

# *The Third Tragedy*

by Dan Katz  
(3/10/03 Version)

*The Third Tragedy is*

*STEVE BENNETT - guitar, vocals*  
*LEX BENNETT - lead guitar, keyboards*  
*REGGIE WINTERS - bass guitar*  
*DEVON JAMES - drums*

*With special guests*

*ROLAND TRAPP*  
*ALYSSA PRINCE*

## A Note Regarding The Music

Drone and The Third Tragedy are fictional bands, and all of the songs mentioned as being written by these two bands are fabricated. Any other songs or bands referred to in the play are real. The music and words to the chorus of Drone's "Love Labyrinth" have been written by the author; they are available upon request

*(A "green room" backstage at The Summit, a mid-sized concert venue on the scale of, say, Avalon in Boston. There is a small refrigerator, some cabinets, and some basic furniture. DEVON enters hastily, laden with half of his drum kit. He has a pair of drumsticks attached to his belt. He is followed by STEVE and LEX, hauling their own instruments and amplifiers. They pile them on one side of the room, and DEVON leaves quickly to get the rest of his gear. LEX unpacks his guitar and starts playing random licks on it, as REGGIE enters with his bass and amplifier, speaking as he comes in.)*

REGGIE

Do we have a set list put together yet?

LEX

Not yet. Steve apparently wants to discuss it as a group.

REGGIE

Okay. But I just want to make sure we play "Cherished."

*(STEVE and LEX groan at this.)*

LEX

Oh, for Christ's sake, Reggie...

STEVE

No. Absolutely not.

REGGIE

Oh, come on! We have to!

STEVE

The last three times we've played that song Lex has broken a string on the bridge, and I never know what note to come in on for the last chorus. It's embarrassing.

REGGIE

But Shauna's coming to the show tonight...

LEX

I think Shauna's heard the song, Reggie. You put on the demo track every time she visits the studio.

*(DEVON enters with the rest of his drum kit, tosses it in the corner, and heads directly for the refrigerator, searching through the contents.)*

REGGIE

But she's never heard it live! She's never seen us actually play it!

STEVE

Reg, I know it means a lot to you, but this is a big show. I want to stick to the stuff I know we have down.

DEVON

What the hell? Where are my Heinekens? *(He continues rummaging; LEX turns away and starts strumming a song and singing quietly to himself.)*

REGGIE

I wrote the song about her, guys. I promised her we'd do it tonight.

LEX

Well, you should have written a song about her that's not in eleven-four. I mean, who the hell writes a song in eleven-four?

REGGIE

I think it sounds mysterious.

LEX

In theory, it would sound mysterious if I had an extra brain to keep track of the rhythm. In practice, it sounds like we're playing in a swamp.

STEVE

I'm putting my foot down on this one, Reggie. No "Cherished." Shauna will live. Devon, can you come over here? I want to talk about the set.

DEVON

Fire away, I'm listening. *(He is still looking through the fridge.)* Jesus! *(He slams the fridge and starts searching the room.)*

STEVE

Could I get your undivided attention, maybe?

DEVON

Not at the moment, no.

STEVE

*(frustrated)*

Right. Okay, circle. *(STEVE sits and REGGIE goes to sit near him. LEX, further away, turns slightly to face the group, still noodling on the guitar.)* So, as I was saying in the van, this is a really important show for us. There are bands all over the country who would cut off their right arm to open for Drone.

LEX

Which would probably help them play guitar as badly as Trapp does.

STEVE

*(frightened)*

Lex, he's in the building! Don't say shit like that. *(Back to business.)* Now. It's really crucial which songs we pick for this gig-- again, sorry to stand in the way of true love, Reggie-- so I took the liberty of putting together the set list myself.

DEVON

*(still searching)*

Ohhh... so when you said we should get together to do the set list, you meant we get together and you tell us what's on it.

STEVE

Yeah, basically. I am the manager, and sometimes I get to make these decisions. Devon, you can pick the setlist for next Wednesday's show if it bothers you so much.

DEVON

Awesome! What is that, Montreal? Think we'll give the Canucks a little fifteen-minute drum solo.

LEX

Great. Shoot me now.

STEVE

I don't want to do anything too weird with the lineup; it's all stuff that's worked before. We're basically doing the same set as the Milwaukee show, but I want to switch "Driving Down" and "The Fire" and move "Bigger" back to the opening slot.

REGGIE

Agreed.

LEX

I always said "Bigger" was a good opener.

STEVE

And then we close with "Love Is A Battlefield."

LEX

Ohhh, no. No fucking way.

STEVE

We went over this before. These people are here to see Drone, they don't know our stuff. The best way to leave an impression is putting a new spin on a song that people already know.

LEX

Right. And the impression we leave is that The Third Tragedy is a fucking Pat Benatar cover band.

STEVE

There are precedents for this strategy, Lex. Look at Orgy. Look at... I don't know, Save Ferris.

LEX

Oh yeah, Save Ferris! You know, I forgot about them... now why was that? It couldn't be because they put out a cutesy eighties cover and then vanished off the face of the planet, could it?

REGGIE

You know, if we took out "Battlefield," we could close with "Cherished."

STEVE

Reggie...

REGGIE

Or we could play it earlier. Either way, it'd fill the extra time.

LEX

Steve, if you want to do a cover, let's do one by somebody who means something. Like The Pixies or Buckley. Look me straight in the eye and tell me you've actually been influenced by Pat Fucking Benatar.

STEVE

And how many people in this audience do you think have actually heard of the Pixies?

LEX

Which is the point, isn't it?

STEVE

Normally, I'd say yeah, it is. But tonight the point is making them remember who we are.

LEX

Ohhhh... My mistake. I didn't get the memo that we're temporarily switching from rock band to PR firm. *(He turns his back and goes back to noodling.)*

STEVE

I've thought a lot about this, Lex--

LEX

*(without making eye contact)*

Whatever you want, dude. I don't feel like arguing with a brick wall.

DEVON

I'm gonna check out in the hall. *(He exits to do so.)*

REGGIE

*(looking after DEVON)*

Should I go ask somebody where the beer is?

STEVE

No. Don't worry about it.

*(STEVE goes to check his equipment; REGGIE shrugs and does the same. As he is unpacking his bass, he sings to himself.)*

REGGIE

*(singing)*

You make me feel like we're lost...

LEX

Please do NOT sing that song.

REGGIE

You're gonna have to hear it tonight.

LEX

You think I'm sticking around to hear those hacks? The minute we get off the stage, I'm in the parking lot. *(Pause.)* "Love Labyrinth." It's such a terrible song.

REGGIE

It's doing just fine on the radio.

LEX

"Locked in a maze," "searching for space"? Maze and space don't even rhyme. How can you build a pop song around a slant rhyme?

REGGIE

Half the songs you write don't even come close to rhyming.

LEX

That's to establish a motif of anarchy and chaos.

STEVE

Oh, really? I thought that was why you open your mouth.

DEVON

*(reentering)*

What the hell is wrong with this place? Steve, correct me if I'm wrong, but it says clearly in our rider that we get a 12-pack of Heinekens, does it not?

STEVE

I'm correcting you. You're wrong.

DEVON

*(turning toward STEVE)*

What?

STEVE

I took the beer off the rider. This is an important show. I don't want you drunk off your ass tonight.

DEVON

What?!

LEX

Oh, this'll be good.

DEVON

What do you think I am, some kind of alcoholic?

STEVE

Yes, Devon, I do. You went to AA for three weeks before they kicked you out for drinking during meetings.

DEVON

I didn't need to be there in the first place. I was trying to make an ironic statement.

REGGIE

Guys, not to interrupt, but is there anything at all I can do to get "Cherished" onto the setlist?

STEVE and LEX

*(in unison)*

No.

REGGIE

Okay, fine. But you're the ones who are breaking Shauna's heart. Lex, can I borrow your cell phone?

LEX

Um.. What is it, the twenty-ninth? Yeah, go ahead. *(He pulls out his cell phone and hands it to REGGIE.)* I've got eighteen minutes left for the month. Knock yourself out.

STEVE

You don't have rollover?

LEX

Didn't seem worth the extra charge. I don't think I need it.

DEVON

Excuse me! Can we address the matter at hand please?

LEX

Sure, Devon. The matter at hand seems to be that you aren't an alcoholic, but you're going completely ballistic because you can't have a beer before the show. Yeah, that makes a lot of sense.

DEVON

It's principle. And it's a comfort issue.

LEX

And which one of those arguments would you like me to laugh at first?

