

SIDE 5

SANDRA: Why is he calling you Bernard? Is that what you're telling people your name is now?

BERNARD: Ya done, sis? I'll have you know, it's my professional name. Me and Cary, we work together, okay. In fact, we share a cubicle. We are cube-mates.

SANDRA: I'm sorry you work with my chucklehead brother.

BERNARD: What are you making that face for? I happen to be a great cube-mate. (*CARY is shaking his head "No" emphatically.*) You know I can see you, right. I'm standing directly in front of you.

CARY: Well, you're...you're kind of a, a slob...? Like you leave these wrappers, these candy wrappers, all over the place—

SANDRA: Not surprised at that.

BERNARD: What is that supposed to mean? What do you know about me and candy bars, anyway.

SANDRA: I'm not doing this with you, Bernie. Not now. You don't talk to me for six months and then you just show up here and interrupt—

BERNARD: *overlapping*) What. What am I

I stopped by your place,
but of course you weren't there /
You're always working!

I have a life! I have friends!
Maybe! Pshhh! I'll believe it when I see it.

SANDRA: You're always talking over me
interrupting. / You never listen!

What's that supposed to mean?
It's called a job, we don't all sit in a
cube eating chocolate all day!
Maybe so do I-

CARY: Whoa. Why are you yelling?

BERNARD/SANDRA: (*Yelling:*) This is just how we talk to each other!!!

BERNARD: (*Gently:*) A reminder. You stopped talking to me.

SANDRA: I'm not not talking to you. You're not talking to me.

BERNARD: What are you talking about? I'm not not talking to you. You're the one not talking to me.

CARY: The double-negatives...make this all...a little confusing. For me. Hold on. You guys aren't talking to each other because you each thought the other one is mad? But nobody was really mad?

SANDRA: He's the one who is mad at me. I'm just mad at him because he's mad at me for no reason.

CARY: I think the problem is your communication skills in general. Okay, let's try this again. Bernard—or Bernie in this instance—why are you mad at Sandra? And can you try maybe speaking directly to her?

BERNARD: I'm not mad at her.

SANDRA: Yes, he is.

BERNARD: Okay, see! Now I'm getting mad. She's not listening!

SANDRA: Cary-with-a-Y-on-purpose, please tell my brother that I know he's mad because I took our Mom and Dad's photo albums.

BERNARD: And you can tell my sister that she's ridiculous if she thinks I'm not gonna talk to her over some photo albums? Come on.

CARY: Okay, I feel like you can hear each other, so I'm not going to repeat any of this.

SANDRA: So you're not mad?

BERNARD: No, I'm not mad. But you are. Right?

SANDRA: Why would I be mad?

BERNARD: Cheddar.

CARY: Cheddar cheese...sharp, would be great on my sandwich which I hoped to be eating by now...

SANDRA: What about Cheddar?

BERNARD: You don't know?

SANDRA: Know what?

BERNARD: Never mind.

CARY: I'm very confused... What are we talking about?

SANDRA: Cheddar was my baby, the sweetest cat you ever met.

BERNARD: Are you out of your mind? Cheddar was a demon-cat.

CARY: Oh, that's your sister's cat you accidentally killed last year!

BERNARD: Shut your mouth! You don't-

SANDRA: (To BERNARD:) You what?!! What did you do, Bernie? What. Did. You. Do. To. My Cheddar baby?!?!!!

BERNARD: It was an accident...! I swear! Listen. I came by. You were at work. I had the spare set of keys so I let myself in. You had told me the week before your toilet was making a whistling sound, so I figured I would fix it, save you a call to the plumber.

CARY: You told me you were there to get some photo albums. /

BERNIE: Why are you like this?! /

SANDRA: So you *were* mad about the albums!

BERNARD: Mom never explicitly said you should have them! We should have split them up!

SANDRA: I can't believe this. You could have just asked like a normal person and not broken in and oh, not killed my cat—

BERNARD: I messed up and left the door open, okay. Cheddar got out. The car... You know the rest. I panicked. I left without the albums. I'm sorry. I really am.

SANDRA: I don't want to talk to you right now.

BERNARD: So you weren't not talking to me before, but now you're not talking to me? Well, if you're not talking to me, then I'm not talking to you!

SANDRA: Fine. We're done.

CARY: Can I say something?

BERNARD: Free country.

CARY: This just sucks. I mean, it really sucks. The world is ending. I'm stuck here with my annoying cube-mate, and the woman I love, and they happen to be siblings and now they're feuding... And I'm hungry... And there is only... (He checks his watch) like eight minutes left.

BERNARD: (*SANDRA and BERNARD both turn to CARY.*) What did you say?

CARY: I'm sorry, you're not really all that annoying. It's just that you eat so many candy bars and sometimes the chocolate melts and it gets all over everything and there's just all this brown stuff everywhere and it's sticky, and you know, truth be told, I really don't like chocolate all that much. I know it's a controversial statement to make, but I stand by it, 100%. Yes.

BERNARD: Not that part, but we'll come back to that.

SANDRA: He meant the part about being with the woman you love.

CARY: Oh. That.