

*Frank, 20s, George's roommate.*

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*Lights up as FRANK enters the apartment after an obviously long day of work, sets down his bag, de-scarfs, and takes off his coat to reveal a dirty ice cream store uniform. He sits at the table and dejectedly puts his head down before looking up and seeing the assorted nut jar. It's the holy grail, the answer to all of his woes! He picks it up, opens it, and starts digging through. He pulls almonds, cashews, pistachios, but throws the peanuts back in. As he feasts, GEORGE enters with his things and notices Frank cherrypicking the nuts. He drops his briefcase in shock.*

**Frank:** Hmm?

**George:** You're kidding me.

**Frank:** What?

**George:** You've *gotta* be kidding me.

**Frank:** What are you talking about?

**George:** What am I talking about? Gimme that jar.

**Frank:** If you wanted the nuts, all you had to say was "I want the nuts please, Franklin, thank you, Franklin." (*Frank hands George the jar*)

**George:** (*Looking through it*). Peanut. Peanut. PEANUT! It's *all* peanuts!

**Frank:** Let me check. (*George hands Frank the jar*) Ooh! Last Almond! (*He eats the almond*)

**George:** (*Crosses and snatches the jar*) Look, first I'm gonna ask you a question. What's your favorite kind of nut in that jar?

**Frank:** Hmm. Cashews are nice.

**George:** What about after that?

**Frank:** I enjoy a good salted almond.

**George:** And after that?

**Frank:** Pistachios.

**George:** And let me ask you this - what nut comes *dead last* on that list, *without fail, every time*?

**Frank:** Probably the peanu-

**George:** *Of course it's the peanuts!*

**Frank:** Cool it, Georgie! Can't you just get a new jar?

**George:** Yes, Frankie, *I*, can get a new jar. *I* buy them with *my* money, and what is my *one rule*?

**Frank:** I'm sorry, George, I-

**George:** *What is it?*

**Both:** Handfuls only, you get whatcha get, if you cherrypick the nuts you'll catch a fist.

**Frank:** Okay, then! *I'll* buy the jar this time, and I'll keep it for myself!

**George:** (*Wounded by the thought of losing the sentimentally valued communal nut jar*) Well, there's really no need for that.

**Frank:** There is.

**George:** There's really not-

**Frank:** I think there is, Georgie, in fact, I *know* there is, and I'll tell you why. Monday through Friday, and sometimes Saturday and Sunday, I rise from my brief, yet glorious slumber, throw whatever dreams I have to the side, and shag over to the Twinkle-bell Creamery. I went to school to be an *architect*, and I'll tell ya what, I must have missed "Ice Cream Scooping 101" (*motions to dirty uniform*). It's a grind, George, So please, George, I beg you, George, pardon me if at the end of the day, I want to sit down and cut to the chase by enjoying a nice cashew and skip the peanuts.

*A beat.*

**Frank:** So I'll just buy the jar.

*A beat.*

**George:** There's something you need to understand.

**Frank:** Oh yeah? What's that.

**George:** To experience the joy of the cashew... you must first suffer the indignity of the peanut.

**Frank:** *What are you on?*

**George:** Hear me out, Franklin-

**Frank:** I lay my heart out and you start waxing philosophical about *joys* and *indignities*?

**George:** Listen-

**Frank:** I'll show you some *indignity* with the back of my hand, I tell you what-

**George:** *Zip it!*

*Silence and a beat.*

**George:** In the world's proverbial assorted nut jar of people and places and situations, I can *promise* you that there are far more peanuts than there are cashews, almonds, *or* pistachios.

**Frank:** You can say *that* again.

**George:** And Frank, like the *literal* assorted nut jar, what is the *only*, and I mean *only* way to get rid of the peanuts?

**Frank:** George, I don't know what you're trying to-

**George:** This is no trick. How do you get rid of the peanuts?

*A beat.*

**Frank:** (*Hesitantly*) ... You eat them?

**George:** *Yes!* You've gotta eat 'em to beat 'em, and while in the moment, it's a *joyride* to just eat the good stuff, sooner or later, (*Frank grabs a handful from the jar and pulls a heap of peanuts*) this happens. And we both know what has to happen when the only things you have left are the peanuts of the world.

**Frank:** (*Horried*) No, please-

**George:** *This!*

*George eats the entire handful of peanuts - Frank recoils at the sight.*

**Frank:** Good God!

*George looks down into the jar and notices something.*

**George:** *(Incomprehensible through his mouthful)* And would you-

**Frank:** Chew, then I'll hear it.

*A beat as George chews and swallows.*

**George:** And would you look at that!

**Frank:** Huh?

*George reaches into the jar and pulls out a singular nut.*

**George:** A reward for eating and beating it - Cashew! *(George almost eats it, but pauses)*

Franklin?

**Frank:** Yes, George?

**George:** Do you want this cashew?

*A beat*

**Frank:** If you're asking, I certainly wouldn't decline it.

*George drops the cashew back into the jar, closes the lid, and shakes it up before walking back to the table and setting it in front of Frank.*

**George:** All yours.

*Frank pulls a handful of almost all peanuts from the jar. He almost puts them back in, but chooses to begin eating them slowly, one by one. George sits down and pulls a similarly peanut-saturated batch. Contently, they eat their peanuts together as the lights go down. End of play.*