

Sycophants Refuge

by
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ACT 1

SCENE 1

INT. Dining room -- MORNING

(An unnecessarily claustrophobic dining room. It's decaying and filled with remnants of a time at least twenty years in the past. Somewhat cluttered and dreary. Newspapers, and books are stacked around but not overwhelmingly so. At rise DRISCOL, shabbily dressed in his wrinkled clothes from the day before is sitting flipping through a military history magazine. A half bottle of scotch sits beside him. AVERY, somewhat neatly dressed in well worn simple business casual wear, bursts into the room)

AVERY

I'm going to work.

DRISCOL

Chump.

AVERY

You can't be serious.

DRISCOL

I have never been more serious.

AVERY

You're never serious.

DRISCOL

Viva la Revolution. It's a new day. Suns out, birds are chirping, and I, I am serious.

AVERY

I'm going to work and so are you. Get dressed.

DRISCOL

For what? What are you working for?

AVERY

Money.

DRISCOL
Money. Big stacks of green over-inked paper. I eschew money.

AVERY
Fine.

DRISCOL
Whose fault is it?

AVERY
Whose fault what?

DRISCOL
Whose fault is your sick little green paper fetish.

AVERY
Fuck you.

DRISCOL
Exactly. Do you know what I do with money? What I work for? Lawyers. Swarms of seethy little lawyers. The more I work the more they get. I will no longer stand for it. Today I draw a line in the sand. I'm taking the day off.

AVERY
I guess you can afford it.

DRISCOL
Absolutely can.

AVERY
I can't.

DRISCOL
What do you do with that money? Nothing. You have nothing to show for you're time.

AVERY
What am I supposed to have.

DRISCOL
Fuck if I know. Something.

AVERY
What a house? Kids? Wife?

DRISCOL
No --anything but that. Checkmate, I suppose you win. Your money is useless.

AVERY
I'm just trying to get ahead.

DRISCOL
 Ahead of what? Look at you, threadbare. Buy a new shirt for once. Live a little bit. What are you afraid of.

EVERY
 Drop it.

DRISCOL
 Ave, you listen to me. This. This house is a pit. This money chase? --A waste. You said it yourself the stuff is useless.

EVERY
 I didn't say that, you did.

DRISCOL
 Did I put words in your mouth?

EVERY
 You did.

DRISCOL
 I... I apologize.

EVERY
 I accept.

DRISCOL
 I'm being sarcastic.

EVERY
 I know.

DRISCOL
 You know. What's wrong with you? Why don't you just move on, move out. Move away. Just make a fucking move.

EVERY
 Where? Where am I gonna go Dris? I got no big plans.

DRISCOL
 You are a timid little turtle my friend, a turtle. Get moving.

EVERY
 I will.

DRISCOL
 Bullshit.

EVERY
 Yeah, And I won't have a job if I don't get out of here now.

DRISCOL
You won't have a life if you don't get out of here now.

AVERY
Did you just move in to try and kick me out.

DRISCOL
Consider me your life coach. I'm like a therapist-slash-personal trainer-slash-wandering philosopher. I'll leave my bill on the refrigerator under the snoopy magnet.

AVERY
Little early for drinking isn't it?

DRISCOL
Never.
(pause)
Marisa called.

AVERY
When was that.

DRISCOL
The woman talks like a buzz-saw. I can't believe I didn't try to kill her sooner. Her voice is unbearable. Why didn't anyone tell me.

AVERY
Thought you knew.

DRISCOL
No clue. A buzz-saw, just grinding away at my eardrums. If I had known that, hell I would have tried to give her the axe a long while back.

AVERY
You didn't try to kill her.

DRISCOL
That --is what you think.

AVERY
Why would you try to kill her?

DRISCOL
Allegedly, I am dangerously unbalanced and prone to outbursts. I am a deranged schizophrenic psychopath with delusions of grandeur. A violent immature beast with a predilection for beating little old ladies senseless and raping babies in the off-season, on many occasions I been known to use my fire-breath to destroy large swaths of Tokyo.
(MORE)

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DRISCOL (Continued)

When I'm not plotting with terrorist organizations I enjoy keeping library books past their deadline, and conducting minor genocides of underdeveloped cultures.

AVERY

You get a lot done in a day.

DRISCOL

(laughs)

At least *I* don't talk like a buzz-saw.

AVERY

Classy.

DRISCOL

Thank you. So how's about it? I call in and tell Sheltzie you aren't coming in?

AVERY

Can't do it Dris.

DRISCOL

C'mon pick your ailment: Malaria, Manic Depression, Whooping cough --you look like a good whooping cough.

AVERY

Can't do it.

DRISCOL

Fine. Leave me to stew here with the peanut gallery.

AVERY

Yeah. I better clear out before Wilby gets in.

DRISCOL

He's already here.

AVERY

(stops)

What?

DRISCOL

He's here. Got in about an hour ago.

AVERY

Crap. Did he see you.

DRISCOL

No, he went back to his sanctuary.

AVERY

Pour it out.

DRISCOL
What?

AVERY
Pour that out, before he catches you.

DRISCOL
You've gotta be kidding me.

AVERY
Do you want a sermon before breakfast? Do you really want to put yourself into the line of fire. Think about this Dris, I am not asking you for me. This is for you. You don't want to do this.

DRISCOL
He won't let you drink in your own house?

AVERY
At least put it in a coffee mug.

DRISCOL
A coffee mug?

AVERY
He'll think it's coffee

DRISCOL
Brilliant. Have you ever tried sneaking him medication in a hotdog? We used to do that with the cocker-spanial when I was a kid.

AVERY
Here.
(Avery hands him a coffee mug)

DRISCOL
I'm not using this. It's undignified.

AVERY
You're drinking at Seven-Thirty in the morning.

DRISCOL
Seven-Twenty-Eight, thank you.

AVERY
Dris, This is not a fight you want to pick.

DRISCOL
You apparently don't know me that well.