

EMILIO. I'm pacing myself.

FRANCISCO. It's bad luck after a toast, though—

EMILIO. (*Sets his drink aside.*) ~~It's okay. But thank you for your~~
~~concern.~~ Why aren't you drinking?

FRANCISCO. Oh, uh. I'm on some meds at the moment.

EMILIO. What kind of meds?

FRANCISCO. For minding your own business. You want some?
Just kidding. I had some dental work done. It's just antibiotics.

URSULA. Paco just told me he was working in film.

CAITLIN. I didn't know that—!

FRANCISCO. Well, not in film. I was working on movie sets, but
it didn't really pan out—though I did fill-in on a *Fast & the Furious*
movie once working for craft services—

CAITLIN. / Oh—

URSULA. Oh wow—

KRISTINA. What is craft services?

EMILIO. He was a caterer—

FRANCISCO. Getting on crews is really competitive. The unions
are crazy. A lot of assholes. But whatever. The West Coast wasn't
really my vibe anyway. I don't know why they call it the Best Coast.
Everything's always on fire and everyone just, like, accepts that as
normal. Ha ha ha... Anyway, yeah, so it's been a weird few years,
but I guess it's been a weird few years for everybody... But now I'm
back! And, man, everyone looks exactly like they used to. It's wild.
I guess you don't realize how much you miss people until you're
back in the same room with them...

EMILIO. Paco, jog my memory: Were you actually in M.E.R.G.E.?

FRANCISCO. (*Laughs.*) What do you mean?

EMILIO. Were you, like, officially a Multi-Ethnic Reject? I recall
you were like super popular?

FRANCISCO. I like to think I was just friends with everybody
but, wait, was M.E.R.G.E. like an official thing? I thought that's just
something you called yourself.

KRISTINA. / No—

EMILIO. Yes... Kristina, what are you talking about?

KRISTINA. We weren't actually, like, a gang, Emilio?

EMILIO. Huh?! Yes we were!

KRISTINA. Yeah, but like...ironically? We were just in all the
same honors classes. We didn't do, like, gang stuff?

EMILIO. We went to every dance together. We are literally pre-
gaming before our reunion together. That is gang stuff?!

FRANCISCO. What did M.E.R.G.E. stand for again?

URSULA. Multi-Ethnic Reject Group.

FRANCISCO. Oh. Does that spell "Merge" or "Merg"?

KRISTINA, EMILIO, and URSULA. It's a soft G.

FRANCISCO. (*Trying it out.*) Merg...g...g...

CAITLIN. I thought at some point we called it the Experience?
Like the Multi-Ethnic Reject Group Experience?

EMILIO. Okay, but just to bring it back to the original question
here, you weren't in M.E.R.G.E., right?

FRANCISCO. I guess not.

KRISTINA. He was an associate member. Through Caitlin.

EMILIO. Oh, okay, so we weren't a gang but there was an associate
level?

KRISTINA. Wait, why are we talking about this?!

CAITLIN. Yeah, Emilio. Why are we talking about this?

Beat.

EMILIO. Because I'm trying to get the facts straight. I seem to
have...very different, uh, memories than everyone else. I'm begin-
ning to wonder if we even actually knew each other?

CAITLIN. Okay, you're being overdramatic.

Ursula rushes over and embraces Emilio.

URSULA. Emilio is mad at us because we thought he was gay and
he's not!

Beat.

KRISTINA. Oh.

FRANCISCO. Oh...?

End