

Hopelessly devoted to you

By German Munoz

CAST

- D Man or woman. 20s. Is in a wheelchair.
- J Man or woman. 20s. Is hopelessly *devoted* to D.
- P Man or woman. Has a foreign accent. Older than the others.

NOTES

Please give names to the characters. For D and J, there are sections in the text where these are used, marked [D] and [J].

Spaces between lines denote a change of time and place, but not necessarily a pause.

(/) means the next line interrupts at that point.

Guess mine is not the first heart broken.

My eyes are not the first to cry.

I'm not the first to know

There's just no getting over you...

D: You are sick.

J: No, no-

D: You are sick.

J: Please, just- just relax

D: You are fucking sick.

J: I wanted to tell you.

D: You're a freak.

J: I'm so sorry.

D: How could you?

J: I can't control it.

D: Of course you fucking can. No. No. Do not touch me. Do not fucking touch me.

J: Babe, this- this has always been a part of me. It's always been there.

D: (To P) Is that true?

P: What?

D: That it starts young. Is that true?

P: Yes. Yes. That is usually the case. Yes.

D: OK. Just checking.

(To J) You're a lying piece of shit.

J: Babe, please.

D: Get out. GET OUT!

(To P) We haven't seen each other since.

P: How long ago was this?

D: Three weeks.

P: Tell us. How are you feeling now? Better?

D: No. Of course not.

P: Why not?

D: I can't believe I never saw it. I thought- I told my closest friends that I had found 'the one'. 'What a catch'. Even on the- since the start. The very first time we met-

J: Whoa. You are smoking! Sorry, was that too forward?

D: I was- Sold.

(To J) I've never really-

J: Of course you have. Come on.

D: I mean, I love my job.

J: But-

D: But- I mean the money's great-

J: But-

D: But I guess my dream is to- honestly, I'd like to become a professional body piercer.

J: Nice.

D: That or go into acupuncture. It's really helped.

J: So... body piercing or acupuncture?

D: Guess so.

J: Deep down, maybe you're just looking for a legitimate excuse to stab people.

D: Oh God. No!

J: (Laughs) Consensually, of course.

D: Yes! Consensually. Yeah.

J: If that doesn't work out, maybe you just need to find somebody who likes to be stabbed.

D: Ha. Yeah. OK. How about you?

J: Do I like to be stabbed? No.

D: No! God no. Of course not. I mean, your dream.

J: Easy. Finally becoming a skydiving instructor.

D: That's amazing.

J: I'm not certified or anything. Not yet. Someday.

D: I've always wanted to.

J: It's otherworldly. The rush.

D: I wish I could.

J: What's stopping you?

D: ...

J: What's your excuse?

D: I don't know actually.

J: I could come with you. You know. For moral support.

D: Yeah, that would be- nice.

J: Tell me something geeky. I love geeky. Tell me something I would never have known otherwise.

D: I play World of Warcraft.

J: ...

D: It's an online game. It's quite popular.

J: I'm intrigued. Go on.

D: I play it. A lot. I'm a level 70 Paladin and I run my own guild. I help organize raids with 50 other players. More sometimes. The people who play it call it WoW. World of Warcraft. WoW.

J: WoW?

D: Yes.

J: That's fucking hot.

D: (To P) And that's how it started.

[During the following, when D isn't looking, J sometimes uses their mobile phone to take photos of D]

J: I liked this.

D: Me too.

J: How about next Friday?

D: Yes. That would be nice. Yes.

J: Good morning.

D: Good morning.

D: Would you like to come with me?

J: The whole weekend? I'd love to.

J: Ready?

D: I don't think I can do this.

J: Too late.

D: It was a nice try..

J: I'm gonna count to three. One.

D: No. No. No.

J: Two.

D: Oh my God.

J: Three!

D and J: Aaaah!

D: This is fucking amazing!

J: Come on. Let's go back inside.

D: Can we go now?

J: Nooooo, I love this song.

D: I wanna- you know.

J: Oh. Oh.

D: Car.

J: No. Let's do it. In the chair.

D: What?

J: Let me just roll you into the corner here.

D: No! Are you crazy? Somebody's gonna-

Holy shit.

Holy shit.

Holy shit...

D: Don't worry. My mother's a perfectly nice lady.

J: OK.

D: It's my dad you need to worry about.

J: Shit.

J: I love you.

D: I love you.

*I know I'm just a fool who's willing
To sit around and wait for you
But baby can't you see
There's nothing else for me to do
I'm hopelessly devoted to you*

D: And then-

P: What happened?

D: Everything fell apart...

J: Hurry up.

D: I am.

J: It's almost gone.

D: Shit. My battery.

J: Take mine. Come on!

D: OK. OK.

J: Hurry!

D: OK. OK. OK.

J: Come on!

D: Perfect-

What-

What. Is. This.

J: What?

D: What is this?

J: What's what?

D: What the fuck is this?

J: What's- oh shit.

D: What is this?

J: Shit. Babe, I'm sorry.

D: What the fuck is this? What are these?

J: Babe-

D: You- you're a devotee. Aren't you? AREN'T YOU?

You are sick!

J: No- no-

D: You are sick!

But now there's nowhere to hide

Since you pushed my love aside

I'm not in my head.

Hopelessly devoted to you.

Hopelessly devoted to you.

D: At least I had clothes on. You couldn't even see my face in some of them. It was just me and my chair. All this time, I was going out with a fucking devotee.

P: A what?

D: A devotee.

P: What is that? A devotee?

D: Freaks who get off on people with disabilities.

P: Ah. Disability fetish. For wheelchairs?

D: Lots of stuff. But yes, crips in chairs too.

P: I tell all my listeners that fetishes are actually quite normal.

D: But this. It's just. Wrong.

P: Why does this bother you so much?

D: I've spent my whole life trying to avoid these freaks.

P: Why is that?

D: They- they prey on people they think are vulnerable. I AM NOT FUCKING VULNERABLE!

P: So you do not like being the object of this fetish?

D: No!

P: Not even a little?

D: No! How can you even ask that? It doesn't matter. I need to end it. Right? I need to end it.

P: Why do you ask me? What do YOU want?

D: I don't- I don't know. I still- We were supposed to end up together. But now-

P: So you're ending it.

D: I can't!

P: Oh boy.

My head is saying, fool forget him.

My heart is saying, don't let go...

END OF SAMPLE

If you'd like to read the full short play (13 pages) please
contact German Munoz at g@germanmunoz.com

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