

RAW PROVOCATIVE HUMANE PLAYS

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Siriously

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CHARACTERS

NICK, M. 32	Teacher, Jackie's boyfriend
RON, M. 37	Nick and Lili's friend
JACKIE, F. 20s	Nick's girlfriend

SETTING

A bar in midtown, Manhattan

TIME

New Year's Eve, 2012

Notes: *Siriously* was written for the CRY HAVOC Company's Holiday Plays, 2012. The was a reading of the play at CRY HAVOC in December of 2012. The play had its world premiere as part of *Sharon's Shorts* at Planet Connections Festivity, June 2013. Joanna Strange was the director. The original cast was as follows: Kerry Flanagan as "Jackie," Will Clark as "RON" and Will Shaw as "Nick."

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On New Year's Eve, near midnight, NICK and RON are meeting up at a bar in midtown Manhattan. Ron sits at the bar, looking at his phone. Sounds of New Year's Eve merriment are in the background. Nick enters, shakes Ron's hand, and they give each other a quick pat on the back.

NICK *(rubbing his hands together to warm up)* How long do you think idiots have been standing outside waiting for a freakin' ball to drop? Jeez Louise, sugar, is it cold.

RON Dude, you're not at school—you can swear. So, where's Jackie?

NICK On her way. What do you wanna drink?

RON Ah, whatever. Budweiser, I guess.

NICK This round's on me.

RON Johnnie Walker Blue Label.

Nick gives Ron a look and walks away. Ron takes out his phone and talks to it.

RON Siri, in what year--

The noise from the bar increases, and Ron leans into his phone. Nick returns with drinks; Ron is still engrossed in his phone. Nick holds out a bottle of water for Ron.

NICK Helllloo?

RON *(referring to the drink)* What the hell?

Nick points to a blue label on the water bottle.

NICK Blue Label.

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RON Ass—it's 1907, by the way.

Nick hands Ron a beer.

NICK What is?

RON You asked how long the ball's been going down in Times Square.

NICK No I didn't. I asked how long have people been standing outside *today*.

RON Oh. *(into the phone)* Siri, how long--

NICK Please don't. Whose stupid idea was it to meet spitting distance from this madness?

RON I didn't feel like venturing far away from home tonight.

NICK Oh, sorry. Right. I heard about you and Lili. That sucks. Sorry I didn't call. You know, holidays. Busy.

RON I don't want to talk about it.

NICK I understand.

RON It's just the little things, you know? Like she'd ask me if I wanted coffee and I'd say "no" and then she'd ask again. Like didn't I say no the first time?

NICK Oh, well—don't feel like you have to share--

RON And she doesn't like my dog. Says he barks too much. He's a dog. That's his job.

Nick nods his head.

RON I mean, what's not to like about Rufus? And last weekend, she was at my place and I had to do laundry, and she was helping me fold.

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Nick looks confused.

RON My socks. She rolls them together like this--*(He demonstrates)*—even though she knows I fold them like this. *(He demonstrates.)* How could I be with someone like that? She’s clearly sending a message that she wants to change me. Whatever. How did you find out anyway? Did Lili tell Dana and Dana tell Jackie and Jackie tell you?

NICK No. Lili changed her Facebook status.

RON Oh. Really?

NICK I’m sorry it’s so hard--

RON It’s—not—hard. You know what? I’m going to like that on Facebook right now.

A moment, as Ron is on the phone.

RON Huh. She’s in a relationship. Wow, that was fast.

NICK No kidding.

Ron looks back at Facebook and then at Nick.

RON Jackie posted on Lili’s comment: “Maybe you’ll end up walking down the aisle like I’ll be NEXT YEAR. I knew you could do better.”

JACKIE enters, more dressed up than the guys. She’s brought New Year’s Eve noisemakers, hats, etc. She shows off her ring to Ron, who’s staring at his phone.

JACKIE Look, look, look, look, look, look!

He does. Finally.

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JACKIE *(cont'd.)* I had to show my mother first. That's where I was. At my mom's. I had to show her before I tweeted and posted. Thirteen people have already liked me, us, me. Aahhh!

RON Ahhh! Wow, that's wow. That's so great. I'm so happy for you two.

