

ELEVADA

by Sheila Callaghan

ACT ONE.

SCENE ONE: HOW'S THE PHEASANT

RAMONA, a petite, bright bubbly gal in ballet slippers, jeans, and a pretty fringed scarf, sips a half-glass of wine and chatters happily while KHALIL, a mixed-race, stylish dude listens politely and perhaps slightly confused, drinking a coke.

RAMONA

...I'm kind of like the, well the wine-iest stuff I did, I ran a weekly tasting panel for quality control or like, you know to screen new products--

KHALIL

Uh-huh--

RAMONA

I wrote and edited descriptions for back labels and marketing collateral, um you know brand positioning, campaign brainstorming, competitive research. That sort of.

KHALIL

Okay, cool.

RAMONA

Sometimes I'd help out at the events, like we'd have these coordinated "wine raves"--

KHALIL

What's a--

RAMONA

Like promoting a new, or bunch of, like marketed to other millennials, and all the labels had these wee animals and old-timey bicycles, and. Two hundred vendors!

KHALIL

Wow.

RAMONA

I know! And people would come in and taste stuff. And I'd get *real* jittery. And a lot of the younger guys showed up in *cologne*. I mean--

KHALIL

Cologne!

RAMONA

Right?

KHALIL

Ruins it for everyone.

RAMONA

Uh, well, not ruins, I mean everyone seemed to be having a good time...

No, I mean, you know.

KHALIL

Wine and spirits, you know. What's not to. It's just inconsiderate, a little. My bosses are both women. One calls herself a "fativist" and has a lovely mole on her chin. The other wears stilettos and paid someone to give birth to her twins. I've been there eleven years.

RAMONA

Wow.

KHALIL

I started as a temp. I never thought... you know?

RAMONA

Totally.

KHALIL

Time slips away.

RAMONA

When you're having, um. Fun.

KHALIL

So you're like, actively looking for side projects, or...?

(small beat)

Um no, not really. I'm actually taking a little break. But.

RAMONA

Oh. Okay. Um.

KHALIL

Slightly strange beat. RAMONA regards her menu.

What should I get!

RAMONA
(re: menu)

The specials are / on the board

KHALIL

Look at these desserts! I'm a dessert person. And, I am now officially back on sugar! Oh my god! Pheasant? I've never had that.

RAMONA

Neither have I. You should get it.

KHALIL

I will if you do.

RAMONA

Eh, heh. Why not?

KHALIL

Yay!

RAMONA

RAMONA sips her wine. Another slightly strange beat.

KHALIL

Um ok I'm just gonna be totally honest. I've never done this before. I'm not really sure what, like—

RAMONA

Oh, don't worry, I've done it a bunch.

KHALIL
(relieved)

Oh great. Thank you. Uh. So where do we....?

RAMONA

I'll start. "Tell me a little bit about yourself."

KHALIL

Uhhhhhhh. Right. One sec.

He whips out his phone and scrolls a bit.

KHALIL (cont)

Jotted this down on the train over. Might be incoherent. It's for my press release. Um. "For the past eight years I have gained considerable recognition as an internet activist and digital vigilante who..." No, too much. Uh... oh how about "I am a notorious yet reclusive online agitator." Is that, is that--

RAMONA
(titillated)

I've never met an online agitator before.

KHALIL

Heh. We tend to keep low profiles.

RAMONA

What do you agitate?

KHALIL

Well right now I'm embarking on a joint venture with a global media and technology company on the heels of a giant merger as they attempt to cultivate a more ethically-minded consumer.

RAMONA

Wow. And how does one do that?

KHALIL

Um, by exposing the heinous and anti-democratic notion of corporate personhood.

RAMONA

Oh I've heard of that. It's like, um. Remind me—

KHALIL

Uh, so in 1868 the Supreme Court passed the 14th amendment granting full citizenship rights to formerly enslaved people.

RAMONA

Ok...

