

YOU MAY HAVE 6

A Comedy

by

DC Cathro

YOU MAY HAVE 6

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YOU MAY HAVE 6

*Thanks to Sandra, for supporting new works and taking a chance.
Love to Jaysen, for supporting my writing and taking so many chances.
Cheers to my fellow Thriving Playwrights!*

YOU MAY HAVE 6

CHARACTERS – 4M, 3W, 2 Flexible

(In Order of Appearance):

BIG VOICE, a big voice

ROGER, our “hero”

VOICE, his rep

CAM, his best friend

JODI, his girlfriend

MOM, his mom

ALEX, his buddy

STEPH, his ex-wife

MORGAN

TIME

Not that long ago

PLACE

Roger’s apartment?

YOU MAY HAVE 6

YOU MAY HAVE 6 premiered in May 2024 at Good Luck Macbeth Theatre in Reno, NV under the direction of Shea King. The production's Stage Manager was Alexis Pedote and Derek Nance served as the Technical Director. Lyndsey Langsdale was the Costumer and Isaias Torres acted as Assistant Stage Manager. The Light and Sound Board Operator was Alwin Pizana.

The cast, in order of appearance, was as follows:

BIG VOICE	David Beck
ROGER	Brandon Collins
VOICE	Ben Clarkson
CAM	Ryan Kelly
JODI	McCarren Caputa
MOM	Juli Fair
ALEX	Greg Hillman
STEPH	Kristina Charpentier
MORGAN	Ben Clarkson

Good Luck Macbeth staff at the time of production:

Executive Director: Sarah Hinz, Producing Director: Bill Ware, Technical Director: Derek Nance, Costume Director: Lyndsey Langsdale, Box Office Manager: Nick Barden, Media Director: Amanda McHenry, Development Director: Zoie Harmer, New Works Initiative Co-Directors: Sandra Neace and Amanda Alvey-Fannin.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

YOU MAY HAVE 6

Dark. Ethereal music or sounds. Tight white light on ROGER. A voice booms out.

BIG VOICE. YOU MAY HAVE SIX. CHOOSE.

ROGER. Okay... Uh...

BIG VOICE. CHOOSE.

ROGER. Now? Can't I think about...

BIG VOICE. NOW.

ROGER. Okay, okay! Uh, Jodi, and Cam... and maybe Alex and...

BIG VOICE. NO MAYBES.

ROGER. Alex! Okay! And Mister Fluffernutter! And... Steph? Alright?

BIG VOICE. ONE MORE.

ROGER. Uh... Cam.

BIG VOICE. YOU SAID CAM. DO YOU WANT TWO CAMS?

ROGER. No! Hell no! ... uh... Mom? NO! WAIT! Morgan!

BIG VOICE. THAT IS SIX.

ROGER. WAITWAITWAIT, Morgan! NOT Mom! I meant to say...

(BLACKOUT. BOOM, then quiet and still. Lights come up slowly. Roger wakes up on a couch in a generically bachelor-type apartment. There is a kitchenette, couch, coffee table, coat rack and a card table, on which sit various unfinished projects. Broken things waiting to be whole, including a hair dryer and a toaster, etc. A couch is center, behind him and the couch - evenly spaced - are 5 people: MOM, JODI, ALEX, CAM, STEPH and unseen behind the couch but taking up one of the spaces is a cat, MISTER FLUFFERNUTTER. They don't move. Roger seems hung over, slightly groggy.) Ughhhh. Dammit... (He sits up, runs his hands through his hair and shakes his head a little, trying to wake up. Perhaps a back or ball-scratch. Yawn. He gets up and walks through a door. Sounds of urination and a flush. He returns and sees his "guests.") OHMYFUCKINGGOD...

YOU MAY HAVE 6

Jeez! What the fuck? Sorry Mom. What are you all doing? *(They don't respond. Or move. Or answer. They stand, staring straight ahead.)* Okay, look y'all, I had a really crappy night. Is this, like, some lame surprise party? *(Pause.)* C'mon. *(Pause.)* Seriously? *(Pause.)* COME ON. *(Pause.)* This is so not funny. *(Pause. He crosses to Cam.)* Dude... *(He reaches out to touch Cam when suddenly the landline phone rings. LOUD. Scaring him.)* JESUSFUCKINGCHRIST. Sorry Mom. Jesus! *(He crosses and picks up the receiver. Into the phone...)* Hello?

VOICE. Roger? Roger Stigson?

ROGER. No.

VOICE. Oh. OH. Uhhh, can I speak to Roger please?

ROGER. He's busy. Can I take a message?

VOICE. Oh no, he started! Dang! Ohhhhhh dang! Which one are you?

ROGER. Which what?

VOICE. Of the six?

ROGER. Who the hell is this?

VOICE. Uhhhhh... just tell him to call me back.

ROGER. Who?

VOICE. Oh, uhhhhh...

ROGER. Okay, FINE, this is Roger, now who is this?

VOICE. OH, GOOD! I caught you... I hope. Did you touch anyone yet?

ROGER. What?

VOICE. DID YOU TOUCH ANYONE?!

ROGER. Who?

VOICE. The six! There!

ROGER. You mean Cam, and Mom and them?

VOICE. Yes! You haven't, right?

ROGER. No, why? They're not moving. Are they doing some weird flash mob thing or something?

VOICE. GOOD! Oh, thank goodness! They aren't activated 'til you touch them, I just wanted you to be ready! I'm your rep, so I was supposed to actually BE there when you woke up, but I got totally sidetracked, so I figured I'd call...

ROGER. Rep for what?

VOICE. Your afterlife. Duh.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. ...

VOICE. Oh. *(Beat.)* OH. *(Beat.)* I guess you didn't know.

ROGER. Fuck off. *(He hangs up.)*

VOICE. No, wait!... *(Cut off.)*

ROGER. Sorry, Mom. *(He stalks the room, processing what he's heard and staring at some of his "guests" until the phone rings again. He lets it go a bit, huffs, then answers.)*

ROGER. What?

