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HOPE & FURY

By William Allen Brooks

CHARACTERS

Fury: Twenty-something. One year older than Hope. Soon to be a lawyer.

Hope: Twenty-something. Teacher.

Chris: Twenty-something. Grocery delivery boy.

SETTING

Margaret's living room. A strange place. There are boxes everywhere. Throughout the play the pile of “undecided junk” gets bigger and bigger until it takes up most of the stage in the final scene. Hope never successfully sorts one item into anything but the undecided pile. Doorways or openings leading to outside/kitchen and bedroom/bathroom/kitchen and possibly a service window to the kitchen are all helpful.

DAY 7

(HOPE and FURY enter with suitcases.)

HOPE: Welcome home.

FURY: You too.

HOPE: Place hasn't changed a bit.

FURY: Surprise surprise. (Pause.) What did you think of... today?

HOPE: Nice. Tasteful. Over. (Pause.)

FURY: Can't we even talk about-

HOPE: Nope.

FURY: Let's talk about whom was there.

HOPE: Let's not. (Pause.)

FURY: It's a little strange, that's all.

HOPE: Doesn't matter.

FURY: I'm dying to know how he got to be the ex-

HOPE: Well, I don't care in the slightest.

FURY: Fine. Let's just get this done with.

(FURY gets a calendar out of one of her suitcases and pins it up.)

HOPE: What's that?

FURY: Countdown calendar. I'm officially putting us on a deadline. Today is Day 7. At the end of day 1 we'll be done here and I'll get some sleep, get on a plane, and go home. I'll get back to studying for my Bar exam, I'll pass, I'll never set foot in this place again and I'll be a happy person for the rest of my days. You know, a person needs goals in a situation like this and that's my goal.

HOPE: Glad to see you're just as anal as you used to be.

FURY: Not anal, just organized.

(FURY picks up a cardboard box.)

HOPE: Do we have to start right now or can I get some sleep first?

FURY: It's early.

HOPE: I'm tired.

FURY: Go ahead.

(HOPE exits. FURY takes off her coat, gets comfortable, looks around, does some warm-up exercises, and then screams her head off.)

FURY: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

HOPE: *(Runs back in with a toothbrush in her mouth.)* What's wrong?

FURY: Oh, sorry.

HOPE: Sorry? What are you doing?

FURY: Screaming. It releases aggression.

HOPE: What?

FURY: It releases aggression!

HOPE: Not for me it doesn't.

FURY: Oh.

HOPE: I'd like to sleep.

FURY: I-

HOPE: Just don't. OK?

FURY: OK.

HOPE: So, we're good?

FURY: We're good. No we're great, excellent, spectacular and... good.

HOPE: Goodnight.

FURY: Sleep tight.

FURY: *(HOPE leaves. Beat.)* AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

(HOPE runs in, tackles FURY, gets her hand over FURY'S mouth.)

HOPE: OK. That isn't exactly what I was looking for.

FURY: *(Through hand.)* Sorry.

HOPE: I'll forgive it.

FURY: *(Says something we can't understand.)*

HOPE: I'm not taking my hand away unless you promise not to scream.

FURY: *(Says something we can't understand.)*

HOPE: Promise!

(FURY makes a gesture of promise. HOPE takes her hand away.)

FURY: Thanks.

HOPE: No problem.

(FURY preps for a scream.)

HOPE: You promised.

FURY: Fine. *(Hope starts to leave.)* AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

HOPE: I give up!

(Exit HOPE. Exit FURY, still screaming.)

DAY 6

FURY: *(Off.)* Ya, I'm talking to you! That's right. Is this what you're looking for?

HOPE: *(Off.)* Let it go.

FURY: *(Off.)* No. Would you like it back? Here you go. Oh, nice club.

HOPE: *(Off.)* Fury!

FURY: *(Off.)* Must've cost you a pretty penny. Can I try a swing? Thank you. Oh ya, it's really nice but I think it would look better like THIS!!!

HOPE: *(Off.)* NO!!

FURY: *(Off.)* Now get the-

HOPE: *(Off.)* Fury!

FURY: *(Off.)* --off of my lawn!!!

HOPE: *(Off.)* Sorry sir!

(Enter FURY and HOPE. FURY is carrying a bent golf-club and an apple.)

FURY: Good morning.

HOPE: Morning. *(Pause.)* Did you have to do that?

FURY: Yes. And don't call me Fury.

HOPE: He just wanted to play it where it lay.

FURY: Sucks to be him. Ready?

HOPE: No.

FURY: Why not?

HOPE: I need to get some breakfast.

FURY: Here. *(Tosses her an apple.)*

HOPE: Where'd you get this?

FURY: It was in the fruit bowl.

(FURY gets two boxes, one marked "KEEP" and one marked "GARBAGE.")

HOPE: Shouldn't all the fruit be rotten by now?

FURY: No, it's full of fresh stuff.

HOPE: Did you buy it?

FURY: I thought you did.

HOPE: Nope. Weird

FURY: Whatever. Let's get started, Sunshine.

HOPE: How's this work?

FURY: You know how it works. We go through everything "with our own hands," just like the will said, we walk down to that bumpkin lawyers office, sign the papers, sell this place, and make a fortune. Done deal. Ask again, and I'll have to hurt you.

HOPE: I meant this. The sorting. I assumed that Miss. Anal...I mean Miss. Organized would have a plan.

FURY: Oh. I take something out, hold it up, and you say either garbage or keep. It goes in the appropriate box and we move on. When we get to the next box we trade places. Oh, and we stay calm.

HOPE: Right.

FURY: I'll just start then.

(She pulls out an old game and holds it up.)

HOPE: Holy-

FURY: Ah ah ah. Calm.

HOPE: Right, calm. Keep.

(It goes into the "keep" box. FURY pulls out an old wall poster of Donny from "The New Kids on the Block." They both try not to laugh.)

FURY: *(Sings.)* Woh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Hangin' tough.

