

LENA. And had it been a *funny* joke —
 STEVE. It *is* funny. Yes it is. And and and and the *reason* it's funny, is, is, is that it plays upon certain latent fears of — of — of — of white people, vis-à-vis the —
 TOM. Okay. I'd like to add: I'm *gay*.
 STEVE. KATHY. LINDSEY.
 I — I — See? You never Nice. Nice
 I — I — well, I know. You really going, Steven.
 didn't know that. don't. (To Tom.) Nice work.
 I couldn't tell at all.
 TOM. (To Steve.) So I guess you think sex *between men* is funny?
 STEVE. *Oh, come on!!!*
 TOM. Just *inherently* funny.
 STEVE. And it's not even *sex*, it's *rape!*
 LINDSEY. So *rape* is funny.
 STEVE. N — *Yes!!!* In the context of the *joke*.
 KATHY. My sister was raped.
 STEVE. I quit.
 KATHY. So it's offensive to *me*.
 LINDSEY. *And me!*
 STEVE. (Re: Tom.) *And him. And them. That's the point of the joke.*
 To permit the expression of — And what does it even *mean*, "offended"? I don't even know what it *means*.
 KEVIN. How many white men does it take to change a light bulb?
 TOM. LINDSEY. KATHY. STEVE.
 Okay, I'm No. Can we Aha. See? *Fine!* Tell me
 about two *not?* I'm asking Shoe's on the joke. I
 minutes from you as a favor. the other want to hear
 leaving? So, foot now. it. I do. How
heads up. many white men
does it take to
 change a light bulb?
 KEVIN. All of 'em.
 STEVE. And why is that?
 KEVIN. One to hold the light bulb while the rest of 'em screw the entire world.
 STEVE. KATHY. TOM. LINDSEY.
 So!!! You think I'm I like that one. Uhh, if I Okay, stop.
 "offended"? I can I'm telling my may beg to Everybody just
 do this all day. husband that. differ? *stop.*

STEVE. (Continuous.) What's long and hard on a black man?
 LINDSEY. *How is this happening?!!*
~~STAR~~ KEVIN. I don't know, Steve. What *is* long and hard on a black man?
 STEVE. First grade. Are you "offended"?
 KEVIN. Nope.
 STEVE. Neither am I.
 LINDSEY. You *can't be* offended, you *moron* —
 STEVE. (Astonished laugh.) ... I *can't?*
 LINDSEY. (Continuous.) — because you've *never* been politically marginalized, unlike *the majority* of people in the world —
 STEVE. (Overlapping.) How can a *majority* be *marginal?*
 LINDSEY. (Continuous.) — and, by the way, *all women, everywhere*, and it's your classic white male myopia that you're blind to that basic fact.
 LENA. Why is a white woman like a tampon? (All turn to Lena. Pause.)
 LINDSEY. Why is what?
 LENA. It's a joke.
 KEVIN. (To Lena.) No no no no no no —
 LENA. You told a joke, now I'm telling one: why is a white woman —
 KEVIN. (Overlapping.) Baby, don't.
 LENA. (Calmly, continuous to Kevin.) — and please don't *baby* me. You've got three babies at *home* —
 KEVIN. (Publicly, overlapping.) Good night. I wash my hands.
 LENA. (Continuous, privately.) — if you need to *pacify* someone. (To the others.) So:
 STEVE. (Raising a finger.) Uhh ... can you repeat the setup?
 LENA. Why ...
 STEVE. ... is a white woman, right...?
 LENA. ... like a tampon? (Steve looks around. No one else answers, so ...)
 STEVE. Um, I don't know, why?
 LENA. Because they're both stuck up cunts. (Pause. Again, no one laughs or smiles. Kevin shakes his head.)
 LINDSEY. (Even.) Wow.
 LENA. But I hope you're not *offended*.
 STEVE. (Academically, not laughing.) See, I find that funny.
 LINDSEY. Do you.
 KATHY. Well, I'm offended.
 STEVE. *Oh, you are not.*

LINDSEY. And how does it always comes back around to *the women*?