REGGIE

I'm gonna go call her. *(He exits.)*

DEVON

And I'm gonna to go find something to drink. *(He moves to exit.)*

STEVE

No, you're not. *(He moves to block him.)*

DEVON

Hey, look. When you find a magic document that says I'm under twenty-one and you're my dad, you can start telling me not to drink. Until then, get off my back. *(He shoves past STEVE and exits.)*

LEX

You couldn't have discussed this brilliant sobriety gambit with the rest of us?

STEVE

Oh, give it a rest. I didn't think it would be a big deal.

ROLAND

*(from outside)*

And you would be The Third Tragedy? *(He enters the room, wearing a reasonably garish leather jacket. LEX turns and tries to ignore him.)*

STEVE

*(jumping up and going to shake ROLAND's hand)*

Hey. Steve Bennett, guitar and vocals.

ROLAND

Roland Trapp...

STEVE

Front man for Drone. I really enjoy your work.

ROLAND

Thanks, Steve. Autographs?

STEVE

Oh, sure. *(He runs across the room, grabs some paper and a couple of pens, hands one pen to LEX, and starts to write with the other, talking to himself as he writes.)* Roland... May you never feel locked--

ROLAND

*(interrupting)*

I was *offering* autographs.

STEVE

*(embarrassed)*

Oh, Jesus, I'm sorry. I misunderstood--

ROLAND

Don't sweat it. *(He walks in and looks around.)* I thought there were four of you.

LEX

*(under his breath)*

Thank god there aren't four of *you*.

STEVE

There are. Devon and Reggie -- our drummer and bassist -- they had to make some phone calls.

ROLAND

Gotcha. Well, you can pass this on to them. *(He takes out a sheet of paper.)* Ground rules... You get stage access at 7:50. You get ten minutes to set up, thirty minutes to play, five minutes to get off.

LEX

*(turning around)*

Hang on. We were told we got a forty-five minute set.

ROLAND

Forty-five minutes onstage. That includes in and out time.

LEX

You've gotta be ki--

STEVE

It's okay, Roland, we'll deal. Anything else?

ROLAND

A couple things... let's see... You will mention Drone at least three times during the course of the set... If you tell people to buy your merch, you must say that Drone merch is also available... Oh, and I need to approve any covers you guys are playing.

STEVE

Sure. We do "Love Is A Battlefield" by Pat Benatar.

ROLAND

*(stifling laughter)*

Okay, I think that'll be all right.

LEX

And exactly why do you need to *approve* our covers?

ROLAND

Oh, we just want to make sure you're not doing anything that's going to upstage the band. We get a lot of openers who forget that this is a Drone concert, not their own personal showcase. You're here to get the crowd ready for the real attraction.

LEX

*(standing up)*

Excuse me?!

STEVE

Perfectly reasonable. We won't let you down, Roland. We're all professionals here.

*(REGGIE enters, bawling uncontrollably.)*

REGGIE

She... She dumped me! I can't believe this... My entire life is over!

LEX

What? Because we aren't doing the song?

REGGIE

I don't know! She just-- she-- *(He bursts into tears again.)*

ROLAND

Is there a problem?

STEVE

Er... Nothing we can't handle. Thanks for stopping by, Roland. Anything else we need to know?

ROLAND

I think that'll do it. We'll see you out there. *(He starts to leave.)* Oh, and Steve?

STEVE

Yeah?

ROLAND

Try to keep it together. *(He exits.)*

STEVE

Reggie, could you be a little more careful as to who you have your nervous breakdowns in front of? That was Roland Tr--

REGGIE

Dude, fuck you! The woman I love just broke up with me, and all you care about is some rock star you're obsessed with?

LEX

Using the term "rock star" extremely loosely.

STEVE

I'm sorry, I really do care, Reggie, I'm just a little concerned with the show--

REGGIE

Yeah, well, you should be concerned, considering you're going on without a bass player. *(He grabs his bass and begins to pack his things. LEX instinctively goes to stop him.)*

LEX

Reg... hang on. Let's talk about this.

STEVE

Seriously. You'd be throwing your entire career away, Reggie, not to mention...

LEX

Steve. Why don't you let me handle this one. *(STEVE sighs, frustrated and sits on the opposite side of the room.)* Reg, you've been dating this girl for what... eight months now?

REGGIE

Seven last Monday.

LEX

And is this the longest relationship you've been in, right?

REGGIE

It was... *(He begins crying again.)*

LEX

Shh shh shh... Reg, I've been in long relationships. A lot of long relationships. People break up, they get back together all the time. It builds the bond between you.