BOTH: *(Sings.)* Woh, oh, oh, oh –

FURY: *(Sings.)* Gar-bage!

HOPE: KEEP!

FURY: What? It's Donny.

HOPE: I liked Donny.

FURY: Fifteen years ago.

HOPE: I want to keep it.

FURY: Tell you what, we'll make a pile of stuff to decide later. Here.

HOPE: OK.

(FURY pulls out a very dirty child's blanket and holds it up.)

HOPE: Keep.

FURY: Garbage.

HOPE: Why?

FURY: *(Throws it to her.)* Smell it.

HOPE: *(Does. It's awful.)* Gross!

FURY: See?

HOPE: I'll get it cleaned.

FURY: You used to wipe your nose on it.

HOPE: I don't care.

(It goes into the undecided pile. FURY pulls something out.)

FURY: Garbage.

(FURY pulls out a framed picture of the two of them on a bench.)

FURY: Keep.

(It goes into the "keep" box. FURY pulls out an old bra.)

FURY: Oh, my god. The hand-me-down bra! Garbage. Now, before I throw up.

FURY: OK, OK, relax.

HOPE: Thank you.

(FURY pulls out an old, giant, handmade Mother's Day Card. They stop dead.)

FURY: That's enough of that. *(Beat. Retrieves the photograph.)* Remember when we took this picture? We'd just finished building that ridiculously high bench on the porch so we could look over the lake.

HOPE: Ya.

FURY: You just about cut off my finger with a chisel.

HOPE: That was nice.

FURY: Nice?

HOPE: Not the finger, the bench.

FURY: Right.

HOPE: We used to get up early and watch the sunrise on that bench, just the two of us, and a lot of mornings we would talk about our lives. All the things we wanted to do.

FURY: Ya.

HOPE: I never walked on the moon or saved a baby from a burning building. No cure for cancer, no thriving entrepreneurial business, no twins dressed in pretty pink dresses. I haven't done any of that.

FURY: You became a teacher.

HOPE: But I never did any of the stuff that I REALLY wanted to do.

FURY: True....

HOPE: But?

FURY: What?

HOPE: That was your "wise sisterly lesson" voice. I remember that.

FURY: I never had a "wise sisterly lesson" voice.

HOPE: You did.

FURY: What did it sound like?

HOPE: You'd kind of tilt your head and look all innocent. There was this little intonation in your voice.

FURY: Liar.

HOPE: It's true!

FURY: Do it for me.

HOPE: Promise you won't get mad.

FURY: Pinky promise.

HOPE: Pinky promise?

FURY: Just do it.

HOPE: OK. You'd look at me, like this, and go "True..."

FURY: I did not!

HOPE: Did to.

FURY: Did not.

HOPE: Did to.

FURY: Did not!!!

HOPE: Did too!!!!!!!!!!

FURY: Whatever. If you're going to be like that—

HOPE: You did it then and you do it now. I win.

FURY: Want to hear the "but?"

HOPE: If I have to.

FURY: You haven't done any of those things, but...you're not dead yet.

HOPE: Oh, that's so tactless.

FURY: Don't be such a baby.

HOPE: Baby?

FURY: You're always whining over nothing.

HOPE: Nothing? Because you would never do anything to purposely drive me up a wall.

FURY: Not on purpose, no.

HOPE: Right. Remember Boo-Bear?

FURY: Yes, I remember Boo-Bear.

HOPE: I rest my case. Now, are we done here?

FURY: Sure, you're obviously not grown up enough to do this...does Hope need a nap?

HOPE: Oh, that's low.

FURY: Well, do you want to continue?

HOPE: No.

FURY: Then you're not ready. It's as simple as that.

HOPE: I'm going to have some tea. Want some?

FURY: Sure, I'd love some.

(HOPE exits after tossing something into the undecided pile.)

DAY 5

(Enter FURY. She dumps something into the garbage box, marks a day off of the calendar, and then exits. Enter HOPE with a sucker in her mouth. She takes Fury's garbage back out and puts it on the undecided pile. Fury enters with more full boxes.)

FURY: Where'd you get that?

HOPE: It was in the cupboard. There's a whole bag of them.

FURY: Really?

HOPE: Yup.

(FURY is sorting things. They are all going in the garbage box.)

HOPE: Don't, I might want that stuff.

FURY: It's junk.

HOPE: I like junk.

FURY: Fine, let me know which junk you want.

HOPE: Just put it in the pile. I'll decide later.

FURY: Decide now.

HOPE: Can't.

FURY: Why not?

HOPE: It's lunchtime.

FURY: There's no food left.

HOPE: I'll find something. *(Tries to exit.)*

FURY: Seriously, there's nothing.

HOPE: Oh. *(Tries to exit.)*

FURY: Don't you believe me?

HOPE: Of course.

FURY: Then where are you going?

HOPE: I think I'll take a nap. I'm tired. *(Exit.)*

FURY: *(Trying to subdue her rage.)* In goes the good air, out goes the bad. In goes the good air, out goes the bad. In goes the good... *(She dumps a box into the garbage without even looking at it.)* ... out goes the bad. In goes the good... *(She breaks something.)* ... out goes the bad. In goes the good... *(She throws something)* ...OUT GOES THE BAD!!

(Enter CHRIS in a blue work T-shirt, carrying two heavy grocery bags.)

CHRIS: Meow. Feisty.

FURY: What the hell are you doing here?

CHRIS: Bringing groceries. I figured the last ones must be gone by now.

FURY: Are you insane?

CHRIS: Aren't they?

FURY: What?

CHRIS: Gone.

FURY: Ya-

CHRIS: Good, then I came at the right time.