VOICE. Okay, okay, I know I haven't handled this well, I'm really sorry, it's been a bad day.

ROGER. Oh yeah?

VOICE. You have no idea, I mean, I was...

ROGER. YOU JUST SAID I'M FUCKING DEAD. Sorry, Mom.

VOICE. Yeah, I know, you're right... *(Pause.)* You win.

ROGER. Heh. Yeah, I do...

VOICE. Please, Roger, just take a seat and let me start over. Okay? AND DON'T TOUCH ANYONE YET.

ROGER. *(Sits.)* Okay. Go.

VOICE. Okay. Good. So. Yes. You're... You're kinda dead.

ROGER. Seriously, I'm sitting here in my apartment. With zombie friends and family, but I'm not dead. I'm at home.

VOICE. No, nope. That's your afterlife.

ROGER. This is fuckin' rich. *(He glances at Mom.)*

VOICE. It's true. You are starting your afterlife today. That's why I needed to catch you, give you the orientation and answer any questions and stuff. I'm still learning some of the ropes myself, but if there's something I don't know I'll find a higher power.

ROGER. No pun intended?

VOICE. Oh, yeah! Funny! But no, no pun intended.

ROGER. Okay, so this is heaven?

VOICE. Heaven?

ROGER. Yeah. Heaven. So you're saying this is my heaven?

VOICE. Uh... sure.

ROGER. Okay. Fine. So why are Cam and Alex and them here? What's the six thing about?

YOU MAY HAVE 6

VOICE. Oh, well after you... pass on, you get to choose loved ones based on how you lived your life. You were given six to spend your afterlife with you.

ROGER. So they're all dead too? What the fuck's up with that?

VOICE. Oh no! They're like copies. They have their essence and memories of you and your life and interactions with you, but they're just your... six. You were given six.

ROGER. Huh. So what happens when I touch them? *(He touches Cam.)*

VOICE. Don't, not yet!

CAM. *(Cam "activates.")* Dude! You look fuckin' awful! *(Noticing Mom.)* Oh. Sorry Mrs. Stig

ROGER. Gotta go, thanks for the crazy talk.

VOICE. WAIT! Just call me back, okay? You get three calls! Call me when you... *(Roger hangs up.)*

CAM. Man! You okay? You were fuckin' wasted last night. Sorry, Mrs. Stig.

ROGER. My head is pounding.

CAM. I bet! What's up with them?

ROGER. You're totally in on this, aren't you?

CAM. In on what? You got any Advil? *(He crosses to bathroom.)*

ROGER. This wax-museum-of-my-life party here... What's the deal?

CAM. Yo, I just woke up. I'm surprised I don't have a worse hangover! Must've been all those piggies in blankies. I think I had, like, thirty-seven of 'em. *(Cam crosses to Roger holding the Advil and a glass of water.)*

ROGER. Gimme. *(Roger takes the Advil and water. He swallows.)*

CAM. Dammit dude, c'mon. *(Cam takes the glass and Advil back, exits to refill the glass, and re-enters, takes his pills. He looks at the others.)* This is kinda weird. What are they doing?

ROGER. Jesus, Cam, I'm not in the mood. Just tell them to stop. *(The phone rings. Roger does not answer it.)*

CAM. Want me to get that?

ROGER. No, it's a crank. He called before.

CAM. I got this. *(He answers.)* Whassup, mothafuckah? *(Whispering to Mom.)* Sorry, Mrs. Stig. *(Pause.)* He can't, he's totally pounding your grandma right now. *(Pause.)* Bare! *(Pause.)* You wanna talk to her? I'll see

YOU MAY HAVE 6

if I can get the ball gag outta her mouth. Ha! *(Pause.)* Okay, who's this now? *(Pause. Shock.)* Uhhh...

ROGER. What?

CAM. *(Serious.)* Dude. It... it's your dad.

ROGER. ... *(Cam Offers him the phone.)* No fuckin' way. *(Cam hands him the phone.)* What the fuck do YOU want?

VOICE. Hey, it's me again.

ROGER. CAM! That's not even close to funny!

CAM. What?

VOICE. Don't blame him, I tapped your dad's voice so he'd give you the phone, I'm sorry! Sorry Sorry Sorry! Just LISTEN to me!

ROGER. WHAT?!

VOICE. ... Uh. Okay. *(Pause. Quickly.)* So, look, cards on the table, you're dead. You got six. When you touch 'em, they'll 'wake up' and then you can go about your afterlife with them. That's the deal. *(Pause.)* Any questions?

ROGER. You're a fuckin' nutjob.

VOICE. ONE LAST THING, you can call me back three times, that's it. Don't waste your calls. Anything else you wanna know?

ROGER. Yeah. Your address, so I can come over and beat the... *(>Click< Line goes dead.)*

CAM. What was that all about? It wasn't your dad?

ROGER. NO.

CAM. Sounded JUST like him, seriously, I'm sorry, dude. He totally did.

ROGER. Cam, what's going on here? You're in on this whole thing. Tell 'em to stop.

CAM. Look, my man, I just woke up myself. Last night was off the hook, as the kiddies say these days. I don't even remember how I made it here! I was as blitzed as you.

ROGER. That guy said I was dead.

CAM. You should be, after the number of shots you did!

ROGER. This is heaven? *(He wanders the room, looking at each of the five remaining, deciding which to touch next. Behind the couch, he leans down.)* C'mere, Mister Fluffernutter. *(Sharp reaction, pulls back.)* OW! Fuckin' cat!

YOU MAY HAVE 6

CAM. What?

ROGER. He scratched me! Dammit! (*Shows claw marks on his forearm.*)

CAM. Fluffers?

ROGER. Yeah!

CAM. You better wash that. Cats step in their own shit every day.

ROGER. What the fuck is up with today?

CAM. Where'd he go?

