

Tow Lot

a short play by
Peter M. Floyd

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Joe
Dee
Brian

SCENE: Joe and Dee's bedroom, and a place in the outside world

The lights come up on center stage, revealing JOE and DEE's bedroom. The two of them are stretched out on the bed, facing downstage, half watching a television set that is facing them and half vegging. There is a nightstand at each side of the bed.

The room is a mess, with dirty clothing strewn on the floor and across the bed, along with random magazines, empty potato chip bags, and other detritus.

TV VOICE

Here we see a male moving down a tree. Every week he will return to the ground to urinate and defecate before returning to his perch.

A telephone begins to ring. JOE and DEE do not react

TV VOICE

On the ground, the sloth is at its most vulnerable, to such predators as the harpy eagle, the anaconda and, as seen here, the jaguar.

A series of growls emerges from the television set. The phone continues to ring.

DEE

Phone.

JOE

What?

DEE

Phone.

TV VOICE

Fortunately, the sloth is not defenseless. Its claws can grow to a length of nearly four inches.

We hear the sound of animal violence from the television. The phone continues to ring.

JOE

We should get that.

DEE

Yeah.

After a beat, JOE begins to hunt around the bed, looking for the phone. He does not evince any urgency. The phone continues to ring.

TV VOICE

This time, the sloth is able to escape with its life. It will not always be so lucky.

The TV voice continues, at a low level, throughout the remainder of the play.

JOE

Can't find it.

DEE

Oh, wait.

DEE reaches a hand underneath herself, and pulls out the phone. At that instant, the ringing stops. DEE and JOE look at each other, and share a guilty and complicit laugh.

JOE

Wonder who it was.

DEE

They'll probably leave a message.

JOE

Yeah.

DEE

Or they'll call back.

JOE

Yeah.

DEE (*regarding the TV*)

Is there anything else on?

JOE

Yeah, probably.

They continue to watch without moving. The phone begins to ring again.

DEE

Phone again.

JOE

Yeah.

DEE

We should probably answer it.

JOE

Yeah, we should.

JOE casually reaches over and picks up the phone, opening it and bringing it to his ear.

JOE

...Yeah?

Lights come up on BRIAN, standing in another part of the stage, representing a separate location. He wears jeans and a jacket, and looks harried.

BRIAN

Joe, is that you? Thank God! I've been calling everybody, and I've only gotten voice mail. You gotta help me out, man. I'm in deep shit.

JOE

Hey, Brian. (*to DEE*) It's Brian. (*to BRIAN*) How you doin', buddy?

BRIAN

Not so good, man, not so good. This has been a solid gold bitch of a day.

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM