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Brian  
Greg

GREG

Thirty.

REBECCA

And well, you know how it is. Old age was staring us in the face.

BRIAN

Becca and I have known each other since college... and when she realized she was—

GREG

(helpfully)

Gay.

BRIAN

Gay. We became really close.

REBECCA

A few months ago, the four of us were all hanging out...

JUDY

What four?

REBECCA

Brian and Greg. And me and Annie.

JUDY

You means she's your uh...

REBECCA

Yes, Mom, she's my uh.

JUDY

Well at least she's Jewish.

ANNIE

Judy, I'm not—

JUDY

Let me have my fantasy please.

(to BRIAN)

Keep talking

BRIAN

(Continues line next page)

So, we were sitting around and we realized that all four of us are thirty.  
And we're—

~~GEORGETTE~~

~~Old. We got it. Please don't say that again.~~

~~REBECCA~~  
We were broke.

Totally broke.

Totally.

Broke.

*(as if to a child)*

We didn't have any money.

~~BRIAN~~  
GREG  
BRIAN  
GREG  
BRIAN

But I did. Well, kind of. My grandfather left me a trust fund, which I couldn't collect until I got married. To a woman.

GREG

I'm not a woman.

BRIAN

Exactly. God knows, we never would have done this if things were different, the way they shoulda been—

GREG

Or if I had a vagina.

BRIAN

Greg. I got this.

GREG

And you're doing very well.

BRIAN

Thank you.

GREG

You're welcome.

BRIAN

So, I talked Rebecca into marrying me.

End

~~REBECCA~~  
Which wasn't hard. I mean, come on, all because of some stupid will Brian can't marry the person he loves. Who's business is it anyway if—?

BRIAN

Rebecca! Now, might not be the best time for that.