ROGER. Under the couch. (*They both bend over to look under the couch.*)

CAM. He looks pissed. Leave him. He'll come out when he's hungry.

ROGER. He's never done that before! Dammit... This hurts!

CAM. Oh, man up. It's a cat. Mine claws and bites me all the time. For fun. She's a fierce hunter. Crap! I better get upstairs, I didn't feed her last night, and Jeannie is in Atlanta for the weekend. (*He exits out the front door.*)

ROGER. Seeya. (*Silence fills the apartment.*) So, four more. Eeny meeny miney moe. (*He lands on Steph.*) Oh, hell no. (*He touches Jodi instead.*)

JODI. (*Jodi "activates"*) Hey hon. You look awful.

ROGER. I keep hearing that. (*She kisses him.*)

JODI. Go brush your teeth.

ROGER. Yes, mother.

JODI. (*Noticing the others.*) Oh! Hey Mrs. Stig! (*Noticing Steph.*) Wait, what is SHE doing here?

ROGER. Crap. Uh... It's not what you think.

JODI. It better not be. What are they doing?

ROGER. Uh. It's not them. They're, like, statues.

JODI. No, they're not.

ROGER. Yeah! They're... Wax. Like Madame Tussaud's.

JODI. They look real.

ROGER. Uh, yeah. Cool, right?

JODI. What are they here for?

ROGER. I... Uh... I made 'em.

JODI. ...

ROGER. I made 'em. Yeah.

JODI. You?

ROGER. Yep! Cool, right?

YOU MAY HAVE 6

JODI. You can't even fix my hair dryer.

ROGER. Yes I can!

JODI. You haven't.

ROGER. I will.

JODI. Uh huh.

ROGER. I swear!

JODI. Fine. *(Beat.)* I don't see one of me.

ROGER. Uh...

JODI. SO... Why the hell would you make one of your EX WIFE and not ME?!

ROGER. You're next.

JODI. Next!?

ROGER. Wait...

JODI. NEXT?!

ROGER. Crap.

JODI. SO, you'll make Alex and STEPHANIE before me!? I can see your Mom, but STEPH?

ROGER. Honey...

JODI. Fuck you, Rog! *(She throws a pillow from the couch at him.)*

ROGER. No, honey, stop, let me explain. *(As he dodges her attack, he hides behind Mom, touching her and "activating" her as Jodi hits Mom instead of Roger.)*

MOM. OH! Jodi!

JODI/ROGER. Mrs. Stig!/Mom!

MOM. What are you...?

JODI. I'm SO sorry! Rog said you were a statue!

ROGER. Mom, are you okay? I'm so sorry.

MOM. Roger, get her away from me. Please. NOW.

ROGER. Steph, have a seat.

JODI. STEPH!?

ROGER. JODI! JODI! Just chill a sec! We were just arguing about her, that's all!

MOM. Jodi, you'd better go.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. Mom, wait. Jodi, have a seat, I can explain. Mom, let me just talk, okay? *(Phone rings.)* Fuck! Sorry, Mom. *(Mom glares at him. At Jodi. At him again.)*

MOM. Are you going to answer?

ROGER. Okay...

MOM. *(As Roger goes to answer phone.)* So, young lady, why did you hit me?

ROGER. Mom, wait, please, let me explain, just wait a sec. *(Answering phone)* WHAT? *(During this conversation, Jodi sits, trying to be contrite with Mom, Mom stares at her, daggers, until she notices the other two, still frozen. Mom wanders, staring at the two statues, at Jodi and at her son as he converses.)*

VOICE. Hey, Roger? It's me again.

ROGER. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

VOICE. Look, I know this is stressful and we got off on the wrong foot, but I forgot some important stuff and I'm already gonna get a lousy evaluation, I know, but I need to tell you – do NOT tell them you're dead.

EVER. Okay?

ROGER. What? Why?

VOICE. Trust me on this one.

ROGER. Look, fu... mister. I'm over all of this freaky "Twilight Zone" shit. Over it. Now, what did you DO to them?

VOICE. You still don't believe me? How many are active?

ROGER. How many? Three.

VOICE. Oh, OHHHHH, jeezie peezie. It's too soon for three. WAY too soon!

ROGER. Why is that? Wait... You said I get six. There's only five here. Only five.

VOICE. WHAT?

ROGER. Five. Well, Cam left, but yeah. Only five of 'em.

VOICE. Which ones? This is new... I've never heard of anyone being shorted. *(Slight panic)*

ROGER. Besides me? Cam, Mom, Jodi... my ex, and Alex.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

VOICE. Let me check the invoice. (*Pause, perhaps the sound of papers being rustled or elevator muzak.*) Okay, I have here a “Mister Fluffernutter.” He’s not there?

ROGER. Oh, I forgot about him. Yeah, he’s here.

VOICE. OH THANK GOODNESS!

MOM. Who is that?

ROGER. Uh, it’s work.

VOICE. You really scared me! Ha!

ROGER. Okay, so that makes four then. Four active.

VOICE. FOUR. OhMyGoodness...

ROGER. AND he scratched the hell outta me!

MOM. Let me see that? I’ll get you cleaned up. (*Mom exits to the bathroom.*)

VOICE. Ooooooooooh, yeah, cats don’t transfer well. Dogs are great but cats, not so much. It’s like they’re one can short of a six-pack, if you catch my drift. (*Mom re-enters with a wet washcloth and treats Roger’s arm as he talks.*)

ROGER. Is that it? I’m kinda busy.

VOICE. Okay, sorry again, but yeah. Just remember, not a word.

ROGER. What if I already did?

VOICE. ...

ROGER. Hello?

VOICE. Oh NO. Did you? Really?

ROGER. I don’t remember, I was talking with Cam when he... woke up.

VOICE. Okay... Okay, let me check with my supervisor, and I’ll get back to you. Just lay low for a bit.

ROGER. Lay low?

VOICE. Bye. (*Click.*)

ROGER. (*Hangs up.*) Well, shit.

MOM. (*She bops his head, and he flinches.*) Now, what was that? Why are you “laying low?” Should I be concerned? I knew I should have made you move back home.

ROGER. Mom, I’m fine. It was just... work. They don’t need me to come in today.

MOM. Oh, well good. We should bandage that arm.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. Later.

MOM. Roger, now. Come with me. *(She drags him to the bathroom. We hear from off...)* This place is a mess! *(The front door opens and Cam enters.)*

JODI. Cam! Oh man, I screwed up. I need your help.

CAM. Whassup, girl? Where's Rog?

JODI. He's in the bathroom with his mom, she's pissed at me.

CAM. Why?

JODI. I kinda hit her. NOT HARD.

CAM. HIT her!?

ROGER. *(From off.)* Cam?

CAM. Yeah, I'm back! Hi, Mrs. Stig!

MOM. *(From off.)* Hello Cameron!

ROGER. *(From off.)* I'll be out in a sec.

CAM. Why'd you hit her?

JODI. Because Roger made a statue of STEPHANIE and not me. Wait...

WAIT. Mrs. Stig wasn't a statue! That FUCKER! *(Jodi storms over to Steph and slaps her across the face as Roger re-enters.)*

ROGER. Stop! *(Nothing happens. Steph still stares. A pause as everyone looks confused and looks at each other for answers. Then Jodi slaps Steph again.)*

ROGER. Oh, my god, cut it out!

JODI. Why? This is fun! *(She is about to haul off again, when Roger grabs her. Mom re-enters.)*

MOM. Where's your scrubbing bubbles?

ROGER. Not now, Mom!

MOM. I'm just trying to help, that toilet is filthy. Like a truck stop. *(While Mom has his attention, Jodi is doing evil things to Steph. She spies a pair of scissors on the table and ninjas her way through the other three to fetch them and return to Steph, where she starts giving a drastic haircut.)*

CAM. Ha!

ROGER. Mom, I'll... Okay, it's under the kitchen sink, I think.

CAM. Dude, why would you keep toilet stuff in the kitchen?

MOM. THANK you!

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. Because I ran outta sink stuff, and... Whatever. The sink out here doesn't work anyway. *(He fetches Mom the cleaner.)*

CAM. Dude.

ROGER. I know.

CAM. Tell Peterson...

ROGER. I know! I've been telling him for weeks, but I'm late with the rent so he's... *(Finally noticing Jodi.)* OH MY GOD! *(He rushes over and tries to take the scissors, while avoiding contact with Steph.)* GIMME!

JODI. Looks better to me.

ROGER. PLEASE! Please just sit! *(She does. Mom re-enters with a toilet brush and bottle.)*

MOM. This is window cleaner.

ROGER. Whatever! *(Huff.)* Cam, take Mom to the Save-More, get some scrubbing bubbles... and a bottle of JD.

CAM. Dude... *(Mom exits to get rid of the brush and bottle.)*

ROGER. BIG bottle.

CAM. You got money?

ROGER. JUST...!

CAM. Okay.

MOM. *(Re-entering.)* Well, good. Is that for the shower?

CAM. Shower?

MOM. JD? *(Roger glares at him.)*

CAM. Nah, it's, uh, for cleaning other stuff. *(They exit.)*

JODI. WELL...

ROGER. Jodi, hon...

JODI. No, no, no, don't "hon" me. *(Referring to Alex and Steph.)* What's going on? REALLY?

ROGER. Really?

JODI. REALLY really.

ROGER. Okay, uh... They... Can't move.

JODI. Yeah, I see that.

ROGER. 'Cause, I, uh...

JODI. Jesus, Rog! What the hell is...

ROGER. *(Blurting.)* THEY'RE HYPNOTIZED! *(Pause.)*

JODI. Okay. *(Beat.)*

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. Okay?

JODI. Well, they're not statues, so...

ROGER. Yeah.

JODI. So, who hypnotized them?

ROGER. Uhhhhh... Meeeeee?

JODI. You.

ROGER. *(Pause.)* Yup.

JODI. What, so now you're a super villain?

ROGER. No! I mean, I just...

JODI. You're, like, putting people under your SPELL?!

ROGER. No! No, it's, uh, to quit, uh...

JODI. Quit?

ROGER. Yeah. People use hypnosis to quit, like, smoking.

JODI. You told me you already quit.

ROGER. Biting your nails.

JODI. You don't bite...

ROGER. DRINKING!

JODI. You JUST ordered a bottle of Jack.

ROGER. Oh! *(Noticing Mom's purse by the door, Roger dashes over and opens it only to find a brick wall behind the door. His eyes go wide, and he shuts the door before Jodi notices.)* Well?

ROGER. No, uh, THEM quitting, I'm helping THEM. Quit. Yeah.

JODI. Since when can YOU hypnotize?

ROGER. Since, uh, online course?

JODI. You're ridiculous.

ROGER. Yeah.

JODI. Wait, hold up... I don't remember coming over here... Did you hypnotize ME?

ROGER. Uh, no. Of course not.

JODI. You DID! You BASTARD!

ROGER. I didn't! I swear! I just...

JODI. You better not! *(Pause.)* This is crazy. You can't DO that. They're totally faking. What's REALLY going on? Are you and Steph, like, hooking up again or...?

ROGER. NO!

YOU MAY HAVE 6

JODI. Something's up!

ROGER. No, for reals, look... Uh... *(He crosses to Alex.)* I'll prove it, I'll, uh, bring Alex out of it. On the count of three. *(Deep breath.)* One... Two... Three! *(He snaps his fingers and touches Alex, who immediately "activates.")*

ALEX. Hey.

ROGER. Hey!

JODI. HEYYYYY! Wow! I totally didn't believe you!

ALEX. Dude. You look-

ALEX AND ROGER. -Awful.

ROGER. Yeah, I know.

ALEX. Hey Jo.

JODI. Are you, like, faking?