LENA. (*Innocently.*) It was just a joke.

STEVE. *Exactly!!*

KATHY. An extremely *hostile* joke.

LINDSEY. Directed at me.

KATHY. And in what way am I *stuck-up*, exactly? You mean, because I worked my ass off putting myself through law school, that makes me *stuck-up*?

STEVE. It's a joke about a *tampon!!*

KATHY. And maybe there's a difference between being *stuck up* and being *intelligent*.

STEVE. (*To Kathy.*) *You don't even know the fucking capital of Morocco!!!*

KATHY. (*Insulted.*) Ohhhhhhhh ... kay.

STEVE. And you know something? If there's anyone here who's being *marginalized* by the tide of history — You don't exactly see *me* sitting in the White House, do you?

LINDSEY. *Thank the lord.*

STEVE. But you don't see *me* wetting my pants and acting all "offended."

KATHY. (*To Lindsey, as she packs her things.*) You know, I think maybe I'm *done*.

STEVE. No. You want to know what offends *me*? How about the neighborhood the two of us are living in right now? Bunch of white suburban assholes still driving around with the yellow ribbon magnets on their SUVs in support of some bullshit war. *That's* the kinda shit that offends *me*.

KEVIN. Why does *that* make them assholes?

STEVE. (*Beat.*) Why does what?

KEVIN. Said assholes have yellow ribbons on their SU —

STEVE. I didn't say that.

KEVIN. Yeah, you did, you said —

STEVE. I said "*with*" the magnet, not, you know, "*by virtue of*."

KEVIN. So, it's not the *magnet* makes you the asshole?

LINDSEY. (*To Kevin.*) You have one on your car?

KEVIN. I have three of 'em.

STEVE. Three.

KEVIN. Three.

LINDSEY. Three?

LENA. Three.

STEVE. Three.

KEVIN. One for each member of my family serving overseas.

STEVE. Great. (*Beat.*)

KATHY. (*To Steve.*) I have the pink one for breast cancer.

KEVIN. So maybe I'm a *triple* asshole, but —

LINDSEY. (*Fake whisper to Kevin.*) *I think we know who the asshole is.*

STEVE. Wow.

LINDSEY. (*Finishing off Steve.*) Well you're being an *idiot*. And in case you hadn't noticed, the rest of the world has begun a more sophisticated conversation about this topic than you apparently are qualified to participate in at this incredible moment in history. I mean, I used to *date* a black guy. *So what?* I mean, *seriously*. *Steve. Wake up.* (*The same church bell that we heard in Act One begins to ring. Pause. Tom looks at his watch.*)

TOM. (*Claps hands together.*) And it is now four o'clock.

STEVE. (*Privately, to Lindsey.*) When did you date a black guy?

TOM. Sq: Final thoughts? Lena?

LENA. No.

TOM. Kev?

KEVIN. I'm good.

TOM. Anybody?

KEVIN. Very informative.

LINDSEY. Well, I want to say this: I want to say I feel angry. And I'm basically kind of hurt by the implication that's been made that, just because we want to live as your neighbors and raise a child alongside yours, that somehow, in the process of doing that, we've had our ethics called into question. Because *that* is hurtful.

LENA. (*Calmly.*) No one has questioned your *ethics* at all.

LINDSEY. Well, I wish I could believe you.

STOP LENA. No, what we're questioning is your *taste*. (*The others start to leave.*)

TOM.

LINDSEY.

Kathy? I will call you when the petition goes through.

Well, *that* was insulting.

KATHY. Thank you.

TOM. Tuesday at the latest.

LINDSEY. Wait, what's wrong with our *taste*?

TOM. (*Putting on sunglasses.*) Kev?

KEVIN. Right behind you.

LINDSEY. No. What is so *egregious* about the design of our *house*?