KHALIL

So like, no state is permitted to deny any person equal protection of the law.

Right.

RAMONA

KHALIL
But the definition of “person” has extended to corporations over time. Which means companies have a right to political expression...

Ohhhh...

RAMONA

KHALIL
... which means, they can do things like spend money on candidates, or refuse women birth control...

“Free speech,” / right

RAMONA

KHALIL
(mounting anger)
...or basically be as racist and sexist and homophobic as they wanna be.

What assholes—

RAMONA

KHALIL
I fucking hate them. Goddamn I hate them. I hate them so much. Like it’s my fucking *job* to hate them.

RAMONA
(small beat)

Isn’t it? Or—

KHALIL
Oh. Um. Kind of. Not in the traditional sense, but.
(beat)
I mean I’ve had like, “jobs” before. I owned a business once. But now my “job” is like, self-management? And my “self” hates those corporate pricks, so. Oh my god. Ok I’ll stop—

RAMONA

No, / why...

KHALIL
No, it’s— I’m hearing myself, and it’s like, “shut the fuck up you apoplectic bag of crap, / I mean

RAMONA
Noooo, you’re doing *great!* This is so much fun.

KHALIL
Is it? I never talk this much.

RAMONA

Me neither!

KHALIL
Yeah, but I *really* suck at it. Which is like, detrimental. For someone who traffics in social media. I’m not particularly social—

RAMONA
You hover. Over humanity. Like a mothership. Waiting for people to board. But they never do.

KHALIL

Kinda? I mean I'm functional, but. In the immediate one-on-one I tend to like. Forget that I have a body.

RAMONA is quiet a moment. She adjusts her scarf and looks down at her glass. KHALIL senses he's said something wrong but isn't sure what.

KHALIL (cont)

No but my point is. What's my point. I'm having trouble positioning myself in a way that is both consistent with my established ethical stance and palatable to a mainstream audience. Which is why I need perspective. Which is why I'm here.

RAMONA

Oh. That's interesting. So... you want me to help you.

KHALIL

Yeah. If that's cool...

RAMONA

Of course!

KHALIL

Oh great. I was convinced you'd be like, "huh?"

RAMONA

No way! This is fascinating.

KHALIL

It's all pretty niche, but. Anyway. I'm glad you're into it.

RAMONA

I am. I totally am.

Long strange beat. One of them waits for the other to do something.

KHALIL

Do you... have... questions?

RAMONA

Will that help you?

KHALIL

I suppose it depends on your point-of-view. Like, are you my target audience, or...

RAMONA

Oh. We're role playing.

KHALIL

Is... is that part of it?

RAMONA

Well it can be, yeah!

KHALIL

Great.

Who do you need me to be? RAMONA

Um... I think I need you to be someone who finds me sexy. KHALIL

I can do that. Should I... should I tell you things, or...? RAMONA

Yes? KHALIL

Ok... you have a *very* attractive neck. RAMONA

Um... not quite that kind of. More like, stuff that would make people want to BE me. KHALIL

Well why wouldn't they? RAMONA

Ha! Well. Frankly, my life isn't um... I sit at my computer in my pajamas all afternoon. I eat soft foods that don't upset my tummy. I walk my dog twice a day. KHALIL

You have a dog! RAMONA

Yes. His name is Fisherman. KHALIL

Fisherman! RAMONA

That was his name when we found him. A fisher of men. He's a rescue. He has cataracts. Keeps running into things. KHALIL

Oh, sad! Poor thing. RAMONA

Who is we? (small beat)

My buddy Owen. He's a writer. The dog is mine, but. Owen is like the cool uncle. KHALIL

Ah. RAMONA

He moved in recently. Lady troubles. Occasionally we'll run out of almond milk and he'll crumple onto the floor sobbing, but. He's great. KHALIL

Mm-hm. RAMONA

Because your profile didn't mention... (beat)

KHALIL

Profile. Oh, you mean the *New Yorker* one.