REGGIE

She said she never wanted to see me again, Lex.

LEX

Serena's said that to me dozens of times. It's just a test, man. She just wants to see if you'll still love her a week from now when she comes looking again. Seven months? I'm surprised this hasn't already happened twice by now.

REGGIE

*(starting to recover)*

Really? Are you sure?

LEX

Trust me, dude. Hell, you wrote a beautiful song about her. In a time signature nobody else on this planet would write music in. How could somebody walk away from that?

REGGIE

*(smiling)*

Yeah...yeah, you're right.

LEX

Of course I'm right. Tell you what, buddy, why don't you go track down Devon and we'll warm up. Forget about the girl and throw yourself into the music, you know?

REGGIE

*(standing)*

Yeah. Thanks, Lex, you're a lifesaver. *(He heads for the door, then turns.)* And you know what? We're not playing her song tonight, either. That'll show her. *(He exits.)*

STEVE

Nice job.

LEX

I try.

STEVE

So you really think she's going to come running back to him?

LEX

Of course not. Have you seen those two together? That relationship was doomed from the beginning. But I figure we can delay the actual healing process until after the show.

STEVE

You never cease to amaze me.

LEX

You're more easily amazed than I am. Although Mr. Trapp was pretty damn amazing. That asshole's certainly a piece of work.

STEVE

I understand where he's coming from. There's a certain point you reach where your band isn't just a band, it's... you know... a franchise. There's a lot more responsibility when you're that big. He's just trying to protect his interests.

LEX

I think his biggest interest is sitting on top of his head. Gelling that hair like that must take him a good forty-five minutes a day. Oh, and I can't believe he laughed like that about the Benatar cover.

STEVE

Yeah, I thought that was a little harsh...

LEX

Not really. I'm just blown away that I actually agree with him about something. *(He glances at his watch.)* You might want to track down Casanova and Betty Ford pretty soon.

STEVE

*(He looks at his own watch.)* Oh, shit... We've got three minutes before we have to set up. *(He starts to exit, calling for them.)* Devon? Reggie?

*(DEVON runs into STEVE as he enters. DEVON is periodically taking swigs from a bottle of vodka; he is followed in by REGGIE and ALYSSA. ALYSSA, who is 17 years old, is fascinated by her surroundings. LEX is fascinated by ALYSSA.)*

REGGIE

I found him, guys. Everything's cool.

DEVON

*(tipsy)*

Yeeaaaah... Everything's coool...

STEVE

*(grabbing the vodka bottle from DEVON)*

Okay, Dev, I think that's cool enough for now. *(He motions to ALYSSA.)* Who's this?

DEVON

Oh yeaah... Thish is Alyssha. I traded her a backshtage passh for the voodka.

ALYSSA

This is so awesome. Have you guys met Drone?

LEX

*(coming on to her)*

Oh sure. Roland and I went to college together.

ALYSSA

*(running over to LEX)*

You know Roland Trapp?!

LEX

We're like this. *(He holds his fingers close together.)* We were in a band together at Northeastern.

ALYSSA

I thought Roland went to the University of Miami.

LEX

Oh, yeah, he did. I was right across the river. Hell, I helped him come up with the riff for "Love Labyrinth."

STEVE

Lex...

LEX

You want to hear a few bars? *(He grabs his guitar.)*

REGGIE

I thought we were going to practice?

STEVE

We were. Lex.

LEX

*(playing guitar and singing)*

You make me feel like I'm locked in a maze,  
Feeling the walls, searching for... *(He cringes.)* Of course, he changed some of the words...

ALYSSA

You have a terrific voice.

LEX

Thanks. You know a lot of people tell me I should be the lead vocalist...

STEVE

Alyssa? *(He gets her attention.)* Hi, Steve Bennett, pleasure to meet you... How old are you, if you don't mind my asking?

ALYSSA

I'm seventeen. That's not a problem, is it?

LEX

Not at all, sweetie. There's no age limit in the green room. It's not like this is a bar or something.

DEVON

Mmmm... *(He lunges for the bottle of vodka STEVE is holding... STEVE instinctively lifts the bottle and DEVON falls to the ground.)*

STEVE

People, can we please focus?!

LEX

Hey, you should come hang out with us after the show. I'll play you some new stuff I've been working on.

ALYSSA

Well, Colleen-- she's my best friend-- she drove me...

LEX

Hey, perfect. My man Reggie here is just recently single.

REGGIE

Single? I thought you said this was temporary...

LEX

It is, Reg, it is. But the temporary gives you a chance to try new things...

REGGIE

*(wide-eyed)*

Does that mean Shauna's going to be sleeping with other guys too?

LEX

Not necessarily...

*(REGGIE bursts into tears and sits in a corner crying.)*

LEX

*(to himself)*

Damn it.

ALYSSA

Is he okay?

LEX

He's fine. He's just adjusting.

DEVON

*(from the ground)*

This is niiece carpeting. Thish really is the big time, guyzh.

STEVE

Guys...

REGGIE

She's probably with somebody else right now... He's probably writing her another song!

STEVE

Guys, we're supposed to be out there right now! Can we get it together please?!

LEX

So let me guess, you're an Aquarius, right?

ALYSSA

Yeah, I am... How did you know that?

LEX

I have a knack for these things.

STEVE

Oh, for the love of... Fine! I'll do this myself. *(He goes to the equipment and grabs an acoustic guitar and an amplifier. He heads to the entrance and runs into an entering ROLAND.)*

ROLAND

What the fuck is going on in here? Did I or did I not say you set up at 7:50?!

STEVE

I'm sorry, Roland. I've got it under control, really.

ALYSSA

*(seeing ROLAND)*

Roland Trapp! *(She squeals and runs over.)* It's so cool to meet you. I have all your albums.

ROLAND

Hey, baby... Give me one second here. *(to STEVE)* Scott, I want your band--

STEVE

It's Steve.

ROLAND

I don't give a fuck what your name is. I want your band on that stage *now*. I'm about thirty seconds from throwing you off this bill.

STEVE

Well, there's a slight change of plans. I'm just gonna play acoustic. If that's okay.

ROLAND

It is *not* okay. We hired you people as a band. I didn't ask for some sappy singer-songwriter acoustic garbage that's going to make my band look insensitive in comparison.

STEVE

I'm not trying to make you look insensitive.

ROLAND

Well, then why are you trying to change things up on me at the last minute?

STEVE

Look, there were some unexpected problems and...

*(By now, everyone else in the room has been distracted from his or her personal drama and is watching STEVE and ROLAND.)*

ROLAND

No, Stan, you look. You clearly lack a fundamental understanding of how this business works. You know, the label said you guys were hot, but I'd never heard a fucking thing about you. I should have known you'd turn out to be an amateur garage band with no sense of professionalism. I mean, what kind of stupid artsy name is "The Third Tragedy," anyway? Did I miss the first two tragedies? And more importantly, why did the third one decide to show up to open for us and waste my fucking time?

LEX

*(who has been restraining himself)*

Okay, that's it. *(He stands.)* Please be aware that what I am about to say does not necessarily reflect the opinions of Steve or anyone else in The Third Tragedy.

ROLAND

What the hell are you--

LEX

In three years of touring, you are without a doubt the most obnoxious, self-centered, pretentious bastard I have ever met. Your music is derivative, soulless and a waste of radio waves. "Helpless" is an obvious Alice In Chains retread. "Dying Now" is chord-for-chord a Stabbing Westward song. "Saving Grace" and "Walk" might as well be the exact same track, except you sing flat on one of them. And most of all, *most* of all, "maze" and "space" do not fucking rhyme. "Zzzz..." "Ssss..." It's in the damn song like eight times, for Christ's sake. Roland, you want to know what the first two tragedies are? I'd say the first one is that you guys are popular enough to play a place this big, and the second is that we even considered assisting you in torturing these people.

*(Pause.)*

ROLAND

Uh-huh. Anything else, asshole?

LEX

You have the ugliest hair I've ever seen. It matches your music nicely.

*(ROLAND punches LEX in the face, knocking him to the ground. STEVE goes to check on him, and REGGIE runs toward ROLAND.)*

REGGIE

What the hell was that? *(REGGIE takes a swing at ROLAND, but ROLAND dodges it.)*

ROLAND

*(rolling up his sleeves)*

You want a piece of me too, loverboy?

STEVE

*(stepping in front of REGGIE)*

Okay, Roland, cut the kid some slack.

ROLAND

Sure. Are you going to take the kid's punches for him?

DEVON

*(backing STEVE up)*

Well, if he izhn't, I am.

