

EXTRACT

The Choice

a short play

by

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Cast

ROD

VINCE

Setting

Vince's Apartment

Time

5pm

The Choice

Vince's Apartment. 5pm.

VINCE sits at a coffee table. On the table pills, plastic packets, a needle.
ROD sits nearby. They both stare at the table.

Long Pause. Eventually:

VINCE: So, how can I help you?

ROD: It's okay.

VINCE: (SUDDENLY ANGRY) Don't you – Don't you tell me it's okay! I know it's okay. Don't – you – tell – me ...!

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HANDS.

VINCE: What now?

ROD: Nothing.

VINCE: (HOLDING UP HAND) What is this?

ROD: Nothing.

VINCE: Just don't tell me it's okay. I know it's okay. (PAUSE) So, once more. How can I help you? How can I possibly justify you flying all this way?

ROD: Just thought I'd drop by.

VINCE: Long way to just "drop by".

ROD: Just thought we could -

VINCE: Don't say talk Rod. Just don't say *talk!*

ROD: No. I actually came to give you something.

VINCE: What you gonna give me Rod? A blowjob? Be my guest. But don't say advice. Please don't say advice.

ROD: It was something somebody once gave to me.

VINCE: Is this like a Kenny Rogers song Rod? When you were a little boy, out on the prairie, your daddy gave you your first sore arse?

ROD: (LAUGHS) You're all fired up.

VINCE: Yeah – I'm fired up Rod. All fired up. That's how I'm feeling. That's what I feel. Is it okay to feel like that – Rod?

ROD: What do you want me to say?

VINCE: How about sure? Let's try *sure*.

PAUSE.

ROD: Sure.

VINCE: Perfect.

PAUSE.

ROD: Looks like your all set then.

VINCE: My one way ticket to wonderland.

ROD: And then?

VINCE: Don't give – Don't give me that crap, Rod. If you give me that crap you can leave right now! This is it. This is all that matters. This moment – right now. (HOLDING UP PACKETS) This, this and this.

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HAND.

VINCE: What is that? What are you doing? What is this?

VINCE HOLDS UP HIS HAND. ROD LOWERS HIS HANDS.

ROD: All fired up.

VINCE: All fired up.

PAUSE.

ROD: How long have I known you?

VINCE: I don't know Rodney. How long have you *known* me?

ROD: Six years.

VINCE: That long.

ROD: All I'm asking –

VINCE: Yes.

ROD: All I'm asking is that you listen to me. One minute for each year.

VINCE: He's got it all worked out, haven't you Rod? All worked out. A catch phrase for every convo. Mr Dial-a-Cliché.

ROD: Six minutes. Then I'm out the door.

VINCE: Mr Dial-a-cliché.

ROD: It's your choice.

VINCE: I know it's my choice.

ROD: I'm just reminding you.

VINCE: But I know. I already know it's my choice. You don't have to remind me of anything. (PAUSE) Six minutes. And then you'll piss off?

ROD: If that's what you want.

VINCE: Leave me in peace to get down to business.

ROD HOLDS UP HIS HANDS.

VINCE: Can we please lose the hands?!

ROD LOWERS HIS HANDS. PAUSE.

VINCE: So, do I drop a flag or something?

ROD: Sorry.

VINCE: To indicate when you're six minutes is to begin. Your six minutes of cliché filled splendour.

ROD: As you wish.

VINCE: I do wish.

VINCE PICKS UP AN EMPTY PACKET. HE DROPS IT TO THE FLOOR. THEY WATCH AS IT FLOATS TO THE GROUND.