ALEX. Faking what?

JODI. WOW. *(To Alex.)* So, you remember anything?

ALEX. About last night?

JODI. About being hypnotized!

ROGER. No...

ALEX. Say what?

JODI. Rog totally hypnotized you!

ROGER. Oh crap.

ALEX. What? He did not.

JODI. He did! I saw it! I didn't believe it either, but you were TOTALLY zonked out, and...

ALEX. I wasn't "zonked out."

ROGER. Yeah, Jodi, why don't we just...

JODI. Dude! You were! It was hilarious! Seriously, look at Steph! *(They do.)* I slapped her and cut her hair! If Rog hadn't stopped me, I was gonna...

ROGER. OKAY! YEAH, OKAY! *(He ushers her away from Steph.)*

ALEX. Dude! Wait, seriously?

ROGER. Alex...

ALEX. What the fuck, man?! Have you done this before?

ROGER. Before? NO. NO! I, uh, I JUST learned and wanted to try it out, and we're buds and you trust me, and...

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ALEX. Yeah, actually NO, I don't trust you, after catching you in my wallet.

ROGER. Alex...

JODI. What?

ROGER. That was just...

ALEX. *(To Jodi.)* I woke up one time when he was crashing at my place and he was rooting through my wallet!

JODI. Rog!

ROGER. I was drunk!

ALEX. *(To Jodi.)* He said he was looking for a condom. *(Beat.)* We were the only two there.

JODI. Jeez, Rog!

ROGER. C'mon! It was just a misunderstanding!

ALEX. So, no. I don't trust you. You're a fun guy, but I'm not letting my guard down around you. *(Backing him up and getting in his face.)* And I may be a little fuzzy about stuff, but if you DID hypnotize me?! I'll break your "magic fingers."

JODI. Hey! No, it's cool, he didn't!

ROGER. I didn't!

JODI. He didn't! You, uh, just, uh, crashed here and woke up while he was...

ROGER. Hypnotizing STEPH!

JODI. Yeah!

ALEX. *(To Jodi.)* You said...

JODI. Right, yeah! What I MEANT was...

ROGER. What she MEANT was...

JODI AND ROGER. Uhhhhhh...

ALEX. I don't believe you two. You, freezing her or whatever, and YOU assaulting her.

JODI. It wasn't assault!

ALEX. You said you slapped her. *(Pause.)*

JODI. Not HARD.

ALEX. *(To Jodi.)* You chopped her HAIR off. *(To Roger.)* And YOU let her!

ROGER. Seriously, it's not like that.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ALEX. Bring her out of it.

ROGER. Okay! *(Beat.)* Now?

ALEX. Now.

ROGER. What if I don't want to?

ALEX. ROG...

ROGER. But shouldn't we calm down a bit before...

ALEX. *(Threateningly.)* NOW.

ROGER. Yep, right, okay... Uhhhh... *(Pause. He looks at Steph, then Jodi. She shrugs at him. Then he looks at Alex, who glowers. He takes a deep breath.)* Right. One... Two... Three! *(He snaps his fingers and touches Steph, who immediately "activates." Steph looks around, sees everyone looking at her, shows uncomfortable-ness.)*

STEPH. What?

ROGER. SEE! See! She's fine! Just fine and dandy and...

ALEX. *(To Steph.)* You okay?

STEPH. Yeah, I guess. I mean, I...

ALEX. You sure?

STEPH. I had a few last night, I don't remember... I probably shouldn't have taken my allergy pill. Oh! My alimony check, I must've come here for that!

ROGER. Shit.

STEPH. *(To Roger.)* So?

ROGER. Uh, yeah, isn't that due next week?

STEPH. Last week.

ROGER. Fuck me.

ALEX. Steph, hey Steph, look at me. Do you remember being hypnotized?

STEPH. What?!

ROGER. Alex, maybe she...

STEPH. I wasn't hypnotized!

ALEX. Go look in the mirror.

STEPH. My face hurts.

ALEX. Go ahead.

JODI AND ROGER. Fuck. *(Steph exits to the bathroom. A pause, then a shriek. She barrels out of the bathroom.)*

STEPH. WHAT DID YOU DO?

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. It wasn't me! It was Jodi!

STEPH. WHAT?!

JODI. HEY! *(Steph attacks Jodi as Roger grabs her to stop the attack, while Jodi rushes to the door.)*

ROGER. Jodi, wait! You can't... *(Jodi exits.)* What?!

STEPH. HOW DARE YOU!

ROGER. I told you, I didn't!

STEPH. YOU LET HER! God! *(Steph exits to the bedroom.)*

ALEX. Not cool.

ROGER. I KNOW!

ALEX. Seriously, if you EVER try anything like this again... *(Steph re-enters wearing a hat.)*

STEPH. I can't BELIEVE you! *(She storms toward the door.)*

ROGER. Steph, you can't...

STEPH. FUCK OFF.

ROGER. That's my favorite hat! *(She spins and glares daggers at him.)*

ALEX. Let her go, man.

STEPH. You'll pay for this. *(Steph exits, slamming the door. Alex sits, facing away from the door as Roger rushes over to stop her.)*

ROGER. Wait! *(Roger opens the door to discover the brick wall has returned. His eyes get wide. While Alex talks, he tries the door a few more times, but the wall is always there. He moves to a window and opens the blinds. He can see the city outside, so he closes them and goes to the door again. Still brick. He shuts the door.)*

ALEX. Seriously, Rog. This is a new low. I mean, sometimes you can be pretty okay, but mostly? I swear, I'm trying to figure out where you went wrong. Back in school you weren't such a bastard. I mean, you used to be such a cool kid but then we grew up but it's like you never did, you're still a kid, a selfish stupid kid who just wants what he wants and doesn't care who he hurts to get it. I keep hoping you'll figure yourself out, but then you do shit like THIS. You're driving people away. You wanna end up alone? 'Cause if you keep this shit up... *(Beat.)* What are you doing?