FURY: No, you definitely did not. Why are you bringing groceries?
CHRIS: Kumquats are in season.
FURY: You can't be here.
CHRIS: Why?
FURY: What do you mean why? You just can't. It's obvious.
CHRIS: You don't like kumquats?
FURY: Ya, they're... don't distract me. You have to go. If Hope sees you, she'll freak.
CHRIS: Where is she?
FURY: Taking a nap-
CHRIS: I'll go up and say hi.
FURY: No you won't.
CHRIS: I want to see if she's up for "golfing the back nine."
FURY: You haven't changed a bit.
CHRIS: It's great to see you too.
(He picks her up and gives her a big hug.)
FURY: Don't. Put me down.
CHRIS: Still light as a feather. *(He spins her around.)*
FURY: Chris! Stop it. Put me down!!
(HOPE has walked in.)
HOPE: What's going on in here?
(He puts her down.)
FURY: We were just-
HOPE: Never mind, I don't want to know.
CHRIS: Hey Hope.
HOPE: What are you doing here?
CHRIS: Bringing you groceries.
HOPE: What?
CHRIS: I have a kumquat.
HOPE: Good for you. I don't want it.
CHRIS: Wow, you guys sure don't like kumquats.
HOPE: Why are you really here?

CHRIS: I told you, groceries. And I wanted to see if you felt like “golfing the back nine.”

HOPE: No.

CHRIS: You sure?

HOPE: Yes... I mean... no, I don't... You're not sixteen anymore. No, I don't want to go to the back nine and I don't want a kumquat.

CHRIS: I'm sorry about the kumquat but I didn't know what to bring. Your mom never said-

FURY: Excuse me?

CHRIS: She just said to keep them coming, she didn't say what.

HOPE: When did she tell you that?

CHRIS: When she made me the ex-

FURY: Don't even say that word.

CHRIS: Before she bit it.

HOPE: That's a little harsh. Get out.

CHRIS: Don't you want the groceries?

HOPE: Go.

CHRIS: There's another bag in the car.

HOPE: Go.

CHRIS: Do you want me to take the kumquat back?

HOPE: *(She takes it and throws it at his head. He runs out the door.)* Just keep walking! And cancel the rest of the orders!

FURY: How was your nap?

HOPE: Awfully short. I think I'll go back to it.

FURY: You're not going to sort anything?

HOPE: No! *(Exit.)*

FURY: O.K then.

DAY 4

(Enter FURY with a sucker in her mouth, carrying a box. She scratches a day off of the calendar. HOPE is following her.)

HOPE: Please.

FURY: No.

HOPE: Please!

FURY: No!

HOPE: Please, please, please, PLEASE.

FURY: No, no, no, NO.

HOPE: Plea-

FURY: No.

HOPE: Bu-

FURY: No.

HOPE: Don't y-

FURY: No.

HOPE: Plea-

FURY: No.

HOPE: Please, please, please...

FURY: No.

HOPE: ...pretty pretty please please please pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeease!

FURY: Fine!!! Here. (*Hands her the sucker.*)

HOPE: Thanks. (*Takes a huge lick.*) I love Watermelon.

FURY: It's Cherry.

HOPE: Watermelon.

FURY: Cherry!

HOPE: Watermelon, watermelon, watermelon, watermelon.

FURY: Fine, watermelon. Happy?

HOPE: Very. (*Takes a lick.*)

FURY: He brought those suckers you know.

HOPE: Who?

FURY: You know who. Chris. I wonder if he licked them.

HOPE: That's gross. And he didn't bring them.

FURY: No?

HOPE: Nope.

FURY: Then where do you think they came from?

HOPE: Same place suckers always come from.

FURY: Which is?

HOPE: Magic.

FURY: Magic sucker fairies?

HOPE: Yup.

FURY: Did the magic sucker fairies bring the kumquat too?

HOPE: Yup.

FURY: That's crazy.

HOPE: You believe what you want, I'll believe what I want. *(Puts the sucker back in her mouth and starts to go.)*

FURY: Whatever.

HOPE: Child.

FURY: *(Under her breath.)* Child?
(FURY chases her off. Pause. A scream. Pause. FURY enters with the sucker proudly in her mouth. HOPE enters rubbing the spot where she was just hit.)

HOPE: That wasn't very nice. *(Under her breath.)* Child.
(We hear glass break. FURY goes off to check into it. She comes back with a golf ball.)

HOPE: Do I need to ask?

FURY: I don't think so.

BOTH: Golf Ball.

HOPE: *(Laughs.)*

FURY: What?

HOPE: Nothing.

FURY: Tell me.

HOPE: I used to really annoy you.

FURY: You still do.

HOPE: I had a favourite technique.

FURY: What?

HOPE: What?

FURY: What was your favourite technique?

HOPE: What was your favourite technique?

FURY: I didn't... oh no.

HOPE: I didn't... oh no.

FURY: Come on, this is childish.

HOPE: Come on, this is childish.

FURY: Stop!

HOPE: Stop!

FURY: Hope, this is stupid.

HOPE: Hope, this is stupid.

FURY: Fine, play your little game.

HOPE: Fine, play your little game.

FURY: *(Sits quietly. HOPE watches her. Eventually...)* Are you done being a child?

HOPE: Are you done being a child?

FURY: Look, I'm older now.

HOPE: Look, I'm older now.

FURY: This may have worked fifteen years ago.

HOPE: This may have worked fifteen years ago.

FURY: But I've grown up.

HOPE: But I've grown up.

FURY: It's not going to work.

HOPE: It's not going to work.

FURY: I'm serious.

HOPE: I'm serious.

(Out of no where FURY goes for her throat. Misses. HOPE runs. FURY chases. Eventually she catches up. They tussle around, ending up with HOPE tickling FURY.)

FURY: You're still pretty annoying you know.

HOPE: You're still pretty annoying you know.

FURY: Don't you ever stop?

HOPE: Don't you ever stop?

FURY: Hope is an ugly poo-poo-head!

HOPE: Hope is...the prettiest girl I know.

FURY: YES!!! Winner and still champion, the one, the only-

HOPE: I'm glad you're happy with yourself. You always were the smart one.

FURY: Yup.

HOPE: The response I was going for was, "No honey, you're smarter."

FURY: You're right.

HOPE: Thank you.

