

The Survivors by Gail Thomas
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(Setting: The living room of a nice one-bedroom Manhattan apartment. Someone has been sleeping on the couch for a while. A nice looking guy in mid-twenties is zipping up his jeans, standing downstage center, looking out the window and shouting toward offstage left.)

JOSH

Okay baby, either you crawl out that back window, onto the ledge, jump to tree and scurry out the back alley, or your boyfriend is gonna know we just had sex. *(Looking out the peep hole, down hall)* Cuz, shit, here he comes. *(Runs around, straightening apartment and buttoning his shirt)* Go on now. If he sees the look of pleasure on your face, you are soooo busted. *(Runs off stage, speaking to her)* Go on. Go on. Wipe that smile off your face and go. *(Rushes back onstage)* Move that beautiful ass. *(Picks up phone, lays on couch, feet up, pretends to talk)* Yeah, so, baby, what are you wearing?

(Eric, also mid-twenties in a business suit, enters. He is checking his mail, and carries a shoe box. He takes off coat, sets mail down.)

JOSH

Oh hey roomie.

ERIC

Hey, Josh. *(Kicks Josh's feet off table, and starts to head into back of apartment.)*

JOSH

(Drops phone, jumps up and blocks Eric's way.) Whoa. Eric. Wait bucko, don't go back there right now.

ERIC

Why not? I gotta go check my answering machine. Karen is coming over later. You'll finally get to meet her.

JOSH

(Blocks door.) Don't go.

ERIC

Why not?

JOSH

(Thinks.) I just farted.

ERIC

Damn it Josh. I told you to buy some more Lysol. Spray it around.

JOSH

Trust me dude. It wouldn't have helped. What's in the box?

ERIC

A hamster. I bought it for Karen. Her cat just died. I need to check my machine.

JOSH

Wait - Let's play Survivor!

ERIC

No. I hate this game.

JOSH

Please, I gotta practice, my interview is next week. Come on, pussy, let's see what you are made of. (*Loudly*) You either eat the hamster or get kicked off the island.

ERIC

What?

JOSH

Yeah buddy. Chew the hamster for one million dollars.

ERIC

You're nuts.

JOSH

(*Jumps up and screams.*) Chew the hamster!

ERIC

Josh. Please. Not tonight.

JOSH

Chew it or I'll start doing cocaine again. I'm crazy. Don't push me. You know I'm fragile.

ERIC

Ok fine. (*Turns around back to audience, tries to fake it, badly and with no expression.*) Yummy.

JOSH

You didn't eat it, dude.

ERIC

Yeah I did.

JOSH

It just ran under the couch.

ERIC

Oh no. *(Falls on floor, looking.)*

JOSH

Ha Ha. See? Now that is great acting. You better stick with Wall Street because you suck as an actor. Watch, now I'll eat the little guy.

ERIC

Don't you dare! Tonight is too special.

JOSH

Ok. Ok. Ok. Office boy. I'll act it. *(Does so, a brilliant display of mime.)* See? That's why I will be famous and you won't. *(Puts feet on table)* Why is tonight so special?

ERIC:

(Excited) I'm proposing to Karen. I'm gonna hide the ring under the hamster.

JOSH:

And you think my games are stupid? Wait. You say what? You're gonna marry her?

ERIC:

Yeah. I love her, I always have.

JOSH:

I don't think that's a good idea. You don't know... enough about her yet. You've only gone out a couple of months.

ERIC

We dated in high school. I thought you knew that. I've always known she was one.

JOSH

I think you should wait.

ERIC

Josh, you haven't even met her yet. She's amazing. Beautiful

JOSH

(Remembering) Yeah.

ERIC

Sweet.

JOSH

Yeah.

ERIC

Honest.

JOSH

(Snaps) But how do you really know?

ERIC:

Because I have never done drugs. Sorry Josh. I'm a very good judge of people. Karen and I have always been honest with each other. It's love. Wait till you meet her. You'll see.

JOSH

(Whining) No. You can't do this.

ERIC

(Eric puts his arm around Josh, comforting him) Look man, I'm not leaving you. We'll still be best friends. I want you to be my best man.

JOSH

(Crying) This is all wrong.

ERIC

Don't worry you'll be ok without me. You can keep the apartment. Karen and I will get a place, and you can come visit. I'll come see you.

JOSH

No. I don't deserve you. You don't deserve this.

ERIC

Relax man, I didn't know you cared so much. Look, you keep my Dalai Lama tapes.

JOSH

I need to tell you something.

ERIC

Yeah, what?

JOSH

Let me start by saying that, as you know I have had a drug problem, as well as, apparently, certain sexual addictions. Also, I did not know that you were actually in love with her. And she is very hot.

ERIC

What?

JOSH

I just fucke.., had sex, slept.. with Karen, she already came over. We just finished

up a few minutes ago. She is soooo hot. I didn't really fart. I bought the Lysol. I sent her out the back window, I was just stalling you.

ERIC

What? That's not possible. You maybe. But not Karen. We've been talking about spending our lives together. She doesn't even like sex that much.

JOSH

She does now. I mean, I'm sorry man, but I had to stop you. Look I'll move out. *(Moves to touch Eric.)*

ERIC

Don't touch me. I need to think. I'm going to my room. *(Eric Exits.)*

JOSH

I'll start packing. I'm sorry man. *(Looks around room.)* None of this stuff is mine. I'm so stupid. *(Cursing self.)* What a jerk. I'm such an asshole. I'm gonna cut off my dick. I don't deserve to live.

ERIC

(Comes onstage.) Don't start doing coke again. *(Exits)*

JOSH

I won't. Thanks. See? I don't deserve you. I'm such an asshole.

ERIC

I'm cutting up your leather jacket and your Metallica tee shirt.

JOSH

Go ahead. I'm such an asshole.

ERIC

I just threw your stereo out the window.

JOSH

That's ok. Go ahead. Throw out my mountain bike too.

ERIC

It's history, man. *(There's a knock at door.)*

JOSH

(Crying) I'll get it. I'm your asshole servant. I'm coming. *(Opens door. Sweet looking girl peers inside.)*

KAREN

Hi. Is Eric here?

JOSH

It's a bad time. Go away. *(Starts to shut door in her face.)*

KAREN

Well, can you first tell Eric that Karen is here?

JOSH

What? Wait. You're Karen? *(Eric enters room, as Karen comes inside.)*

ERIC

Yeah, hi honey, I got your message that you were running late. *(Goes over and kisses her.)*

JOSH

What who? What? Huh?

ERIC

And... I got another message that the new maid, Karine, was gonna stop by.

JOSH

Ooooh.. That's who...Hey, wait... you didn't really throw out my stuff did you?

ERIC

No, but I did cut up your Metallica tee shirt.

JOSH

Ok.

ERIC

Just kidding. See I can act too. *(Exits to offstage bedroom with Karen.)*

JOSH

Pretty good. *(Calling after them)* Hey, ahh, Eric. Did the maid leave her number?

LIGHTS OUT