ROGER. Nothing. Just...

ALEX. Did you hear anything I said?

ROGER. Yeah... *(Beat.)*

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ALEX. Right. Why do I bother? *(Alex exits right out the front door. Roger is astonished, goes to the door, opens it, and finds the brick wall.)*

ROGER. You gotta be fuckin' kidding. *(He shuts the door and takes a couple steps away when it opens and Mom and Cam enter.)*

MOM. *(To Cam.)* You need the double sided sponge, with the scrubber.

CAM. Right, but then my pint glasses look scratchy.

MOM. Maybe it's the hard water? Oh, Roger, I got you scrubbing bubbles, some more bandages, and an air freshener. I asked the girl at the store about JD cleaner, but she said they don't sell that.

ROGER. Of course.

CAM. Where'd everyone go?

ROGER. They left. *(Beat.)* Hey Cam, can you open the door?

CAM. Sure. *(Cam opens the door, looks out.)* Nobody there. *(He shuts the door and crosses to the bedroom as Mom exits to the bathroom and Roger crosses to the door, opening it to find the brick wall.)*

ROGER. Of course.

MOM. *(From off.)* I'll get this toilet done. *(Cam re-enters.)*

CAM. Dude, I left a little sumpin'-sumpin' under your pillow for you.

ROGER. Please tell me it's a bottle of Jack.

MOM. *(From off.)* Jack who?

CAM. Jack's my drug dealer, Mrs. Stig!

MOM. *(From off, laughs.)* Oh, Cameron.

CAM. *(Whispered low to Roger.)* Yeah, his name's actually Zack, not Jack.

ROGER. Cam, I seriously need your help.

CAM. Whazzup?

ROGER. It's... I think I'm...

CAM. Dead?

ROGER. WHAT!?!

CAM. What? You told me before.

ROGER. OH. Right.

CAM. C'mon, bro. You ain't dead. You're right here. Unless you some kinda zombie. Don't eat my brains.

ROGER. You ain't got none.

CAM. Aw, snap!

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. No, but really. What if I AM? I mean, there has been some freaky ass shit happening here.

CAM. Like what?

ROGER. Like you guys, all frozen and Fluffers spazzing out, and...

CAM. Come on, man. If you're dead, then I'm dead too, right? And I feel fine. Mostly.

ROGER. You're a copy.

CAM. Say what?

ROGER. Crap. Wait. *(Beat.)* Uhhh... Never mind.

CAM. What, like a pod person?

ROGER. No, I mean...

CAM. Just because you're having these whacked out delusions...

ROGER. They're not delusions! FUCK!

MOM. *(Re-entering.)* You and your mouth! I swear!

CAM. No you don't!

MOM. *(Giggles.)* Oh, Cam. But really, Roger. You and that language. You'll never amount to anything being so vulgar all of the time. Like a drunken sailor! I ought to keep spanking you for all those curse words.

ROGER. Mom.

CAM. Yo, yeah! You should!

MOM. Or use those scrubbing bubbles on that mouth of yours.

CAM. Can I watch?

MOM. *(Giggles.)* Cameron. You're just a rascal!

ROGER. Fucking Christ!

MOM. *(Smacking him.)* WHAT did I just say?!

ROGER. OW!

MOM. Well, you made me do that!

CAM. *(To Roger.)* Hurts like a bitch? *(To Mom.)* Sorry Mrs. Stig.

MOM. *(Sigh.)* Alright you two, I have to go. I'm hosting the rummage sale planning meeting for the church tonight. First order of business, calling it something other than "rummage."

ROGER. Meeting?

MOM. Rummage! Really, who uses "rummage" any more?

ROGER. Wait up, a meeting?

MOM. Yes, a meeting, but I need to stop for a cheese tray or something.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. Meeting with who? Other people?

MOM. Of course.

ROGER. Okay... Okay! I have an idea! Wanna meet here?

MOM. Uhhhh, no, thank you.

ROGER. I'll clean up!

CAM. You okay?

MOM. As lovely as that sounds, NO. I should scoot. And would you please fix some of those? *(Referring to the unfinished projects on the table.)* You said you'd have them done for LAST year's sale.

ROGER. I'm working on them.

MOM. Well, work harder. Please. *(Sigh.)* I'll see you boys later.

CAM. Bye, Sweet Cheeks. *(He kisses her cheek. She giggles.)*

ROGER. Ma, do you know what "sweet cheeks...?"

MOM. Bye! *(Mom exits, Cam follows her and opens and shuts the door for her as Roger rushes to the door.)*

ROGER. Cam! Wait! Don't... *(Too late. He opens the door as Cam crosses away, only to find the brick wall again.)* DAMN IT!

CAM. What?

ROGER. Nothing, I just, I'm trying to figure out... *(He crosses behind the couch as he speaks, reacts.)* OW! DAMN IT! He bit me!

CAM. Fluffers?

ROGER. This is crazy! Ow!

CAM. Dude, I hope it's not, like, rabies.

ROGER. It's not rabies.

CAM. Probably rabies. Or feline leukemia!

ROGER. He's an indoor cat! Damn it, Fluffers!

CAM. Or, like, Mad Cow Disease for cats

ROGER. Cam...

CAM. OH! Maybe HE'S dead too! Like that movie. Or he's a pod cat! *(Pause.)*

ROGER. He's not... *(Pause. Realizing he actually IS...)* Whatever. I'm gonna check this, I think he broke the skin. *(Roger exits to the bathroom. There is a knock at the door. From off.)* Christ... Cam, can you get that?

CAM. I don't know, can pod people answer doors?

ROGER. *(From off.)* Cam! Just...

YOU MAY HAVE 6

CAM. Fine! *(Cam opens the door, Jodi grabs him, spins, and pushes him out the doorway, closing the door in his face.)*

ROGER. *(From off.)* Who is it? *(Jodi crosses to the bathroom door to wait for Roger, who steps out to Jodi.)* Hon... *(Jodi punches him in the stomach, and he doubles over.)*

JODI. THAT'S for throwing me under the bus!