RAMONA

No. The one on the thing. It's totally okay, I'm not one to judge, my sister is the judgey one, but it didn't mention if you were um, divorced, or married, or—

KHALIL

Ah, no. Nope. Which I think will work in my favor when they start hiring people to *be* me.

RAMONA

Hiring. Right.

(small beat)

Pretend I'm an average person who has no idea what you're talking about.

KHALIL

Ok.

RAMONA

What are you talking about.

KHALIL

I get it.

(testing his boilerplate)

Basically, a huge corporate monolith is purchasing my identity to use as a brand. I'm expressing political dissent from *within* the machine. In the form of multiple me's.

RAMONA

Ok so, the *you's*... will they dress up like you, or—

KHALIL

Dress, act, talk, whatever. Reference things I reference. Eat what I eat. Interact with my followers.

RAMONA

You have followers.

KHALIL

I'm an internet person.

RAMONA

How many?

KHALIL

Um. Four, maybe five million?

RAMONA

(controlling her reaction)

M-million. Ok.

KHALIL becomes concerned.

KHALIL (cont)

Listen. This is all highly confidential—

RAMONA

Of course.

KHALIL

I mean it's seriously top-secret. They're gunning for a splashy roll-out—

RAMONA

I'm a steel trap.

KHALIL

Once we figure out the standard operating procedure-- which is taking fucking forever, by the way-- the corporation will assume both the real world and online identity of myself.

RAMONA

"Assume." Meaning, take on.

KHALIL

Right. After that, I won't be me anymore. They will own my personhood. So.

(beat)

Technically it's never been done before.

RAMONA

And you're doing it becaaaaauuuuuuuse...

KHALIL

Uh. Like I said—

RAMONA

No but, um. Don't you have like, a reason for erasing yourself that's, like...?

KHALIL

Yeah I mean for one, I get to be a completely non-compliant non-entity. I can acquire aliases. Operate from the fringes. Take advantage of my reverse anonymity. But also... I will cease to exist. As a person. Which is kind of liberating.

RAMONA

But you're still you.

KHALIL

"I" am whomever they hire to *be* me. But the person sitting here with you... is no one.

Beat.

RAMONA

That's crazy.

KHALIL

Maybe.

RAMONA

No that's, it's just. It's nuts. Are you a nihilist, or...?

KHALIL

Is that bad?

RAMONA

Uh. Well. Everyone wants to not exist sometimes...

KHALIL

You too?

Sure. I mean not lately.
Not right now, anyway.

RAMONA
(slightly coy)

Yikes. Um. Heh-heh. Um.

KHALIL

He blushes. Small beat.

RAMONA
So, so... so how does one refer to you when you become Not-you?

KHALIL
Uhhhh... well maybe that's where *your* expertise could come in handy.

RAMONA
Ha! Ok. How about... Adorable Guy At Dinner Who Scratches His Head A Lot.

KHALIL
(touches his head, self-conscious)

That's. My scalp is flaky.

RAMONA
Oh no, no, I / didn't

KHALIL
It's worse in the fall. I'm trying a new shampoo—

RAMONA
I was just riffing. I'm not very funny.

KHALIL
No, yes, you're funny. I'm just. Dry. It's okay.

Longish beat. RAMONA lifts her glass.

RAMONA
(with a loud funny accent)
The party doesn't end just 'cause you leave the room.

KHALIL
Um. Are you--

RAMONA
Role-playing!

KHALIL
Oh! Ha! Who are you now?

RAMONA
Someone with a cavalier attitude toward your new business venture.

KHALIL
Ah.

RAMONA
I'd never say that in real life. But I think it *all the time*. Why is bravado so appealing?

I mean. Not always. Like in action movies--

KHALIL

No right, like with the hero—

RAMONA

All this crazy turmoil, it's full of incident and pomp, you're bludgeoned by incident, but where's the content?

