: Don't do that.

*Dotty stands up slowly and walks to the wall opposite Rambo, still playing with the straps of her dress but not taking it off. They're standing on opposite sides of the couch now. Dotty leans back onto the wall.*

DOTTY: Don't do what, baby?

RAMBO: *(beat)* I'm gonna kill you one of these days.

DOTTY: You couldn't live without me.

*Rambo stares at her a moment, then shakes his head and walks back to the couch. He sits and goes back to his lottery tickets.*

DOTTY: What are you doing?

RAMBO: Milking a goat, what's it look like I'm doing?

DOTTY: Why didn't you come kiss me?

RAMBO: I'm busy right now.

DOTTY: Rambo, come on. What's your deal?

*Rambo looks up at her, frustrated.*

RAMBO: I'm not in the fucking mood right now, alright? I thought Germ had you "set for the day" anyway.

DOTTY: Oh come on, you know it's not the same with you.

RAMBO: Then why are you still seeing him?

DOTTY: Why are you still seeing Becky?

RAMBO: I'm not "seeing" Becky! I slept with her once, she wasn't good, now the bitch won't leave me alone but I haven't fucked her again.

DOTTY: Then where were you today?

RAMBO: Out.

DOTTY: Mm, should've checked for you there.

RAMBO: Can you drop this?

DOTTY: Can you tell me why Jeremy bothers you so much? Out of everyone I've slept with?

*Rambo stands up, challenging her. He walks over to her as he talks.*

RAMBO: Germ isn't just someone you sleep with. You've been seeing him so much and wearing all this sexy shit he brings you, like it somehow shouldn't bother me when we fuck and you're wearing panties another man bought you.

DOTTY: Then buy me sexy shit yourself. I know damn well with all the extra cash you're making from your lotto "business" that you can, you just don't.

RAMBO: Why do I need to buy you expensive shit for you to believe that I love you?

DOTTY: You're barely ever home to tell me, how else am I supposed to know? Jackass.

RAMBO: Watch your mouth.

DOTTY: Or what? You'll storm out and run to Becky?

RAMBO: For once can you leave Becky out of it?

DOTTY: For once can you keep yourself out of Becky?

RAMBO: We fucked ONE TIME, you greedy whore. How many times have you slept with Germ?

DOTTY: Enough to know what a man looks like when he's hiding something from me, which I know you are. You don't wanna tell me where you were this morning, so it can only be that you saw Germ had come over, got angry, and ran to find Becky for a quickie. What I don't get is why you wanna hide from me that you're getting some on the side, Ram! It doesn't matter for us—

*Rambo lurches forward and once again grabs Dotty by the neck, this time shoving her back into the wall. With one hand still around her throat, he kisses her and they start making out aggressively again.*

*After a few moments, they cool down and he pulls his lips away, his body still pressed against hers.*

DOTTY: Now was that so hard?

RAMBO: Marry me, Dot.

DOTTY: *(beat)* What?

*Rambo steps away from Dotty and walks back to his jacket. He pulls a box from the inner pocket, then walks back to Dotty who is standing stunned. He stands in front of her and opens the box to reveal a ring.*

DOTTY: You're not even gonna get on one knee?

*Rambo grabs Dotty's hands and steps in closer to her, holding the ring out for her to see.*

RAMBO: Marry me. *(beat)* Aren't you tired of us constantly being at each other's throats, making empty threats and fighting and fucking until we tire ourselves out, then wake up and do it over again? The only reason I ever slept with Becky was because you said you couldn't handle us being serious and stormed off on me that night. I thought you were gone forever and I didn't know what to do with myself. But I can't handle you selling yourself to make cash and having weird relationships with rich fucks who don't give a rat's ass about you. I want us. I want our stupid, dysfunctional us. I want you to be the only person I sleep with. And I want to be yours.

*Rambo takes a small step back and gets down on one knee, holding the ring out to Dotty.*

RAMBO: Say you'll marry me, Dot.

*Silence. Dotty looks at him and the ring for what feels like an eternity. After a moment, she walks around him back to the table and grabs her pack of cigarettes. Rambo turns back to look at her as she lights one up. She continues to stand there in silence for another moment. She doesn't look at Rambo when she speaks.*

DOTTY: I'm pregnant.



*More silence. Rambo sits there frozen. Having spoken, Dotty looks back at him as she exhales smoke. She looks solemn. Slowly, Rambo stands up.*

RAMBO: You're... you're what?

DOTTY: Pregnant, Ram. I'm knocked the fuck up.

*Rambo covers his mouth with his hands, then lets out a soft laugh. He starts laughing with excitement.*

RAMBO: Oh my god, Dot. Oh my god, that's incredible! I— I can't believe it, baby. We're gonna have a *baby*! I'm gonna— I'm gonna be a dad! Dot, we're gonna be a fam —

DOTTY: Rambo, no. No, we're not.

*Rambo stops and looks at Dotty. His expression changes.*

RAMBO: What... what do you mean?

DOTTY: It's not yours, Ram. *(beat)* We've always used condoms, remember?

*Rambo staggers back slightly. He looks down at himself, realizing he's still holding the ring. He looks up at Dotty again.*

RAMBO: So... you're carrying Germ's baby?

DOTTY: Mhm.

RAMBO: ...Is that why you keep seeing him?

DOTTY: He actually broke things off this morning. "Papa" wasn't part of his plan.

*Rambo closes the ring box and sets it down on the table. He's contemplating.*

RAMBO: Okay.

DOTTY: ...Okay?

RAMBO: It'll be my baby then. It doesn't have to be *my* baby, but I can take care of it. I can take care of you. We can still be a family, Dotty.

DOTTY: You don't fucking get it, do you? I'm not a *wife*, Ram. I'm not a mom, I don't drive a minivan and pick up juice boxes from the store. This isn't our life. We don't get to live happily ever after in the suburbs and pick from the good private schools. You don't get to just put a ring on my finger and make my baby yours.

RAMBO: Dotty, I'm not trying to force you into anything. Baby, I love you. I know we don't have all that now, but we could. We could be a family.

DOTTY: I don't want your happy family! I want things to stay the way they are now.

RAMBO: Baby—

DOTTY: Stop calling me that! I'm not yours, Rob!

*Rambo freezes at hearing his real name. Dotty's look softens. When Rambo speaks, his tone is cold.*

DOTTY: Ram, I'm sorry. I don't know what came over—

RAMBO: You said you'd never call me that.

DOTTY: I know, Ram, I'm so—

RAMBO: I told you *never* to call me that.

DOTTY: Rambo, listen—

RAMBO: Fuck. You. Have your kid by yourself, Dot.

*Rambo slams the ring box down on the table then turns to the front door. He storms out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him. Dotty stands silent where she is.*

*After a moment, she picks up the ring box and opens it. She studies the ring for a moment, then pulls it out of the box and puts it on. She looks at it on her hand and giggles softly. She looks back at the front door for a moment, then grabs the bottle Rambo left on the table and sits down on the couch.*

DOTTY: He'll be back.

*As she drinks, Dotty flicks her cigarette butt forward. It lands on the table in the pile of lottery tickets. She keeps looking at the ring on her finger, moving her hand back and forth to see it from different angles.*

*A moment later, smoke starts to come out of the pile of lottery cards. Dotty stares at it for a moment, then nods to herself.*

DOTTY: Why not.

*Dotty takes a long swig from the bottle, staring at the burning pile of paper.*

*Lights out.*

END OF PLAY