FURY: I'm the pretty one.

HOPE: What?

FURY: If you're the smart one, I get to be the pretty one.

HOPE: But-

FURY: No buts. Share and share alike.

HOPE: Fine, you get smart, I get pretty.

FURY: Deal.

HOPE: Good. What's next?

FURY: Letters. *(Presents two cigar boxes.)*

HOPE: Great.

FURY: They're from Mom. *(Gives a box to HOPE.)*

HOPE: How come she has her own letters?

FURY: Who knows. Maybe she never sent them, or maybe she broke into the guy's house to steal them back. This is Mom we're talking about.

HOPE: Think we should read them?

FURY: No, just toss them.

HOPE: We can't do that.

FURY: Why not?

HOPE: We don't even know what they are. *(HOPE opens one. Begins to read.)*
Gross.

FURY: What?

HOPE: *(Reads.)* "Hi sweet-lips. It is now four o'clock in the morning and I am writing this letter by the light of one small flashlight. I ache to see you again. I wish I didn't have to go on this stupid trip. I love you. I miss you. I love you. I miss you. Yours always and forever and for all time eternal, Lonely Margaret. P.S. I'm lying here dripping wet thinking of you." ...I think I'm going to throw up.

FURY: Me too.

HOPE: What do you think she meant by, "I'm lying here dripping wet thinking of you?"

FURY: Must've been raining.

HOPE: Ya. Raining.

HOPE: What's in your box?

FURY: Uhh, more of the same. Must be from the same trip. "Hi lover boy..." Oh, our gentleman graduated from "sweet-lips" to "lover-boy." "...I hate this place. I wish I were home with you. I miss you, I love you, I miss you, I love you. I do nothing here, but think of you, all sexy in that blue T-shirt you always wear...."

HOPE: Oh no.

FURY: What?

HOPE: Give it to me.

FURY: Why?

HOPE: Please, for the love of-

FURY: What's the big deal? (*Reads on.*) "...all sexy in that blue T-shirt you wear. I just want to rip it off. I ache for you every minute of every day. Yours always, forever and for all time eternal. Love, Hope." Love Hope?

HOPE: Happy now?

FURY: "Yours always, forever and for all time eternal." Like mother, like daughter.

HOPE: Shut up.

FURY: You sappy, sappy girl you. You and mom could have had a great sleep-over. You could practice French kissing on the back of your hand and dab perfume on your love letters.

HOPE: This isn't funny.

FURY: That's where you're wrong sister.

HOPE: (*Begins to cry.*) I just.... loved... him so much.

FURY: (*Comes to her.*) Oh honey it's OK. I'm sorry-

HOPE: (*Snatches the box.*) Sucker!!!

FURY: You are such a fake!

HOPE: Look who's talking.

FURY: Oh, I think you're the Queen of fake in this family.

HOPE: I am rubber, you are glue—

FURY: What are you, twelve!?! Why can't you just be a normal adult? I seem to be the only normal person around here. You're going to be our mother before you know it, and Chris, well he's such a winner that he's still delivering for the grocery store. In the same Puce Pinto he had in high school. Puce Pinto! Now there's a manly car. I don't know how he kept that job. He can't be getting much work done when he stops to uncoil the sausage at half the houses within ten miles. I swear, I think I'm the only person who can set foot in this house without losing their mind.

HOPE: Right, because you're so perfect.

FURY: What's that supposed to mean?

HOPE: It doesn't mean anything.

FURY: If there's something you'd like to say, go ahead.

HOPE: There's nothing.

FURY: We've been hiding out from each other for eight years.

HOPE: No we haven't. We talk on the phone.

FURY: Ah yes. Our semi-annual phone conversation. Exactly one hour in length. Once on your birthday, once on mine. We were best friends until you skipped town without telling anyone why and never bothered to come back.

HOPE: You never mentioned why you left like three weeks later. Care to share?

FURY: No.

HOPE: Then let's shut up and sort through this crap in silence.

FURY: Fine.

HOPE: I'm going to get some lunch. Want a sandwich?

FURY: Sure, I'd love a sandwich. Thanks.

(HOPE puts the letters in the undecided pile and exits.)

DAY 3

(Enter FURY. She scratches off a day on the calendar and goes straight for the boxes. HOPE enters.)

HOPE: *(Moves everything to the undecided pile and heads for the kitchen.)* Bitch.

FURY: Bitch? Harsh words for a school-teacher.

HOPE: You heard that?

FURY: I have good ears.

HOPE: And they say size doesn't matter.

FURY: I don't have big ears.

HOPE: If you say so.

FURY: Let's get back to work.

HOPE: Do we have to?

FURY: We? You haven't sorted one thing since we got here. I'm not going to keep doing all this by myself. If that old hippie-wacko wanted us to go through this rite of passage, or whatever it is, before we can sell this dump and make a fortune, fine but let's not waste time doing it. I've got a Bar exam to write.

HOPE: Ya, I've been thinking. Maybe we shouldn't sell the place.

FURY: What? Don't you dare leave me alone on this.

HOPE: It was important to her to keep this place out of their hands. She spent the last ten years chasing tourists off of the lawn.

FURY: How would you know, you haven't exactly been here to keep tabs on her.

HOPE: And you have?

FURY: That's not the point you moron.

HOPE: Then what is, Einstein?

FURY: *(Drags HOPE to the window.)* What do you see?

HOPE: Don't-

FURY: What do you see?

HOPE: Grass.

FURY: And?

HOPE: Trees.

FURY: Anything else?

HOPE: Lot's of stuff, but what-

FURY: How about the golf carts, do you see those? And the old men in plaid pants. How about them? And of course, the balls whizzing by our windows at periodic intervals.

HOPE: Ya, I see them but--

FURY: Our yard is smack-dab in the middle of a golf course! We have to get out of here for the sake of our own sanity. Not to mention the piles of money we're going to make off of it.

HOPE: You're right.

FURY: Of course I am.

HOPE: It's just hard. But we can do it. I just need to get something first.