KHALIL

WHERE IS THE MOTHER FUCKING CONTENT?

RAMONA

Like, I read about this, ha! This dog club in the east village, like this exclusive club for dogs, and there's a screening process to get in—

KHALIL

What like a written test, or--

RAMONA

No, just, is your dog anxious, or obnoxious, does he intimidate other dogs--

KHALIL

Ha! No! / No!

RAMONA

And the dogs were all named after pharmaceuticals. Adderall, Xanax--

KHALIL

No no / no!

RAMONA

Yes!

KHALIL

Should we go there?

RAMONA

No. To the dog club?

KHALIL

Why not?

RAMONA

Ah. Fisherman would *hate* it...

KHALIL

We could go alone.

RAMONA

Loaded beat. Sound of a low growling, moves into higher pitch. Coming from beneath the table.

KHALIL

Is that...

I have a charismatic digestive system.

RAMONA

Hi, sorry, we seem to be having a dinner deficit? No, take your time.

KHALIL
(to the waiter)

RAMONA appears suddenly dizzy. She rests her head on her hand.

Have you... ever been to Somewhere?

RAMONA

Like--

KHALIL

Abroad.

RAMONA

Uh. I lived in the Balkans in my 20s.

KHALIL

Ooooooh, was it wonderful?

RAMONA

No. Are you okay?

KHALIL

Yeah I'm just a little, ah, serrated... gosh I would love to go to Somewhere...

RAMONA

You look a little— should I—

KHALIL

No I'm fiiiiine. It's just the wine. This is my first wine in six months. It's a red zin. It goes with everything. I mean not everything. It's jammy. But American foods. And barbecue. Wanna sip?

RAMONA

I can't drink. I get blotchy. It's bad. Like you'd start to feel sorry for me.

KHALIL

Oh, I don't want to do that. I'm having such a good time.

RAMONA

Oh good. That's important.

KHALIL

Slightly awkward beat. She stares at him oddly. Her eyes fog over.

You're. Um. What are you--

KHALIL (cont)

I'm tracing the edges of your gaze with my own. I'm signaling to the superman across the superchasm.

RAMONA

Ha! Helloooooo...

KHALIL

RAMONA

Hi. Hi there.

KHALIL

Hi.

(small beat)

You're— this is— is this weird? It feels weird. But good weird. I'm like, I'm feeling kind of... like I don't know what's going on? But I don't want it to stop? Is that ok?

RAMONA

Yeah.

KHALIL

I just didn't know if... like, you know. Am I crossing boundaries, or...

RAMONA

There are no rules. You just show up. And if you have chemistry, POW! Second date!

KHALIL

But... don't you need a first date first?

RAMONA

You're on it! This one counts. We both swiped right...

Beat as he takes this in.

KHALIL

Ohhhhhhh. Ohhhhhhhh. Oh my god.

RAMONA

What?

KHALIL

"Profile." Fucking Owen.

RAMONA

Um.

KHALIL

I didn't— whatever website you found me on. My roommate put me there. Not me.

RAMONA

I'm confused.

KHALIL

He set me up. He's been threatening to do this. He told me you were a marketing consultant. I've been looking for someone to help me polish my, my brand.

RAMONA

Oh. I'm not that.

KHALIL

Yeah, no. This is bad. Geez. I'm so sorry. I hate disappointing people. But I'm terrible with non-substantive assignations. And I don't do dating apps.

(small beat)

I mean don't get me wrong. This is um, Surprising. And you're like...

(he gestures)

Hot? But. I'm not. This isn't. I can't. Like, ever. It's a thing.

Small beat.

RAMONA

I understand.

KHALIL

You do? Oh good. Honestly, I mean. I really enjoyed talking. To you. I usually hate it.

(small beat)

Um. It's ok if you don't wanna stick around for dinner. Unless you do. Either way. Um.

She unwraps the scarf around her neck. Her skin bulges at the collarbone in a strange synthetic way.

