

FORSAKEN CUBICLE

A short play

By Danton Spina

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CHARACTERS

TOM	Consummate professional
CAYUCOS	A wild realist living in the moment
CAMBRIA	Sweet but secretive, concerned about the past
AVILA	Motherly and hopeful about the future
ONE	Unknown
TWO	Unknown

SETTING

An office

TIME

Mid-morning. Some time in the near future.

(Tom stares off for a long moment, never glancing at the mannequin in his office. He has dark bags under his eyes. He looks lost. A crash is heard offstage and a light flickers. Tom picks up a briefcase that was lying next to him. He opens it toward himself and takes a big whiff of something in the suitcase. Cayucos stumbles onstage and knocks over the mannequin. He is grizzled and disheveled.)

TOM

Hello Cayucos!

CAYUCOS

Dammit Tom. This ain't no time for hellos.

TOM

(He looks at his watch)

It's 10:15. Seems like as good a time as any.

CAYUCOS

That's not what I mean?

TOM

I have a meeting soon. Can I help you?

(Tom keeps organizing things, all pantomimed, as his goes through the motions of going to work.)

CAYUCOS

Have you been outside?

TOM

I had breakfast at Meta's.

CAYUCOS

Meta's diner ain't there no more! What're you talking about?

TOM

I had scrapple pie. It was delicious!

CAYUCOS

Dude you need to snap out of it!

(Tom looks at his watch again. As he does, his watch and Cayucos belt start getting pulled around the stage as if by a magnet. Cayucos and Time mime more and more intense magnetic forces as they continue talking.)

CAYUCOS

I came back for ya and this---

(Cuts himself off as the magnet force gets stronger)

Shit!

TOM

I feel like I'm on a boat during a storm.

CAYUCOS

It's their magnets man. They've got giant magnets or something!

(Tom and Cayucos start bumping into each other until Tom's wrist is dangling in front of Cayucos crotch.)

CAYUCOS

Watch!

TOM

I'm sorry but I can't control it.

CAYUCOS

No! Get rid of the watch!

TOM

This was a gift from my mother.

(Cayucos starts taking off his belt.)

CAYUCOS

Tom, just trust me and take off the watch!

TOM

You've been so rude ever since you came in this morning and I just don't understand why.

(Cayucos grabs Toms watch and his belt and throws them offstage)

CAYUCOS

We should be safe now.

(His pants fall down)

TOM

Safe? We're fine. And I thought you requested off today?

CAYUCOS

I came back to help you, Tom.

TOM

What are you helping me with?

CAYUCOS

Whatever has been out there! And I feel like with all the stuff that's happening, I need to get out what's been in my brain.

TOM

You're in my brain!

CAYUCOS

Thanks, Thomas! I knew you cared but... I n-need to tell you that I-

TOM

(Glancing offstage)

Have you noticed that sign isn't working.

CAYUCOS

No signs are working! Nothing. Not now.

TOM

At Carousel Kid's Center across the street, the C isn't there anymore and now it just says—

(A siren alarm goes off in the distance. Tom perks up from his desk)

TOM

The meeting is starting now

(Tom grabs his briefcase and a poster that was next to him.)

CAYUCOS

That was not for the meeting. It means we need to evacuate.

TOM

Such a kidder. Always trying to skip out of work early.

CAYUCOS

No, that's not it at all.

TOM

Come on, you'll should be there too.

CAYUCOS

This makes no sense.

(Tom and Cayucos walk to a part of the stage with a few chairs arranged in an office configuration as if around a conference table. Tom walks away from Cayucos and addresses the crowd.)

TOM

Good morning everyone.

(Cayucos snaps his head around and looks for other people.)

To begin, I'd like to directly address an internal concern. A new office language called Tydepe was under consideration for use in our office. It was believed to expedite workflow but after an exhaustive study and Memorandum by a Mr. Havel, it was discovered to be ultimately as unnecessary and utterly non-sensical as this sentence.

CAYUCOS

(Whispering heavily)

We need to leave ASAP!

(Tom and Cayucos both overlap so quickly yet carefully that each seems to be speaking independently of the each other.)

TOM

Our clients in North Korea have enjoyed working with us.

CAYUCOS

Those bastards are tryin' ta kill us!

TOM

We've become friends, really.

CAYUCOS

Who knows what they'll do?

TOM

Our partners are committed to...

CAYUCOS

...probing our bodies...

TOM

investigating all options for...

CAYUCOS

...enslaving the human race!

TOM

...renewable energy.

CAYUCOS

They'll probably eat us!

TOM

A great fuel source!

CAYUCOS

This is insane! How many times must I stress the impo—

TOM

Give me one moment people while I sort through my presentation.

(Tom opens his suitcase and again takes a deep sniff.
Cayucos smiles as Cambria enters.)

CAMBRIA

Why are you in here? With all the lights off, this is pretty depressing.

TOM

Our project manager, Cambria Brooks has joined us, she'll walk you through her presentation to our clients.

(He waves Cambria toward the front of the conference room)

CAMBRIA

Who are you presenting too?

CAYUCOS

(Nudging her)

Just go with it if it'll get him out of here quicker.

TOM

Cambria?