FURY: OK.

HOPE: Don't move, back in a flash. *(Runs out.)*

FURY: And she's in charge of our nation's youth.
(Re-enter HOPE with shot glasses, some lemon juice and salt.)

HOPE: They say talking to yourself is the first sign of senility. OK, here's the deal. Lick, shoot, "suck." You, then me.

FURY: Why?

HOPE: A toast to the piles of money we're going to make.

FURY: It's supposed to be tequila and a lemon not gin and a bottle of lemon juice.

HOPE: It's all we got. Come on.

FURY: Fine, but I'm not going first.

HOPE: Alright, I'll go first. Watch and learn. *(She prepares the shots.)* To Mom. *(She does three in quick succession.)* OK, your turn.

FURY: OK. To Getting the hell out of here... and to getting rich. *(She starts the shot.)*

HOPE: Lick. Shoot.
(FURY has squirted the lemon juice into her mouth with the gin.)

HOPE: No, no, you have to swallow the gin first.
(FURY spits gin everywhere.)

FURY: I can't believe you made me do that. You're insane, just like Mom.

HOPE: She wasn't insane.

FURY: What word would you prefer?

HOPE: Eccentric.

FURY: Fine, eccentric. I'll settle for that. The point being that nothing she ever did was for a good reason.

HOPE: Don't be mean.

FURY: Mean? Does that selective memory of yours remember the time that our "eccentric" mother told us that Moo-Moos were the only way to go and then made us wear matching orange ones to the first day of Junior High? How about when she did the one woman production of Hair in the town hall? People around here are scarred for life from that one. Oh, and my personal favourite because I still get nightmares from it, the time that she told us there were giant monsters under our bed?

HOPE: I didn't sleep for a week after that one.

FURY: How could you? She told me that the monster would pull all my hair out and make me ugly for the rest of my life.

HOPE: She told me that it would bite out my eyes and turn my ears purple.

FURY: She was nasty.

HOPE: No, she wasn't. You and I weren't speaking. I was mad because you tore the heads off of all my dolls and put them in a basket for me to find.

FURY: Ya.

HOPE: And she told each of us that the only way to keep the monsters away was to have someone very special by your side while you slept, like a sister, that a sister could protect you.

FURY: And I used all of my best Brownie craft skills to put the heads back on your dolls.

HOPE: I moved into your room the next day.

FURY: And never left. No matter how many times I asked.

HOPE: I don't know about you, but I slept like a baby after that. She was sneaky, but she always had a good reason.

FURY: I doubt it. Oh! I have a present for you. Close your eyes. *(Fishes around in a box.)* I found it this morning. *(Presents a stuffed bear whose neck has been repaired with a lot of Duct-Tape.)* Ta-da!

HOPE: Boo-Bear!

FURY: Here.
(She hands her the bear. HOPE gives it a huge hug and the head falls off.)

FURY: And there's the reason they kicked me out of Brownies. Sorry.

HOPE: Fury, don't worry about it.

FURY: My name's Felicity.

HOPE: Where do you get off changing your name?

FURY: I had to. How many lawyers do you know with names like Fury?

HOPE: Doesn't matter, it's your name.

FURY: Who names their children Hope and Fury?

HOPE: It's part of your life.

FURY: No, it's part of my past just like all of this junk.

HOPE: She gave you that name. It might be inconvenient in your grand scheme of things, but—

FURY: Inconvenient!? Inconvenient is getting a phone call from some backwoods lawyer who tells me that my mother is dead and that I need to fly to his office so that he can read some cryptic letter about last wishes. Inconvenient is getting there and finding that the town grocery-boy is the bloody executor. We have to stand there while a lawyer in cowboy boots tells us that Chris has the whole funeral arranged and ready, and that it starts in an hour. This is what you call a little Motherly pay-back. And I'll tell you why she said there were monsters under our bed. She liked to scare the living hell out of us. That and she wanted your room for meditation. Did you forget that part? Two days after you started sleeping in my room to keep from having your eyes gutted out by a flesh eating spider, we came home from school to find all of your stuff in my room and her repainting your room mauve so that she could have a room to free her chakras in. She just wanted your room! Her last wish wasn't for us to sort through our childhood in boxes and have some life-altering experience! Her last wish was to put us through sheer hell one more time. That's it. No lesson, no moral, no redeeming value, just selfishness. That's it, that's all.
(Pause.)

HOPE: Can I give you some advice? Next time you want to re-attach a Bear's head, try sewing it. Duct tape is for Ducks.

FURY: Want some more gin?

HOPE: As long as there's no lemon juice.

FURY: Deal.

DAY 2

(Night. Enter CHRIS. He is drunk and he has groceries. He has let himself in. He begins to hide the groceries like an Easter bunny. HOPE & FURY enter at some point in the speech.)

CHRIS: Shhh. Hippitey Hoppety. Here comes the Grocery Bunny. Like Easter, only better. *(He turns the lights on.)* No kumquats this time though. Only soft fruit like tomatoes for this Grocery Bunny because this Grocery Bunny bruises easily. *(He pulls a banana out of the bag, puts it up to his ear.)* Hello Grocery Bunny speaking. *(He sees HOPE and FURY.)* Uh oh!

FURY: Chris.

CHRIS: No Chris here. Just us Grocery Bunnies.

HOPE: I thought I told you no more groceries.

CHRIS: I had to. As per instructions to keep you well sta... stocked. Or was it well stacked? *(He is eating cherry tomatoes out of the groceries.)*

HOPE: You're drunk.

CHRIS: As a skunk. Back to the well stacked thing. You're not. Neither of you. But I still think you're both-

FURY: Chris!

CHRIS: No really, when I-

FURY: You need to shut up.

CHRIS: It's true, if I could go back in time, I'd still want to ride the train.

HOPE: GO!

CHRIS: No.

FURY: What?

CHRIS: This time, I'm staying.

HOPE: Don't test out patience.

CHRIS: Tell you what. Give me a shot of that and I'll go.