ROGER. UUUUUUUUGH god!

JODI. HOW DARE YOU. You LIE to me, HYPNOTIZE me, LIE to me...

ROGER. You said that...

JODI. Well, you did it again! And THEN you snivel your way out of being in trouble with your EX WIFE by sacrificing ME.

ROGER. YOU cut her hair, I didn't!

JODI. THAT'S NOT THE POINT.

ROGER. It just came out! And it was the truth!

JODI. Well, THAT'S a first!

ROGER. Emotions were running high, I wasn't thinking...

JODI. Yeah.

ROGER. Come on, cut me some slack, I can barely breathe.

JODI. You're lucky I didn't use my knee.

ROGER. Uhhhh...

JODI. I'm still tempted. And Steph is out for blood.

ROGER. Nothing new there.

JODI. Seriously, she's pissed.

ROGER. Jodi, babe, chill. It's cool. I'll take care of Steph. *(The door flies open and Steph storms in.)*

ROGER. Ohhhhhhh, Jesus.

STEPH. *(Seething.)* YOU.

JODI AND ROGER. Which one?

STEPH. YOU! BOTH OF YOU! Alex TOLD me! *(Steph advances toward them, they back away, circling the couch.)*

ROGER. What did he say?

STEPH. About YOU, and about HYPNOTIZING ME, and SLAPPING ME, and cutting my HAIR, and on top of THAT, you don't have my CHECK. I have WITNESSES. You two are gonna ROT IN JAIL.

ROGER. Steph...

YOU MAY HAVE 6

STEPH. ROT! DECOMPOSE! FOREVER! I would just sue for damages but your broke ass... *(She picks up something in the room and drops or throws it so it breaks.)*

ROGER. Hey!

STEPH. That's just a START.

JODI. Well maybe if you hadn't been such a ho bag! *(All freeze. Steph glares daggers at Jodi, who stands defiant.)*

STEPH. WHAT?!

JODI. You heard me! If you hadn't cheated...

STEPH. WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?! *(Steph runs after Jodi, who dashes around the couch as Roger ducks behind the table on the far side of the room. Jodi circles around to the door end exits, followed by a screaming or growling Steph, who exits behind her, giving chase, but leaving the door open. A moment of silence. Roger peeks up, scans the room. Heaves a deep breath. Sees the open door. Stands. Cautiously advances toward the door, but before he makes it there Alex reappears, enters, and shuts the door behind him.)*

ROGER. Balls.

ALEX. Yeah, you got some balls all right.

ROGER. Al...

ALEX. What? *(Pause.)* Go on, please. *(Roger says nothing.)* You got nothing to say?

ROGER. I guess... not. Look, it's just been a rough day.

ALEX. Yeah, rough day. For everybody. Steph is having a really bad day. And me. And Jodi. And I guess you, but only because you got called out for your bullshit. Is that why you're having a rough day? Huh?

ROGER. No, dude, actually I'm... *(He is about to say "dead" but catches himself.)*

ALEX. You're what?

ROGER. Uh, I can't say.

ALEX. Come on, sure you can. What, you run outta lies you can tell? Nothing? Your dog ate your homework? You're my first? Check's in the mail? I didn't inhale? You gotta have something.

ROGER. It's... It's just been a shitty day and...

ALEX. I gave at the office? I'll pay you back Friday? Just the tip?

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. Dude! I'm doing the best I can!

ALEX. No, man. You're not. You're doing the bare minimum, and a crappy job of THAT. I swear, I don't get you. You, you just slide by, half-assing and lying and treating people like shit, all with a smile on your face. If you weren't, whatever, charming...? I've known you since we were eight or nine, dude. Long time. Over half our lives, and you weren't always like this. I don't know where you stopped caring, but I can't sit around and watch that any more. I really can't. I've seen you fuck up a marriage and job after job and relationship after relationship and I've been here to help you, talk to you, carry you up those stairs and tuck your drunk ass in, but it's always the same. You never learn. *(Pause.)* You need to learn.

ROGER. I apologized!

ALEX. No. You didn't. I came back here because I was hoping you would, without me asking, but as usual...

ROGER. Okay! Okay, I'm sorry.

ALEX. Too late, dude. Just... *(Sigh.)* Imma go.

ROGER. Alex.

ALEX. I hope you get your shit together. *(Alex exits, closing the door. Roger stares at the door. After a moment...)*

ROGER. "And then there were five." *(Beat.)* Whatever. Fuck. *(Cam peeks in, then enters.)*

CAM. They gone?

ROGER. Yeah, everyone's gone. Wait, who did you mean?

CAM. Jodi. She done pushed me out the door!

ROGER. Uh, yeah, Steph chased her out.

CAM. Dude, you're SO fucked.

ROGER. Tell me about it.

CAM. No, actually, YOU tell ME. What's alla this "I'm dead" shit about?

ROGER. Oh, yeah, nothing. I was just being stupid.

CAM. You said I was a pod person.

ROGER. I never said you were a pod person.

CAM. What then, a Xerox? That's what you called me. A copy?

ROGER. I... I guess it was a nightmare.

CAM. Uh huh. Well, Daddio, given the state of your ladies, I don't know what's worse for you. Being awake or being asleep.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

ROGER. You're telling me. This is exhausting. *(A realization.)* Wait...

CAM. What?

ROGER. I'm awake...

CAM. Yeah...

ROGER. I'm not tired!

CAM. Dude, you slept, like, seventeen hours.

ROGER. But... NO! I should be TIRED!

CAM. Okay.

ROGER. Oh GOD. What if I don't sleep any more?!

CAM. What?

ROGER. I don't know! I don't know if I CAN sleep any more! Uhhhhh...

Crap, okay, uhhhhh... *(Roger lies on the couch and closes his eyes.)*

CAM. Hey, I'm, like, talking to you.