KAHLIL (cont.)

What is, what's--

RAMONA

My port.

KAHLIL

Port? What's a--

RAMONA

For my chemo. I'm dying. I usually take off my scarf earlier but I was having such a good time and I wanted it to last.

Longish beat.

KHALIL

(to the waiter)

Oh hi again. How's the pheasant?

SCENE TWO: SIDEBURNS

Lights up on RAMONA's apartment. JUNE tidies the place. RAMONA sorts clothes into piles on the floor.

JUNE

You are not dying, Ramona, why do you keep telling people that.

RAMONA

Everyone is dying.

JUNE

But not everyone whips out her port over cocktails.

(re: the apartment)

Look at this filth. And these curtains--

RAMONA

They were mom's.

JUNE

She had atrocious taste.

RAMONA

I like them--

JUNE

They look like someone ate a bunch of French macaroons and vomited sideways.

Beat as she cleans and RAMONA sorts clothes.

RAMONA

He has a very attractive neck.

JUNE

Who?

RAMONA

The guy last night. I think he might be famous.

JUNE

He said that? "I think I might be famous?"

RAMONA

No--

JUNE

"Nice to meet you, I think I might be famous." If he had to tell you, it might be an overstatement.

RAMONA

He's not like a celebrity or anything. He's an internet person—

JUNE

What was this, number eight? Eight first dates, zero second. Hit it and quit it.

RAMONA

I'm not sleeping with them.

JUNE

Not my business.

RAMONA

You told me to enjoy myself while I could. Is dating off-limits or something?

JUNE

Did I say that?

RAMONA

Not exactly--

JUNE

Not remotely. Not once have I suggested you should not be dating. Because I do not think that. You should be dating. You should be having delightful adventures with astonishing young men. Absolutely.

RAMONA

"But..."

JUNE

But nothing.

(tiny beat)

I am just, I am... concerned... that you may be using your... your situation.... as. Chump-bait.

RAMONA

What?

JUNE

Because you're afraid or. You need validation, or.

RAMONA

What is "chump bait?"

JUNE

It's when you lure out the dummies to prey on them.

RAMONA

How am I "preying" on them—

JUNE

Also the frequency? Recently? Is a little alarming. Remember the time I tried to set you up with my co-worker and you hid in the bathroom all night?

RAMONA
(chagrined)

I forgot how words worked—

JUNE

So, what, you pause your treatment and suddenly you're this like, bubbling fountain of flirty wit?

RAMONA

I'm a late bloomer.

JUNE

Well, maybe you could bloom a little more slowly. Why are you donating those?

RAMONA

They're hospital clothes.

JUNE

They're comfy hanging-around-the-house clothes *which also* function as under-the-weather-wear. Anyway you're not out of the woods yet. We have your CT scan next week. And even if Dr. Gussman decides not to give you a third chemo bomb, we still have to ween you off the pred. Which is a fucking nightmare. You're not gonna wanna be batting your eyelashes at boys when you're an achy hormonal psychotic nauseated mess. If you even have eyelashes by then.

RAMONA slowly puts the comfy clothes back in the "save" pile. JUNE watches her. Beat.

JUNE

You haven't asked me about *my* news yet.

RAMONA

You have news?

JUNE

I finally got up the nerve to talk to Sideburns.

RAMONA

What!? Oh my god. Oh my god.

JUNE

Right?

RAMONA

After or before your coffee? Wait, stop. You walk in...

JUNE

No. Even before that. I wake up. And I'm crabby. Go to my closet with the new Elfa system I just installed—which I fucking *love*, by the way-- and pull out my new underwear basket, and I'm looking at all these thongs, all laid out like a beautiful vegetable garden, I never wear thongs, but I have this collection, I keep buying them for special occasions, and I realize. I won't have enough special occasions in a lifetime to get through them all. So. I pick the eggplant-one with the lace--

RAMONA

Eggplant! You're wearing it right now?

