



SUBURBIA by Eric Bogosian

PONY: Awesome! (*Pony puts down his beer, stretches and stands.*) You know something? I feel good. I feel good out with you guys again. I forgot what it was like to just hang out. And you know why it feels so right? Because you guys are real, you guys have a sense of humor, you live your lives. The guys on the road, the band, all they talk about is scoring chicks. And Danny, all he thinks about is money.

No, I mean, when we were driving out here, I told George, the driver, to roll the windows down, just so I could smell the air. The aroma of freshly cut grass . . . great! The houses were flashing by and I could see into the picture windows. Families watching TV, eating dinner, a guy drinking a beer. The *suburbs*! They don't call it "The American Dream" for nothing.

(Pony receives blank stares)

This afternoon I went by the mall and just walked around by myself. I just wanted to be alone and get, you know, that old mall feeling.

(Strumming his guitar idly) You know, order, safety, security. I've been trying to write something about it. But it's new . . . nah . . . never mind.