

MIDDLE OF THE PLAY:

HANK

(dusts off a photo, looks at
it and then hands it to
DANIEL)

You were looking for this the other day.

DANIEL

Oh, my God! I was! Where did you find it?

HANK

Under the dust. Where else?

DANIEL

Man, this was second grade or something. We had just finished a soccer game. I always wanted to play goalie because I thought it would be better for my asthma. And I was pretty good. But then I broke my ankle and Evan just jumped at the chance to be goalie instead.

HANK

Maybe he was being protective.

DANIEL

Trust me, he jumped. I was so mad that I tried to get Dad to switch me to another team but he wouldn't because it was easier to have both of us on the same team. Always the same teams, the same classes, the same teachers. Everything the same!

HANK

So? Are you going to give it to her?

DANIEL

I don't know. I kind of like it. Maybe I'll just keep it for myself.

HANK

Well, that's fine, but you have to find a place to put it in this mess where it won't get lost again. And you should probably wipe it down. Let me get you some paper towels.

(SHE exits into the hall and
returns with paper towels and
a bottle of cleaning liquid)

Here. This should get the gunk off.

DANIEL

Thanks.

(HE sneezes and starts
working to clean the frame)

He always wanted to be such a show-off, you know? Always had to be the best at everything. With soccer and school and basketball. We were the same height. There was no reason that he should have gotten more time out there.

HANK

Maybe he was better.

DANIEL

He wasn't better! I taught him to shoot! And do you know why he wanted to learn how to play basketball?

HANK

Molly Werther.

DANIEL

That's right. Molly Werther. I wonder if he ever did anything because he wanted to or if he just did things because he had some ulterior motive.

HANK

You're being a little hard on him, don't you think?

DANIEL

No. He didn't want to go to college with me so he went to Northwestern when he clearly wanted to go to Wesleyan, too. And the only good part about that was that I finally got to have my own friends!

HANK

You got along better, though.

DANIEL

Oh, sure, but then he messed it all up! He just had to move to New York, not because he had something to come here for other than the fact that his college roommate had an offer at a company here and needed a roommate. So there I was, finally not being called Evan all the time or having to clue people in when I walked into a room and he shows up again!

HANK

So he wanted to be near you. He liked you. Is that such a bad thing?

DANIEL

He liked having me around when he didn't have anyone else to go out with. I was his default social life.

HANK

Well, you didn't hate watching football games with him, did you?

DANIEL

Okay, no. But the pizza in his neighborhood was terrible.