LEX

*(groggily)*

You better watch out, Trapp. When Devon's drunk, he headbutts and feels no pain.

*(There is a moment of tense silence.)*

STEVE

*(calmly)*

Roland, why don't you just get out of here.

ROLAND

Sounds like a plan. And why don't you get the fuck away from my show, you nobodies. You're fired.*(He starts to leave and notes ALYSSA.)* You coming, baby?

ALYSSA

Get lost, creep. I don't hang with bullies.

ROLAND

*(disappointed but trying to hide it)*

Hey. Whatever, baby. Your loss. *(As he exits, he calls out to somebody offstage:)* Greg! Hold the doors 'til 8:45! The openers are flaking on us!

REGGIE  
*(to LEX)*

Are you okay?

LEX  
Ow. Yeah. I think I've got a black eye coming. It was worth it though. *(He takes a deep breath.)* Steve, I'm sorry about the gig.

STEVE  
No... No, you were right. The guy's a jackass, and I acted like a moron running around trying to play his game. I'm sorry. *(to REGGIE and DEVON)* To everybody.

REGGIE  
It's okay, Steve. *(He goes to get some ice from the fridge.)*

DEVON  
Hey, it's cool. I don't like the maze shong either.

ALYSSA  
Neither do I, actually. *(The band looks at her.)* Hey, Roland's sexy and all, but their music isn't really that great. And actually, he's a lot less sexy now that I know what he's really like.

STEVE  
I think they left that bit out of Drone: Behind The Music.

LEX  
*(as REGGIE puts ice on his face)*  
The truth often hur-- Ow! Okay, Reggie, I can deal. Thanks. *(At some point, LEX notices that REGGIE is admiring ALYSSA.)*

ALYSSA  
I mean, maybe it's just my imagination, but a lot of their songs sound exactly the same. Colleen loves them, but I like music that's unique.

LEX  
Well, you know, Reggie here writes some of the most unique music I've ever heard.

ALYSSA  
*(smiling at REGGIE)*  
Oh, really?

REGGIE

Well, you know. When I feel inspired.

ALYSSA

I would have liked to see you guys play. Now I'm gonna have to go back and wait in the line with Colleen for an hour. I wonder if I can convince her that Roland Trapp's actually a jerk.

STEVE

Line? Where?

ALYSSA

Outside. Middle of December and they haven't even let anybody in the building yet. There's like five hundred people standing out there.

*(Pause. STEVE and LEX look at each other.)*

STEVE

Did we just get the same idea?

LEX

We won't get paid.

STEVE

I don't care. I just want to play. *(He looks at LEX's eye.)* Are you gonna be all right like that?

LEX

I'll be fine. I'm more concerned about Devon being four or five sheets to the wind.

DEVON

And hazh that ever shtopped me before? *(He pulls the drumsticks off his belt and plays a very competent lick on the nearest chair.)*

REGGIE

I'm in too.

STEVE

Awesome. Reggie, grab all the extension cords we've got... Devon, can see if you can find an outlet near the side door?

DEVON

Shaw one on the way in. I think it'll reach outshide no problem.

STEVE

*(to ALYSSA)*

Devon could probably use some help with his drum kit... Feel like roadying for a bunch of nobodies?

ALYSSA

Sounds like fun. *(She and DEVON grab the drums and exit. LEX, STEVE, and REGGIE gather their instruments as well and begin to exit when REGGIE stops.)*

REGGIE

Lex?

LEX

Yeah, Reg?

REGGIE

Do you think Alyssa would go out with me?

LEX

And what happened to the epic Shauna romance?

REGGIE

Well, I don't know, I was just thinking... if Shauna would rather sleep with other guys than with me... do I even want her back? I mean, I love her, but it just makes me so mad at her. And then I almost feel like I don't love her after all. It's really weird.

LEX

*(waxing philosophical)*

Reg, the world of love is a harsh, unpredictable wasteland. It's as if we're soldiers, and love is a battlefield. *(Pause. To STEVE)* Please tell me I didn't just say that.

STEVE

If you want. But I'd be lying.

*(STEVE puts his arm around LEX as all three exit. As the lights fade, we hear:)*

STEVE

*(recorded voice)*

Ladies and gentlemen, The Third Tragedy is upon you. Is anybody up for some music? *(Cheering and the beginning of a song, which fades with the lights to nothing.)*