

ONLY YOU

A short play

By Alex Rubin

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[A one bedroom apartment. The place is modern and chic, very minimal and immaculately clean except for a single tissue on the floor. A bottle of vodka sits on a table next to the couch which holds a blanket under which KEVIN is curled in the fetal position. The buzzer is rung. A moment. The buzzer rings again. A moment. The phone rings a few times, stops, then rings again. Several text messages ding. Finally, a banging on the door.)

KRIS

[from out in the hall]

Kevin! Kevin, I know you're home, I can smell the freshly poured vodka. Kevin! Let me in. He is so not worth all this.

KEVIN

[from beneath the mound on the couch]

Yes he is!

KRIS

No, he's not!

KEVIN

Is!

KRIS

Not!

KEVIN

Is!

KRIS

Are you going to let me in?

KEVIN

No. The place is a wreck.

KRIS

What, is there like one sock on the floor.

[KEVIN looks at the tissue.]

No. KEVIN

Kev- KRIS

KEVIN
Leave me alone to die. The vodka is a slow, but effective assassin

[The sound of KRIS walking away. KEVIN pours himself another glass of vodka. He sips and makes a face.]

I need so much Diet Coke. KEVIN

[From the bedroom, the sound of a window opening and a thump.]

Oh god, I'm being robbed! KEVIN

Kevin, shut up. KRIS

[KRIS emerges from the bedroom, straightening her clothes.]

How did you do that? KEVIN

KRIS
With the help of a very confused downstairs neighbor and a fire escape. Get up. Two weeks is enough time to watch Titanic on repeat and eat your weight in old Easter candy. We're going out.

KEVIN
I'm not feeling well. I have work tomorrow. I have to wash my hair. I left the stove on.

KRIS
You're supposed to save that last one for when you're already out and want to go home.

KEVIN
I thought I'd just get it out of the way so we don't have to go through the ceremony of getting to a bar and being there for ten minutes.

KRIS

Ceremony is the basis of civilization. Now go put on something sparkly.

KEVIN

I don't feel sparkly.

KRIS

Then put on something drab. Oh, sorry you already have. Fantastic! Let's go.

KEVIN

Will you please go far away.

KRIS

You'll never get over him by doing this.

KEVIN

But I have candy. Lots and lots of candy. So, in a few more weeks I'll be able to sit on him and crush him with my new body mass index.

KRIS

Dream big.

KEVIN

Clearly, I am. Come on, Kris. I'm fine. Really.

KRIS

Texting me at 4am with, [reading] "I am a shell of what was once a human being," is not fine.

KEVIN

I didn't text you that.

KRIS

[reading from phone] "The best years of my life have passed me by in a parade of mediocrity."

KEVIN

Let me see that.

[He grabs the phone from him.]

Wow.

KRIS

Sad, right?

KEVIN

I am so eloquent when I'm black out drunk.

KRIS

That's your take away?

KEVIN

I even spell everything correctly. You think texting could be a new forum for poetry. Toetry? Pexting?

KRIS

Yes, you'll be the Maya Angelou of the drunk text. There's got to be a McArthur Genius Award for that by now.

KEVIN

You never support my dreams.

KRIS

Bras support. Best friends are for kicking one out the door and into the world.

KEVIN

Why don't we cuddle on the couch and watch the director's cut of Titanic? I can put it on mute and speak the whole thing from memory now.

KRIS

Can you even sit upright?

KEVIN

Sure.

[He tries a little, then give up. Looking up at KRIS.]

Help me.

[KRIS grabs KEVIN's hand and tries to pull him up, but he pulls her down to the couch and wraps his arms and legs around her.]

KRIS

Kevin!

KEVIN

So comfy.

KRIS

You smell so not good. When was the last time you showered?

KEVIN

I don't know.

KRIS

This week?

KEVIN

Maybe.

KRIS

This is unbearable. I can't stay here another minute.

KEVIN

Okay, bye.

[KEVIN releases her.]

KRIS

You really aren't coming out?

KEVIN

No.

KRIS

Alright. Walk me to the door?

KEVIN

Eh.

KRIS

Come on. I just want to make sure your legs still work.

KEVIN

Fiiiiine.

[He walks her to the door in a zombie-esqu manner. She turns to him and puts her hands on both of his shoulders.]

KRIS

You know I love you.

KEVIN

Love you back.

[She opens the door.]

KRIS

And you know I only do these things because I love you.

KEVIN

I know. I just need some more time.

KRIS

I totally understand.

[KRIS pushes KEVIN out of the apartment, into the hall, and slams the door and locks it.]

KEVIN

[from the hall]

Hey!!!

KRIS

You need to get out and reintroduce yourself to life, Kevin Matthew Reynolds.

KEVIN

Kris!!! Open this door right now!!!

KRIS

You don't get back in until you go out.

KEVIN

I'm not dressed.

KRIS

You have clothes on. You won't be getting arrested tonight.

KEVIN

I don't have shoes!

KRIS

It's summer. Go to the park. Run around.

I'm not wearing any underwear.

KEVIN

[KRIS heads into the bedroom.]

Kris? KRIS??

[She returns, peeks through the peephole, quickly opens the door, throws a pair of underwear out and slams it before KEVIN can get back in.]

No more excuses!!

KRIS

Is this clean?

KEVIN

It was in a drawer.

KRIS

Which drawer?

KEVIN

The top left.

KRIS

That's my laundry drawer.

KEVIN

It was folded.

KRIS

Yeah. That's how I like my dirty laundry.

KEVIN

Go out!

KRIS

LET ME IN!!!!

KEVIN

Maybe after Titanic.

KRIS

[sauntering over to the couch]

[KEVIN screams from the other side of the door and starts banging on it as KRIS pops in Titanic and settles in on the couch.]