JUNE

As we speak.

RAMONA

Eeeee!

JUNE

And I say, "June. You are gonna talk to Sideburns today. You are gonna talk to Sideburns today because you are wearing an eggplant-colored thong in daylight."

RAMONA

Fuck yeah! So you walk in.

JUNE

So I walk in. He's sitting there in the corner as usual. Navy Paul Smith suit, coral tie. Reading the Times. Sideburns crispy as ever. I take a couple yoga breaths. I mosey like molasses right up to him, peer at the paper over his shoulder, and say oh-so casually. "I see the North Koreans are at it again."

RAMONA

You do not!

JUNE

Oh I do. I completely do. I say just that. "I see the North Koreans are at it again." And he says, "I haven't gotten to that yet." And I say, "Looks like a doozy." And then there's like a pause. And I see in his eyes he's perceiving me anew. The well-dressed woman with the side-swept bangs who stands in his coffee line nearly every morning... she has *gravitas*.

Small beat.

RAMONA

So what do you say?

JUNE

Nothing. I allow myself to be beheld.

(beat)

So then. After like a million seconds. Of him beholding me. He goes, "Would you like the arts section?" And I go, "Only if you haven't read it yet." And he goes, "I rarely get to it anyway." And I go "Maybe you should try reading it first." And he goes "Maybe I should."

Beat.

And then what?
RAMONA

He hands me the Arts section.
JUNE

Beat.

I mean, does he like. Is there like, desire in his eyes, or is he just like, who is this chick, or...
RAMONA

Dunno.
JUNE

This is huge. This is huge.
RAMONA

I know.
JUNE

I mean it could be.
RAMONA

I know. I know.
JUNE

It's been months, you stalking him.
RAMONA

Seven. Seven months. Every morning.
JUNE

You did it, Junie.
RAMONA

I feel good.
JUNE

I'm so proud of you.
RAMONA

I'm relieved, honestly. To have finally done it.
JUNE

You opened yourself up to *total potential!*
RAMONA

It's nothing yet—
JUNE

Yeah but I mean like, what if he turns out to be the thing that erases Jeremy?
RAMONA

I don't want to erase Jeremy.
JUNE

Oh. I know—
RAMONA

What. I don't.
JUNE

RAMONA
No I get it. Totally. I mean. Not erase. But, like. Shrink him down. To like the size of an acorn. So you can place him in a small box lined with tissue paper. And then slide the box into the storage nook beneath your apartment building, behind mom's blankets and your old wedding china. And then one day when you're organizing some crap, you'll find the box. "What's this box?" And you'll open it and see the acorn. And you'll go, "Gee. That's so small. That's so much smaller than I remembered it." And then you'll close the box and go back upstairs and nuzzle into the torso of the person who you've *actually* been pointed toward for centuries, but never knew.

Huh.
JUNE
(longish beat)
Should I make coffee?

Sure.
RAMONA

I'll put a little cinnamon in it.
JUNE

Fun.
RAMONA

JUNE disappears.

RAMONA absently fondles her port. It glows beneath her fingers a little.

SCENE THREE: THAT IS NOT YOUR POOP

KHALIL and OWEN hang out at a dog run.

OWEN
No. That's effed. That's so majorly majorly effed. When did she spring that shit on you?

KHALIL
Before we ordered.

OWEN
Before? And you stuck around?

KHALIL
What was I gonna do, bail?

OWEN
Yes! Yes indeed! Yes! She gave you an out. Instincts, man. Fight or flight. You exit stage right. You run for zee hills. You don't pay admission to the horror show—

KHALIL
(re: the dog)

Fisherman! No! That pitbull DID NOT give consent.

OWEN

Dude. He's a dog. Doing dog things. Zero dignity.

KHALIL

And yet, he's wearing a cable knit sweater. You see how the lines get blurred.

OWEN takes a sip from his mug, eyeing
KHALIL warily. Beat.

OWEN

Anyway. I'm sorry my plan backfired. We'll toss her back and hook you a new one. No bigs.

(small beat)

You get why I did it, right.

KHALIL

Um.

OWEN

'Cause you were in like, a dark place.

KHALIL

Because I wasn't showering?

OWEN

Because yeah, because you walked around all day in ripped pajama bottoms smelling like lunchmeat.

KHALIL

I wasn't depressed. If that's what you thought.

OWEN

What do you call depressed?

KHALIL

Like. Like when you get angry at stuff like keyboards and walls and fruit flies and power cords. Or like when you realize you've run out of almond milk and you crumple onto the floor, sobbing. I wasn't that. Not even.

OWEN

Then what were you?

KHALIL

Working.

OWEN

I thought your deal closed.

KHALIL

It did. But they rejected my S.O.P. They're like, nobody wants to stay indoors hunched over a computer all day.

OWEN

Isn't that what they *bought*?

KHALIL

In reality, sure. But this is a *theoretical* reality. My personhood is way more dynamic than my person. They bought a brand, not a human.

OWEN

Boooo. What do they want?

KHALIL

A punk nerd who strives to improve the world so that he can participate in it.

OWEN

That is some normative fucking bullshit right there.

KHALIL

They sent me a list of suggestions.

He pulls out his phone and reads.

KHALIL (cont.)

“Miniature golf. Ice-skating. Game night. Laser tag.”

OWEN

No.

KHALIL

“Music festival. Backyard barbecue. Cosplay. Escape room.”

OWEN

When did cosplay go mainstream?

KHALIL

Uh, last year. “Wine rave. Sporting event. Camping. Poker night.” I’m like the Bougie Dissident.

OWEN

I don’t get it. People don’t enjoy that crap. They do it to distract themselves from the crushing reality of their own meaninglessness. Though to be fair, I *will* argue there’s something incredibly invigorating and life affirming about leaving the apartment.

KHALIL
(skeptical)

You think?

OWEN

Yeah, man. Look at us. Bro-ing it up on a crisp autumn morning... breathing in the cold cold air... *actual* people everywhere, doing *actual* people-things...

KHALIL
(re: the mug)

Is that bourbon?

OWEN

Totes.

KHALIL

It’s 9am.

OWEN

It’s Thursday. Anyway. Listen. Do what you do to get yourself paid. Then buy yourself some loungewear, fire up the DSL, and watch your clones play hipster bingo or whatever. You’ll never have to go outside again. I bet we can scare up a chick who makes house calls. One without an IV drip, preferably.

Ok but. I liked the one from last night.

KHALIL

Cancer McGee? No. You are *not* getting cleaned out by some puke-smelling broad with bad health insurance and monster medical bills. I mean who hits up a dating app when they're going through fucking *chemo*?

OWEN

She seemed ok—

KHALIL

This is not a pay-to-play establishment, buddy. Do you know who you are? You are a fucking ninja. (shouting)

NINJA, BITCHES! Ninja in the dog park...

OWEN

Dude, stop!

KHALIL

As you wish, my ninja.

OWEN

Anyway it's not— she doesn't seem to be interested in anything long term. She's cramming in as many dates as she can before— I mean um with other, um. People.

KHALIL

But why you? You are quite literally the least fun person I know.

OWEN

That's not true. Paola wasn't fun.

KHALIL

Paola was a hoot!

OWEN

Right, like the time you went hiking and she made you walk an hour and a half back to the car just to get her sunglasses?

KHALIL

They were Dolce. Listen dude. Get off that sick girl's to-do list. She's trouble—

OWEN

Fisherman. Stop. That is not your poop!

KHALIL
(re: the dog)

Too late.

OWEN

They watch in horror.

So nasty. Is it illegal to punch a dog?

OWEN (cont.)

Poor 'lil guy. I'm gonna buy him some pants.

KHALIL

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!!
It's also not quite published.
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