ROGER. I need to see if I can sleep!

CAM. NOW? I'm literally in the process of TALKING TO YOU. RIGHT NOW.

ROGER. Nnnnnnnnnnnnn...

CAM. This is really rude, yo.

ROGER. NNNNNNNNNNNNN...

CAM. "I won't be igNORED!" *(a la Glenn Close in "Fatal Attraction")*

ROGER. What?!

CAM. It's from a movie. Whatever, never mind. Go to sleep then.

ROGER. But what if I can't?!

CAM. Maybe you should see someone...

ROGER. Who?

CAM. I don't know, a sleep doctor?

ROGER. But I only have you six!

CAM. What?

ROGER. I didn't pick a doctor! What if I get sick?!

CAM. Dude, you...

ROGER. *(IDEA!)* OH! *(Roger rushes to the phone while Cam watches, dumbfounded. Roger picks up the phone and we hear...)*

VOICE. *(Recorded)* Hello "Roger." This is your "first" of three calls.

*(*Note - The words in quotes are inserted into the text, a la computerized calls.)*

YOU MAY HAVE 6

(Live.) Hello?

ROGER. DUDE.

VOICE. Oh, hey, Roger, right?

ROGER. Yeah, look, man, this is NOT going well.

VOICE. Yeahhhhhh, I kinda thought you'd have a hard time, activating everyone so soon...

ROGER. I NEED A RESET.

CAM. Who is that?

VOICE. Uhhh, there are no "resets." You gotta go with the flow, so to speak.

ROGER. Flow?! This is a fucking tsunami!

CAM. What the hell are you talking about?!

VOICE. Look, I know this is, uh, stressful?

ROGER. Uh, YEAH.

VOICE. BUT these are your six, and you have to move forward from this point. I assume you activated them all by now?

ROGER. Damn it!

VOICE. I'll take that as a yes.

ROGER. What about sleep?

VOICE. Excuse me?

ROGER. Sleep?! Do I sleep?

VOICE. *(Cheery.)* Oh, no! You no longer need to sleep! Or eat!

ROGER. *(Freaking out.)* WHAT?!

CAM. What'd they say?

VOICE. Yeah, that's just one of the many perks of...

ROGER. PERKS?! What if I WANT to sleep?

VOICE. Uhhh... Why?

ROGER. Oh my god.

CAM. Bro, you need to breathe in a paper bag or something.

ROGER. I DON'T WANT TO BE AWAKE FOR THIS!

VOICE. Oh. Huh. Okay. *(Beat.)* Sorry.

ROGER. OH. MY. GOD.

VOICE. Iiiii don't think you can anymore, even if you want to.

ROGER. This is a fuckin' nightmare.

YOU MAY HAVE 6

VOICE. Oh! You won't have those anymore either, 'cause you don't sleep! *(Roger screams.)*

CAM. One sec. *(Cam scampers off to the bedroom.)*

VOICE. I guess it's not a good time to bring up my evaluation. *(Roger slams down the phone, as Cam re-enters with a bottle of Jack Daniels.)*

CAM. Here.

ROGER. OHGODILOVEYOURIGHTNOW. *(Cam stands and watches Roger chug a bit of the bottle. He stops, gasps, and takes one more swig.)*

CAM. You owe me.

ROGER. Yeah I do! *(Roger pulls out his wallet and hands Cam all of the cash in it.)*

CAM. Dude! This is like seventy bucks!

ROGER. Worth it. *(He chugs some more. Gasps. Stops. Breathes. Sniffs the bottle, drinks some more. Pauses. Drinks again.)* Something's wrong...

CAM. Something's gonna be REAL wrong if you don't slow down.

ROGER. No, no, I mean... *(Drinks more.)* Nothing's happening.

CAM. *(Reaching for the bottle.)* Maybe I should...

ROGER. NO! *(Drinks again.)* Oh no, God no no no... *(Finishes the bottle.)* FUCK!

CAM. You thought you were hung over before...

ROGER. DUDE. DUDE! Go get me another bottle!

CAM. What, now?

ROGER. Yes! I need another!

CAM. Rog, you're not right right now.

ROGER. I KNOW.

CAM. I'm gonna go get you some help.

ROGER. I DON'T NEED HELP, I NEED... *(Realization.)* OH! HELP!

YES! YESYESYESYESYES! Go get help and bring them back here!

CAM. Right.

ROGER. AND another! *(He holds up the bottle.)*

CAM. Right. Okay, so you chill. I'll be back.

ROGER. Okay!

CAM. Okay.

ROGER. Great!

YOU MAY HAVE 6

CAM. Yeah. *(Pause.)* Okay. Bye. *(Cam exits. Roger watches him go. Has a thought. Stands to go check the door, but changes his mind and sits again. He tilts the bottle upside down, trying to get any remaining drops. Another thought. He picks up the phone.)*

VOICE. *(Recorded.)* Hello “Roger.” This is your “second” of three calls.

*(*Note - Again, the words in quotes are inserted into the text, a la computerized calls.)*

(Live.) Hello?

ROGER. DUDE.

VOICE. Hey Roger.

ROGER. Hey, yeah, so before you said no sleep, no eat.

VOICE. Right.

ROGER. So I don’t HAVE to eat? *(Mom enters, unseen by Roger. She listens to his half of the conversation, concerned.)*

VOICE. Nope! You might experience hunger for a decade or three, but eventually...

ROGER. Whoa, hold up, a decade?

VOICE. Yeah, but the feelings will pass after...

ROGER. TEN YEARS of hunger?

VOICE. Oh, the time flies by! *(Beat.)*

ROGER. SO, no sleep, no food. What about booze?

VOICE. Alcohol?

ROGER. Yes, alcohol. Can I drink?

VOICE. Of course! You can eat and drink all you like!

ROGER. Oh. OH. GOOD.

VOICE. It just won’t have any effect.

ROGER. No effect...

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