FURY: Oh, you want one of these?

CHRIS: Ya^[F1]^[F2]^[F3].

FURY: You take one, you take them all. Here.
(She prepares a series of shots for him.)

CHRIS: What?

FURY: Take three of these. It numbs the pain.

CHRIS: I bet it does. Looks complicated.

FURY: Lick, shoot, "suck."

CHRIS: Isn't that supposed to be--

HOPE: Just do it.

CHRIS: Can I put the shot-glass between your--

HOPE: Not a chance.
(He does it the same way as FURY did and spits up.)

FURY: Here, wipe your face off on this.
(She hands him Boo-Bear.)

HOPE: Don't you dare. *(She grabs it.)*

CHRIS: Aren't you too old to have a teddy bear?

FURY: Aren't you too old to be a delivery boy?

CHRIS: That's what my therapist said.

HOPE: You saw a shrink?

CHRIS: Yes. Yes, I did.

FURY: What did he say?

CHRIS: He said that I was a user. That I abused the people around me to make myself feel better.

HOPE: I could've told you that eight years ago.

FURY: She's got you there.

CHRIS: Doesn't matter.

FURY: Why?

CHRIS: I don't need to see him anymore.

HOPE: Did he cure you?

CHRIS: Not him.

HOPE: Who then?

CHRIS: Your Mom.

BOTH: What?

CHRIS: You guys don't give her enough credit. Margaret was a pretty cool lady.

HOPE: How would you know?

CHRIS: We talked.

HOPE: You delivered her groceries.

HOPE: So?

CHRIS: We were friends. I kept her company.

HOPE: Excuse me?

CHRIS: What's wrong with that? She was lonely. She needed someone to talk to, someone to confide in.

HOPE: My Mother confided in you?

CHRIS: So what? She needed someone. And it sure wasn't you two.

FURY: Chris.

CHRIS: You two abandoned her.

FURY: I wouldn't say that.

CHRIS: I have to. She sat here alone, day in, day out. You never even called. I was her friend, so what? Someone had to be here for her.

FURY: Watch what you say.

CHRIS: Certain things need to be said.

FURY: Tell Hope that.

HOPE: What's that supposed to mean?

FURY: Nothing.

HOPE: No, that meant something.

FURY: Seriously, it was nothing.

HOPE: Chicken.

FURY: Fine. The little baby wants to hear it,—

HOPE: Oh, get off it! (*Tries to walk away.*) I'm sick of you—

FURY: Oooo, don't get angry now. We wouldn't want to see precious Hope angry would we? Then she'd be too much like her sister Felicity.

CHRIS: Felicity?

HOPE: Your name is not Felicity!

FURY: Do you want to see my driver's license?

HOPE: That doesn't matter. Fury is your past.

FURY: So what?

HOPE: Your past is part of who you are.

FURY: So what?

HOPE: So, you can't hide from it.

FURY: Ah hah! Exactly! You are such a hypocrite. You go on all day about my name, but you won't even tell me why you left.

HOPE: Figure it out! You're the smart one.

FURY: What makes you think I haven't figured it out?

HOPE: Oh you just know everything, don't you? Why don't you share your insights with us? Huh?

FURY: You just don't have the guts do you?

HOPE: Why did I leave, Fury?

CHRIS: Ooooooo. Cat-fight. Your Mom said that would happen.

FURY: Stop being such a baby and tell the truth, you little bitch!

HOPE: Bitch? I'm a bitch! Oh, that's great! Look who's calling me a bitch. Seven years ago who was the bitch? I was happier than I'd ever been in my life. One day my sister was my best friend, the best catch in school was my boyfriend and everything was perfect. The next day my sister was too bored of working at the grocery store, saving up for college, so she took the delivery boy home. It just happened to be my boyfriend, and my home, and I just happened to come home early to see them naked in the shed on the riding lawn-mower. And you know what? That makes you the bitch, not me.

FURY: I knew it. I knew you saw something.

CHRIS: I knew it too.

(They ignore him.)

HOPE: I'm not stupid.

FURY: Why didn't you yell at me?

HOPE: What would be the point?

FURY: It feels good. You can't just hide it.

CHRIS: Ya, that's not good for your self-esteem.

HOPE: Shut up, Dr. Phil!

CHRIS: And that's not good for mine.

HOPE: You know what, I think you've caused enough trouble. Why don't you just go.

CHRIS: Can I have then rest of the gin?

HOPE: Go!

(CHRIS exits.)

FURY: Can we talk about this?

HOPE: No.

FURY: Look, I'm sorry. I screwed up.

HOPE: I waited a long time for you to come clean, but you never did.

FURY: Listen, I freaked out after you left. If you'd have been there, I... No, no excuses. By the time my next birthday came around and you called, I didn't have the guts to tell you. And after a couple of calls it seemed... too late. All I got was two phone calls a year. I didn't want to lose those. You're my little sister and I let you down. I'm sorry.

HOPE: No. You know what? Fuck you. I have no sister. I have no mother. I've got nothing except all this crap, and you want to throw it all out.

FURY: You want to keep it all?

HOPE: No.

FURY: What then?

HOPE: I don't want to keep it, I don't want to throw it out, I don't know what I want. I want to go back and do things right.

FURY: You can't.

HOPE: Wow, you are the smart one.

FURY: Don't you think I regret things? I never wanted to take your high school boyfriend away from you.

HOPE: You didn't just take away my "high school boyfriend" you took away my future. He was supposed to be my happily ever after.

FURY: Him? Open your eyes.

HOPE: I just did. I'm going to read a book in Mom's meditation room. I'd suggest that you leave me alone. Oh, one more thing. Now that this is out in the open, I expect that you won't bring up the subject of that pig ever again. Promise. Promise!

FURY: I promise that I will never mention his name until you do. O.K?

HOPE: Good. *(Exit.)*

FURY: Damn.
(She scratches a day off of the calendar and leaves.)

DAY 1

(Enter HOPE. She surveys the pile. She dumps a box into the undecided pile, and starts to look for more to dump into the undecided pile.)

HOPE: This is hopeless. I might as well just buy the place and move in.
(Enter Chris, Hope is bent over doing something. He waits a moment.)

CHRIS: I bet I could still bounce a quarter off that butt.

HOPE: I thought I told you I never wanted to see you again.

CHRIS: I had to bring the groceries you ordered.

HOPE: I didn't order groceries.

CHRIS: Then who did?

HOPE: I'll give you two guesses. FURY!!!!
(Fury appears. She completely ignores CHRIS.)

FURY: It's Felicity dear.

HOPE: What's going on, Felicity?

FURY: With what?

HOPE: With this.

FURY: Oh, groceries. Good. I'm starving.

HOPE: What are you doing?

FURY: I'm going to make a sandwich, want one?

HOPE: No thanks.

CHRIS: I'll have one.

HOPE: Don't you think we need to talk about this?

FURY: No can do.

HOPE: Why not?

FURY: I'm a woman of my word.

HOPE: What?

FURY: Well, if I were to, say, make a deal not to bring up a certain subject, I would certainly stick to that promise.

HOPE: This is completely underhanded.

FURY: What is?

HOPE: This.

FURY: You'll have to be more specific.

HOPE: That. I'm talking about that.

FURY: I don't see anything.

HOPE: Don't be a jerk.

FURY: Who's there?

HOPE: Him!

FURY: I'm going to need a name.

HOPE: Chris. OK? Chris, Chris, Chris, Chris!

FURY: Oh, Chris. Hi Chris.

CHRIS: Hi Fury.

FURY: Hey Hope. Chris is here and guess what, he's still stupid.

HOPE: I see that.

FURY: Have anything you want to talk about? Seems like a good time, Chris being here and all.

HOPE: No.

CHRIS: What did I do?

HOPE: What didn't you do?

FURY: More like, who didn't you do?

CHRIS: Can't we all just love each other?

HOPE: I'll throw up if he stays here any longer.

FURY: He stays.

HOPE: Why?

FURY: I need him.

HOPE: For what?

FURY: I have to tell you something.

HOPE: What's that?

FURY: The reason I left...

HOPE: Why?

FURY: Mom.

HOPE: What about her?

FURY: Wait and see. Chris, have a seat.

(She places a chair in the middle of the room for him. He takes it.)

FURY: I would like to remind you that you are not under oath, but if I ever find out that anything you say in the next ten minutes is a lie, you'll be fishing your manhood out of a ditch. Deal?

CHRIS: Do I have a choice?

FURY: No.

CHRIS: I guess it's all good then.

FURY: Hope, please swear in the witness.

HOPE: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth you piece of shit?

CHRIS: I do.

HOPE: *(To FURY.)* Your witness.

FURY: I have a question for you Chris.

CHRIS: Sure.

FURY: You say you visited my mother once a week. Correct?

CHRIS: Yes.

FURY: Good. Now, I would like to enter into evidence my late mother's will. Hope, exhibit number one please.

(HOPE hands it to her. FURY hands it to CHRIS.)

FURY: Thank you. Now, if you would be so kind, would you please turn to page three. Thank you. Now, please read the name listed as executor.

CHRIS: Chris Johnson. Me. I'm the executor. You knew that.

FURY: You are her executor and you visited her once a week for how long?

CHRIS: Seven years. Once a week we had tea and conversation day. She helped me to learn how to be a sensitive and caring individual.

HOPE: I'll kill him.

FURY: Not yet. You'll want to hear this. I have just one more question for the witness.

CHRIS: Fine.

FURY: For the record, how long were you sleeping with my mother?

HOPE: What?

FURY: Shhh. How long were you sleeping with my mother?

CHRIS: Can I plead the fifth?

FURY: No. Answer the question.

CHRIS: *(Mumbles.)* Ten years.

FURY: Louder please.

CHRIS: *(Mumbles.)* Ten years.

FURY: Louder.

CHRIS: I'm not supposed to talk about this.

FURY: Manhood in a ditch.

CHRIS: Ten years.

FURY: I rest my case.

HOPE: How did you know that?

FURY: Three weeks after you left, I came home early from work one day. I was on my way to the house when I heard a strange noise coming from the shed. Further investigation showed it to be... Chris why don't you tell us what I saw.

CHRIS: Riding lawnmower Olympics. Gold Medal.

HOPE: You mother—

FURY: Exactly!

CHRIS: No. I loved her. And she trusted this “pig” to make sure that her last wishes were carried out. And I’m going to do it, because she taught me how to be a sensitive and caring individual.

FURY: What last wishes?

CHRIS: Nothing... executor stuff. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go see a man about a horse.

HOPE: What?

CHRIS: Make water, leak the lizard, drain the main vein--

HOPE: Just go, we don't need a play by play.

CHRIS: Fair enough. *(He exits.)*

HOPE: If that's caring and sensitive, I'd say we're doomed.

FURY: That's quite possible. Are you still mad?

HOPE: You think knowing that my Mom slept with him too is going to make me feel better?

FURY: I made a mistake.

HOPE: It was cruel.

FURY: Look who's talking.

HOPE: What did I do?

FURY: You left! You gave up and walked away from me like I wasn't even worth trying. You abandoned me. I screwed up, but you ran away and wouldn't even give me a chance to fix it.

HOPE: Don't you dare blame this on me! You—

FURY: I said I was sorry!

HOPE: Oh, and I suppose that's supposed to make everything alright!

FURY: It wasn't all my fault.

HOPE: Oh, so whose fault was it then?

CHRIS: *(Re-enters.)* That's a hell of a lot of boxes out there.

HOPE: Not only is he sensitive and caring, but he's also extremely observant.

CHRIS: Don't you-

HOPE: Shut up. You're not part of this. (*To Fury.*) Once this house is settled, I never want to speak to you again.

FURY: You'll regret that.

