

UNWANTED OBSERVATIONS

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Honorable Mention, One-Act Play/Scripts

CURTAIN UP: Car Driving on Street at Night
Were driving along with two men in the car.
Driving is JACK, 36, once jock, now strung-out.
In the passenger's chair, SEV, 28, punky, fit and pale.

SEV: Goddamnit!

JACK: Ahhrrgg... You... You person.

SEV: That's real nice. You're a real citizen of God, you are.

JACK: Whaddaya want from me?! Jesus.

SEV: Lemmie think. First, an apology, followed by a sharp turning of your steering wheel there.

JACK: Apologize? Pfft. Apologize for what? I mean, I know I fucked up. You know I fucked up. Just drop it.

SEV: This is not a dropable offense, here, man.

JACK: It would be if you were more reasonable.

SEV: Fuck you! Reasonable, you don't even know me, you never met me before tonight.

JACK: Point?

SEV: Pull the car over.

JACK: No, I'm on the fuckin' freeway.

SEV: Like I could care, pull over, or get off.

JACK: And why am I supposed to listen to you?

SEV: 'Cause you owe me.

JACK: I owe you what?

SEV: Your fuckin' life! God, why don't you take responsibility for your own life.

JACK: Oh, look who's all telepathic now...

SEV: Shut the fuck up. *(Beat)* Actually no, go back.

JACK: Fuck you.

SEV: You really are just a piece of shit. There's nothing else to say about you.

JACK: Ehh.

SEV: Oh that's real good. Let it roll off your back. A man's life hangs in the balance!, and you're gonna let that be water, so easily dabbed off?!

JACK: Ahh, you, with your wanna-be rhetoric, you sound like Tom Clancy, and what does a life mean?

SEV: Could mean a lot. Fuck, yours could mean a lot more if you gave a half a shit about it.

JACK: But I don't want to. That's my choice.

SEV: Well I think Jackie's Choice is the block buster hit right now. I'm just waiting for the ending.

JACK: Your biting sarcasm is making my heart bleed.

SEV: Goddamnit. Drop the mask. You really need to do something about this.

JACK: Like what?

SEV: You're aggravating, like an old person.

JACK: Doesn't change my way of thinking. What, exactly, would I do, upon returning to that horrible scene?

SEV: Call the police, A. See if anybody's hurt, B. Feel fuckin' bad, C!

JACK: Is it my fault I can't feel bad?

SEV: Can't, or don't want to? I can't help but wonder.

JACK: I say can't, 'cause I don't, and that's not of my own volition. How do you know I'm not drunk?

SEV: You're right, you drank, a fair amount even, but I can't truly say whether or not you're drunk.

JACK: Thank you. *(Long beat)*

SEV: I just want you to think about this, you're driving down the street, maybe drunk, maybe not, you look up at the boob-baring sign of a nudie establishment, and, while thinking about turning into it's lot, you hit something. In a flash, you can just barely see that it holds several, human, forms, just before they crumple under the smooshed front bumper of your '80's era Geo. And you just kept driving... *(JACK grimaces)* I'm not asking much, just go own up to it. *(Beat)*

JACK: What if I go to jail.

SEV: You've never been arrested before. No matter how much you've done to deserve as such.

JACK: But this is manslaughter.

SEV: And you're going to atone for your crime, you might get off with some serious community time and nothing more.

JACK: I really fuckin' doubt that.

SEV: Hey, if I live through it, I'll vouch for you man.

JACK: Really?

SEV: Yeah, fuck it. You're a descent guy. Fucked up, but decent.

JACK: You too. Half-dead, but descent. You think I might really get off?

SEV: No. But if you don't turn back now, I'm seriously gonna haunt you.

JACK: Shittie. What's your name, anyway?

SEV: Sev.

JACK: Jack.

SEV: I know. (*JACK jerks the wheel*) Let's get some music goin'. (*JACK hits a switch*)

CURTAIN DOWN

