

# ERICA SIDE 1

10

Whit: You don't carry samples?

Steven: No.

Whit: Then what's in that satchel? *(He points to the satchel.)*

Steven: All right, I do carry a satchel of drugs with me. But those are for a couple of calls I have to make while I'm here. Calls to potential clients. I don't just give those out to anyone.

Whit: Not even to your own father?

Steven: No. I'm not a physician, Dad. Besides I don't know what you've got.

START →

Erica: Is it your prostate? It's your prostate, isn't it? I told you to stop eating red meat. Red meat is death to a prostate. Steven, give Dad some prostate medicine.

Whit: Stop saying prostate. Now, come in and sit down. Relax. It's so good to see you both. So, the flight was okay, was it?

*(Erica and Steven sit.)*

Erica: No. It was horrible. I cried all the way. I was devastated. I was despondent. I was...Is this a new couch?

Whit: Yes, it is.

Erica: Why would a dying man buy a new couch? That makes no sense. And a new shirt. Why would you buy a new shirt? *(She gasps)* Is that the shirt you want to be buried in? Is that what that is?

Whit: No. It's not the shirt I want to be buried in.

Erica: Thank God. It's hideous.

Whit: It's not hideous.

Erica: Oh, Dad. Please. Do you have mirrors in this house? And why do you want to be buried? I thought you wanted to be cremated.

Whit: Who said that?

Erica: Steven did.

Whit: What?

Steven: You told me you wanted to be cremated.

Whit: When?

Steven: When you die.

Whit: No, I mean when did I tell you that?

Steven: Last summer. At Nathan Latimore's pool party.

Whit: I wasn't at Nathan Latimore's pool party last summer. I don't even know who Nathan Latimore is.

Steven: Oh. Then it must've been Nathan Latimore's dad who told me that.

Whit: Why would Nathan Latimore's dad tell you that I wanted to be cremated.

Steven: No, he told me that HE wanted to be cremated.

Whit: You confused me with another dad?

Steven: It's an easy mistake.

Whit: No, it's not. I'm your dad. Nathan Latimore's dad is Nathan Latimore's dad. We're two different dads.

Continued

Erica: So, you don't want to be cremated?

Whit: I haven't thought about it.

Erica: Well, maybe it's about time you did.

Whit: Why?

Erica: Because you're dying.

Whit: I'm not dying.

*(Nikki enters from the kitchen. She has taken her apron off.)*

Nikki: Okay, I've got twenty minutes.

Erica: Good. The nurse is here. Now we'll get some straight answers.

Whit: She's not a nurse.

Erica: You're not a nurse?

Nikki: I'm not a nurse.

Erica: Well, what are you?

Nikki: I'm a fiduciary.

*(There is a pause.)*

Erica: You're a what?

Nikki: A fiduciary.

Erica: What the hell is that?

Steven: A financial advisor. A trustee.

Erica: A financial advisor? Dad doesn't need a financial advisor. He needs a nurse!

Nikki: Why? *(To Whit.)* Why do you need a nurse?

Erica: *(To Steven.)* You see? She has no idea. *(To Whit.)* I'm going to have a few choice words for your doctor at the funeral, you can bet on that.

Whit: Erica, Nikki is...The funeral?

Erica: Yes. You have to have a proper burial, Dad. We can't just throw you into the garden.

Whit: Listen. Nikki is what I wanted to talk to you about.

Erica: Who's Nikki?

Nikki: I am.

Erica: The fiduncadairy is named Nikki?

Nikki: Fiduciary.

Whit: Erica? Steven? Nikki is my girlfriend.

~~Steven: What?~~

Erica: Oh my God. He's so sick he's dating his nurse. Steven, give him something. I'm begging you. Give him some pills!

Nikki: I'm not his nurse.

**END**

Steven: I'm not a doctor.

Whit: I'm not dying. *(To Steven and Erica.)* Now, will both of you please be quiet for a moment and listen to me. Please?

*(Steven and Erica look at Whit in silence.)*

Thank you.

Steven: Is this going to require us drinking beer?

Whit: What? My news?

Steven: Yes. Will beer help us accept the news more easily?

Whit: Well, I don't know about that.

Steven: Well, can we have one anyway?

Whit: Of course.

Steven: Good. Erica? You want a beer?

Erica: What time of day is it? I'm kidding. Of course I want one.

*(Steven exits to the kitchen.)*

Whit: Are you all right now, Erica? Have you composed yourself?

Erica: I'm fine. *(To Nikki.)* So, you're my father's girlfriend.

Nikki: I am.

Erica: And your name is Nikki?

Nikki: That's correct.

Erica: And how long have you been a fudoopilary?

Nikki: Fiduciary. About twenty-five years.