HOPE: Not seeing you again is something that I'll never regret. Those birthday calls are the worst minutes of my year and I don't intend to have anything to do with you until the day you die.

FURY: That's harsh.

HOPE: Good.

FURY: Fine, you want it, you got it. After this, we never speak again.

CHRIS: You can't do this.

HOPE: Damn right we can.

CHRIS: What about your Mom?

HOPE: She'd be fine with it.

CHRIS: No she wouldn't.

FURY: I think we knew our Mother better than you did.

CHRIS: I disagree.

HOPE: You can't disagree. She's our Mom. We grew up with her. All you did was sleep with her. She wouldn't care.

CHRIS: You know, she said she was sorry.

FURY: She never said she was sorry.

HOPE: Never.

CHRIS: She told me to tell you. And she also said to say that never saying sorry was what she was most sorry for. That, and for every time she hurt you. She said she never meant to.

HOPE: You're the one who should be sorry. You slept with everything in a ten mile radius.

CHRIS: No I didn't.

HOPE: Well it sure seems that way.

CHRIS: I can't help it if this family has good genes. You were all great by the way.

FURY: Oh that's sick! Get out.

CHRIS: Come on, I was just being honest.

FURY: I don't care.

CHRIS: Please? I'm sorry. I just-

FURY: Get out.
(She pushes him out of the door.)

HOPE: I'm keeping the house.

FURY: What?

HOPE: I'm not selling. I don't want a golf-course here.

FURY: What are you going to do with it?

HOPE: I don't know.

FURY: No way. If anyone's keeping it, it'll be me.

HOPE: Why's that?

FURY: Mom liked me better, and I'm the oldest.

HOPE: You didn't even want it.

FURY: Things change.

HOPE: You can't have it.

FURY: Too bad.

HOPE: Are you serious?

FURY: There's no way I'm not letting you have this place.

CHRIS: *(From outside.)* What are you guys doing?

HOPE: I thought we told you to leave.

CHRIS: You did.

FURY: So?

CHRIS: I didn't.

HOPE: We can tell.

CHRIS: *(Comes to the doorway.)* Can I come in?

HOPE: Here's a news flash for you. We don't like you.

CHRIS: I like you.

HOPE: Too late.

CHRIS: What are you going to do with the house?

FURY: None of your business.

CHRIS: I'm the executor, remember?

HOPE: We're going to burn it down. Happy?

CHRIS: You can't.

FURY: Give me one good reason.

CHRIS: This house was hers.

FURY: And?

CHRIS: You grew up here.

HOPE: So what?

CHRIS: It's your childhood.

FURY: It was an unhappy childhood.

CHRIS: But it was yours.

HOPE: Not good enough.

CHRIS: Your Mom loved this house.

FURY: And?

CHRIS: And she loved you.

HOPE: She deceived us.

FURY: She tormented us.

CHRIS: Ya, but she did it because she loved you.

HOPE: How would you know?

CHRIS: She told me.

FURY: She did?

CHRIS: Every time I was here.

HOPE: What did she say?

CHRIS: She said, "I miss those little buggers. They may be snot nosed little brats but they're my snot nosed little brats and I love them. Hope and Fury, that's what I named them and that's what they are." Look, I'm sorry I have to be your last "monster under the bed," but your Mom knew what she was doing.

HOPE: Jesus.

FURY: What did you say?

CHRIS: I said I'm sorry.

HOPE: What did you call yourself?

CHRIS: Monster under your bed.

HOPE: He couldn't make that up.

FURY: He's not smart enough.

HOPE: Explain. And it better be the truth!

CHRIS: O.K. I'm not so good at this kinda stuff but she said it would be good for my healing process.

FURY: Where did you get that phrase?

CHRIS: Monster under your bed? Your Mom said it to me when she asked me to be executor.

HOPE: Exactly what did she say?

CHRIS: She said that she wanted me to help her. She said I'd be her last monster under the bed.

FURY: Why?

CHRIS: Because this was all my fault. She figured out that you guys must have both seen something. She thought that since it's my fault you left in the first place, I should be the one to bring you back together.

HOPE: How?

CHRIS: I was supposed to get you to come back, make sure you didn't leave until you sorted through everything, never tell you what I was doing, keep you stocked up with groceries, and make two sisters remember what it was like to be best friends... Four out of five ain't bad, right? Look, I promised her I would do this for her.

HOPE: Why?

CHRIS: She needed this. She said she loved you and wanted you to be happy for once and that this was the only way she knew how to do it.

HOPE: Are you messing with us?

CHRIS: No.

FURY: Promise?

CHRIS: Cross my heart and hope to die.

HOPE: Good

FURY: Now leave.

HOPE: And don't ever come back.

CHRIS: You can't do that.

FURY: Watch us.

CHRIS: I just unlocked the secret to your grieving process.

FURY: And you've done wonderfully.

CHRIS: I'm just trying to help do my part.

FURY: Well, thanks.

HOPE: We really appreciate it.

CHRIS: You do?

HOPE: Absolutely.

CHRIS: Well, it was real nice seeing you. One last hug for old time's sake?

HOPE: If I do, will you go?

CHRIS: And never come back.

HOPE: A quick one.

(He hugs her. She holds on.)

CHRIS: It was really good to see you again. I missed you.

CHRIS: I missed you too.

HOPE: How about a kiss?

CHRIS: You serious?

HOPE: Sure. For old time's sake.

CHRIS: Cool.

(He comes in for a kiss. She knees him in the groin.)

CHRIS: What was that for?

HOPE: Old time's sake.

CHRIS: You're cold.

HOPE: As ice. (Pause.) Chris.

CHRIS: What?

HOPE: How did she go?

CHRIS: What?

HOPE: Mom. How did she go?

FURY: Was she in pain?

CHRIS: No. No pain. Peaceful.

HOPE: Thanks. Now get out.

(He exits.)

FURY: Monsters under the bed.

HOPE: Ya.

FURY: You think she really said that?

HOPE: I think so.

