

TANSY. All right, everyone, find a seat. You too, Ax. (*They do.*)

WILLUM. (*About to give up on the evening.*) Tansy—.

TANSY. Here we go, don't worry. We're going to play, "I Went On a Trip." (*To the Waldgraves.*) Have you ever played that?

WALDGRAVE. I'm not sure.

CLELIA. Oh, yes!

TANSY. The first person names something beginning with "A"—"I went on a trip, and I brought an apple," for instance.

RICK. Oh, right. I've played this.

TANSY. (*Relieved.*) Good! Then the next person adds something that starts with "B," and so on—and the list just keeps growing.

WALDGRAVE. Oh, yeah.

RICK. I've played this.

TANSY. Good. Good. All right, here we go. You want to start, Mr.—Ticky?

WALDGRAVE. All right. "I went on a trip, and I brought—an apple," what the hell.

TANSY. That's fine. And, Clelia?

CLELIA. (*Carefully.*) "I went on a trip and I brought an apple and—a basket."

TANSY. For the apples, right? (*There are polite chuckles. Clelia smiles at her own cleverness.*) All right—Axel?

AXEL. (*Sullenly.*) "I went on a trip, and I brought an apple, a basket, and a cucumber."

TANSY. All right, let me see—"I went on a trip, and I brought an apple, a basket, a cucumber, and—a duck." (*She looks brightly to Rick.*)

RICK. 'Kay? Uh—"I went on a trip, and I brought an a-apple, a basket, a cucumber, and a duck, and—a map of the area." (*He looks to Willum, smiling.*)

TANSY. Uh, wait—.

AXEL. He loses, right?

TANSY. No, shh. Uh, Rick—

RICK. Huh?

TANSY. You can't—maybe I didn't explain this; see, you're supposed to say something beginning with "E."

RICK. Huh?

TANSY. Yeah—see, apple was with "A"—"B" was basket, "C" was cucumber, "D" was duck—

RICK. Oh.

TANSY. See?

RICK. (*To whom, apparently, this rule seems pointless.*) Oh, we never played that way. We always just—you know, we'd just name things we'd really take on a trip.

TANSY. Oh. . . .

RICK. Like a map of the area.

TANSY. Oh—well. . . .

RICK. So would that be okay?

TANSY. (*Looking to Willum.*) Well—?

WILLUM. Sure. Sure.

TANSY. (*To Rick.*) All right, sure. You—then why don't you do it your way, and we'll just keep going the way we were. (*To everyone else.*) All right? (*The others shrug their acquiescence.*)

RICK. (*To Willum.*) Your turn. Go.

WILLUM. Uh—what's my letter?

TANSY. "F." Pretend he did an "E."

WILLUM. Okay. Uh—"I went on a trip, and I brought an apple, a basket, a cucumber, a duck, a map of the area, and a—a flagpole."

RICK. A flagpole?

WILLUM. Yeah.

RICK. (*With a look at the others.*) On a trip? Okay. (*He shakes his head, looks down smiling.*)

TANSY. Ticky?

WALDGRAVE. Oh, boy. "I went on a trip, and I brought an apple, a basket, a cucumber, a duck, a map of the area, a flagpole, and a gun."

CLELIA. "I went on a trip, and I brought an apple, a basket, a cucum . . . ber. . . ." (*She stops, having noticed Rick, who is now writing in a pad.*)

TANSY. Rick? What—what are you doing?

RICK. (*Looking up.*) Maybe you guys can remember all these, but I sure can't. (*He finishes writing.*) Okay.

CLELIA. (*Uncertainly, as bewildered looks waft back and forth around her.*) "I went on a trip, and I brought a—an apple, and a—."

RICK. (*Consulting his list, prompting her in a whisper that would wake Jonestown.*) "A basket."

CLELIA. I know—but—but—.

WALDGRAVE. What're we—? What's the point of this, if—?

TANSY. Why don't we play something else?

WILLUM. Good idea.