Scene One

(Lights come up on CHUCK, a nerdy teen dressed like a Grunge Rocker roadie. He's wearing large headphones, a flannel shirt tied around his waist, and jamming out to Beck's loser as he's working the counter of a "RPG gaming store.")

CHUCK. (Singing to himself.)

SOY UN PERDEDOR
I'M A LOSER BABY, SO WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME?

(AGNES enters and pokes his shoulder which startles him!)

WHOA, WHAT IN THE HADES!
AGNES. Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you —
CHUCK. I wasn't scared. I'm a black belt...in Jedi...jitsu —
AGNES. I'm looking for a Chuck Biggs?
CHUCK. You're looking at him! But my hommies just call me simply DM Biggs cause, you know, I'm "big" where it counts.
AGNES. Uh...
CHUCK. As in MY BRAIN!
AGNES. (Relieved.) Oh!!!
CHUCK. Not because I'm fat.

Seriously, it really has nothing to do with body mass index, I actually work out...or plan on working out —

AGNES. I get it.
CHUCK. So what can I do for you?
AGNES. Someone told me you might know a thing or two about Dungeons and Dragons.

CHUCK. Depends if we're talking first or second edition...PSYCHE! It doesn't matter which edition cause my D&D IQ is plus three hella high!
AGNES. You're very odd.
CHUCK. "Odd" as in hot, right?
AGNES. No.

CHUCK. So what do you want to know about the D and the D?
AGNES. Well, I have this thing. I'm not quite sure what it is.

CHUCK. Well, lemme checkity check it out!

(AGNES hands CHUCK the notebook.)

AGNES. Be careful with it. It's not mine.

(CHUCK takes it and carefully begins leafing through the pages.)

You know, you're not exactly what I was expecting.

CHUCK. What? Were you expecting some nerd? 'Cause I'm no nerd.

I got a girlfriend.

From New York.

AGNES. How did you meet someone from New York?

CHUCK. (Proudly.) On a little thing I like to call...THE INTERNET! You've been on the Internet, right?

AGNES. We have it at work.

CHUCK. It's the bomb, right?

I got it hooked up at my house. Top of the line. I'm talking 56 kilobits per second! Blazing fast. If you ever want to come over and check it out...

AGNES. I'm good.

So about the notebook...

CHUCK. Well, it's clearly a homespun module.

AGNES. Clearly. What's that?

CHUCK. It's like a map for a D&D game. An adventure. And this one looks like it's written for one to two players at entry level skills and power designations with —

(Something stops him.)

Yo, hold up. Where'd you get this?

AGNES. It's my sister's.

CHUCK. Your sister is Tillius the Paladin?

AGNES. Who?
CHUCK. Tilly Evans.
AGNES. You knew her?
CHUCK. Of course I knew her. Every player here in Athens has been on a campaign with her. And she was your sister?
AGNES. IS my sister.
CHUCK. Oh man, I’m sorry – I didn’t realize –
AGNES. So can you help me figure out what it all means?
CHUCK. Sure, but –
Look, I should tell you something up front now that I know who you are.
Nothing can happen between us, okay?
I know you were vibing me and all when we first met, but now that I know who you are, it would be disrespectful.
Plus you’re like wicked old and that would be creepy.
AGNES. Okay.
CHUCK. So if you’re cool that –
AGNES. I’m cool.
CHUCK. Then I can help you. So what do you want to do with this module exactly?
AGNES. Well, Chuck, it’s a game, right?
I want to play it.

Scene Two

(Lights come up MILES standing in TILLY’s bedroom.)

MILES. So this is all that’s left to pack?
AGNES. Yep.
MILES. It’s a lot.
AGNES. Yep.
MILES. So is this exactly how –
AGNES. Yep.
Exactly the way she left it –
MILES. Your sister was a slob.
AGNES. She was sixteen.
MILES. She was a sixteen-year-old slob.
AGNES. Where do I even begin with all this?
(MILES picks up a He-Man action figure.)
MILES. Man, your sister was really into some geeky shit.
AGNES. Yep.
MILES. You sure you don’t want any help?
‘Cause you know I’m strong, right?
Like bull.
AGNES. You’re also clumsy.
Like ass.
MILES. I’m not clumsy.
AGNES. Should I remind you of my former coffee table?
MILES. It was faulty design.
AGNES. Thanks for the help, babe, but you should go.
I should pack this myself. I’m her sister, it’s part of the job.
MILES. You sure?
AGNES. Positive.
MILES. Alright then, I’ll just go ahead start moving some of your boxes over to OUR new place.