CAMBRIA

(She walks up. Tom sits. Awkwardly she begins)

Thanks Tom. An introduction and welcome along with a comic jab at our client's profession.

CAYUCOS

Huh?

(Tom smiles ear to ear)

CAMBRIA

A few boring statistics followed by an awkward attempt at a joke to maintain interest.

CAYUCOS

You're losing me.

CAMBRIA

Overall, I have said many things you should accept as true and accurate despite the fact that I am trying to win you over to the dark side and ultimately you should be our client and give us lots of money.

CAYUCOS

Do you smell that?

(Tom stands in awe and starts a slow clap)

TOM

It's the smell of success!

CAYUCOS

(Getting sick)

No, it smells like one of those things took a crap outside our office!

TOM

The North Koreans'll eat that shit right up!

CAMBRIA

(Definitely talking to just Cayucos)

We should get out of here.

TOM

Guys, we need to celebrate!

CAYUCOS

We need to go somewhere we can hide.

CAMBRIA

That's what I was thinking, somewhere private. End of days and all...

(She grabs Cayucos ass)

TOM

(Orgasmically)

Oh Yes! That really gets my blood pumpin!

CAYUCOS

(To Cambria)

Are you bat-shit crazy?

TOM

I'm crazy in love with my sales team! (He puts his arms around both their shoulders)

CAMBRIA

Cayucos, we seriously need to talk.

TOM

I'm gonna go out on a limb and say, I think this is Mimosa-worthy.

CAYUCOS

We need to get Tom somewhere safe right now.

TOM

I'm meeting my mother for lunch. You guys are joining me right?

CAYUCOS

Hell yeah pal! Yes!!

(Turns to Cambria)

He's getting worse. If this gets him out of here, we can get on our way.

CAMBRIA

He's a lost cause babycakes, let's lose him.

CAYUCOS

You can't.

(Pauses and looks longingly into Tom's eyes)

I can't.

(Beat)

TOM

We all cant for ice cream!

(Tom jabs Cayucos jokingly)

CAYUCOS

The diner's prob'ly empty. It's a good place to set up camp while we figure things out.

CAMBRIA

Fine, let's go.

TOM

(Singing)

It's din-er time! Yeah!

CAMBRIA

Meta's was so damn good.

TOM

Is good. It *is* good Cam.

(They all enter the abandoned diner. Cambria leans over to Cayucos as Tom sits and looks at a dusty menu)

CAMBRIA

(Turns to Cayucos)

Wasn't Tom out of work recently for a funeral?

CAYUCOS

Yeah.

CAMBRIA

Whose was it?

CAYUCOS

His mothers.

(Tom pops open his briefcase and sniff deeply once more.
Avila suddenly walks out into the diner.)

AVILA

Tommy boy, it is so wonderful to see you.

(She hugs Tom.)

TOM

Hi mom.

AVILA

Are these the friends you've been telling me about?

TOM

Of course they are.

AVILA

Sit down, please. Relax.

CAYUCOS

This place is a disaster.

AVILA

Only to us.

CAYUCOS

(Confused and curious.)

What? What do you mean?

AVILA

He's not all there you know.

CAMBRIA

Cayucos, come here for a second.

(Cambria forcefully pulls Cayucos aside as Avila consoles
Tom)

AVILA

(To Tom)

Ya know, you really oughta take a break from this sometime soon.

CAYUCOS

(To Cambria)

I think his mom was going to tell us what the hell is going on right now.

CAMBRIA

I just have this feeling I need to get out.

CAYUCOS

I think I feel different too!

CAMBRIA

I love you!

CAYUCOS

Oh. That's sweet, but I'm –

(The lights flash off and strange noise can be heard. Someone squeals like a little girl being attacked. Thuds and thumps can be heard. The lights flash back on. Avila is gone. Tom is back at his desk and Cam and Cayucos are back there right next to him too. Tom is casually still reading his menu as though nothing has changed.)

CAYUCOS

What happened to Avila?

CAMBRIA

Did you hear what I said?

CAYUCOS

Yes, but I—

CAMBRIA

It's really okay if you're... you know...

(Cambria makes a few obscene gestures with her hands until Cayucos gets what she is suggesting.)

CAYUCOS

I'm not gay! I'm a figment of his imagination! We both are!

CAMBRIA

Oh.

(Pauses and then the realization floods over her.)

OH! Crap!

CAYUCOS

I started sensing it earlier but I wasn't sure.

CAMBRIA

I'm suddenly understanding now too.

CAYUCOS

That's good. It's great! That means maybe he's getting it. And maybe he'll snap out of this trance soon—

(Lights cut out again and you here all sorts of strange noises. When the lights come back up Cambria and Cayucos are both gone and Tom is back at his desk and the mannequin is somehow back in its opening position.)

TOM

I really need a vacation. Cambria, you think you can send me a vacation request form right away? Thanks.

(The lights on stage fade ever so slightly and the house lights come up a little as two 'people' in suits come out from the audience or nearby the audience.)

ONE

Their brains work in very interesting ways.

TWO

This nostalgia drug seems to work nicely.

ONE

It would disable our enemies quite well.

TWO

It's even a bit addictive, it seems.

ONE

Good thing we always test on humans first.

TWO

Indeed.

(Over the top maniacal laughter from both at the end until
blackout)