JACKIE We are going to Johannesburg!

RON Oh, okay.

NICK For the honeymoon. She's always wanted to go to Africa.

RON To do a safari or something?

JACKIE We are going to go to the Apartheid museum.

RON Really?

JACKIE You have to walk the walk, you know?

RON No, I don't know.

JACKIE (overlapping): So here's how he proposed. Nick wrote, "Will you marry me?" on a parachute. His great uncle did that for his great aunt because he was in World War II and was away and was fighting and stuff and came home with a parachute with a proposal on it. So I wake up on Dec. 28, which is my favorite day of the year because it's smack between---Christmas and New Year's— (to Ron) I hope that doesn't offend you because you're Jewish— Happy Hanukkah by the way!

RON Thanks, it was several weeks ago.

JACKIE And there's a small parachute at the foot of the bed and in big black stalker-like letters, it says, "Will you marry me?" Just like that. "Will you marry me?" And even though Nick didn't serve in a war, it had the same sentiment, you know? The lighting in here is terrible. I'm going to the girls room to look at my ring.

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And she's gone. A moment.

NICK Oh, sugar, man, I was going to tell you about the engagement and then you just seemed so devastated about Lili.

RON I'm not--devastated.

NICK It's just awkward to be like "Hey, we're engaged" and you're like all alone. Single. By yourself. Without anyone. On New Year's Eve.

RON I'm good, man. I've got everything I need.

Jackie returns. Nick hands her a drink.

JACKIE Ah, isn't he sweet? So, Ron, it hit me while I was trying to look at my ring in bad lighting that *we*, well mostly Nick, but *we* were being insensitive about you and Lili.

NICK Ron was just telling me that things are going well.

JACKIE Oh yeah? Dating someone new?

RON Oh, no, better than that--a new upgrade. I can't get out the door without her. She has a great sense of direction. She has a nice voice; she doesn't contradict me, she doesn't control me. She doesn't act like my friend and stab me in the back.

JACKIE That's because it's a phone.

NICK Yeah, right, a phone can't make up for human contact.

RON Sometimes I'm checking in with her like a dozen times a day.

JACKIE *(to Nick)* You used to check in with me more often. *(to Ron)* He used to call me every day during his lunch break until a slutty substitute became his "friend" and he brushed her boobs by mistake while eating cafeteria food.

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NICK I thought you were over that.

JACKIE I was until I brought it up.

RON *(to Nick)* Why would you volunteer that kind of information?

JACKIE And ever since then, he wants me to wear these push-up bras—

NICK *(overlapping)* It was a gift. You like Victoria’s Secret. It didn’t have anything--

JACKIE *(overlapping)* I can’t breathe in these things!

NICK *(overlapping, to Jackie)* And I told you, I stopped calling because they cut down on part-time staff, and now I have to sit with kids during lunch. I have to work all day at work. I don’t just sit around dreaming up riddles and jingles.

JACKIE *Branding.* This isn’t the 1950s. And that’s how we’re going to buy an apartment together, because we’re sure as hell not going to do it on a piss-ant teacher’s salary.

RON Nick, maybe it’s time for you to get an upgrade, too. *(leaning into his phone)* Siri, should Nick--

JACKIE *(to Ron)* Does your iPhone girlfriend tell you about the thousands of Chinese workers making slave wages and living in squalor so you can spend all day with some simulated female that can help you find the nearest Starbucks?

RON No, but if I ask her, “Hey, where are over half of the diamonds in the world mined in war zones to finance insurgencies, she’d be like ‘Africa.’”

JACKIE What is wrong with you?

RON “Lili, I knew you could do better.”

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JACKIE That was a private message!

RON No, apparently, it wasn't.

NICK Enough, you two, this is all a bit fudged up.

JACKIE We are in a bar, for Christ's sakes, not with second graders!

NICK You think it's cute that I don't swear.

JACKIE Don't talk to me.

And in the background we hear: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1! And "Auld Lange Syne."

Ron kisses his phone. SIRI says: "Happy New Year."

Jackie scrolls through her phone while Nick tries, unsuccessfully to connect with her. Ron, quite content, kisses his phone and continues to scroll through his phone as the lights fade.

End of Play.