

Broken Water

By Montgomery Sutton

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Characters

Olivia

Mid-to-late 20s - Put together but not financially secure. She works hard for everything she has and so expects the world of everyone around her.

Allison

Mid-to-late 20s - Runs her own game. Fierce in everything she does, and doesn't really give a fuck what anybody else thinks.

Playwright's Note

This play should fly. Silences can be long -- very long -- but otherwise, if you have time to think in between or during lines, you're going too slowly. The punctuation's there to help: for example, periods in the middle of thoughts act as a hiccup or a reset. When there's a long run-on without any internal punctuation, please spew without filter or hesitation all the way through to the period.

Also, avoid sentimentality at all times. These girls tease, punish, plead with each other - every tactic in the book is open to them - but they never indulge or sentimentalize.

ALLISON and OLIVIA crouch on the floor around an enormous wet spot in the carpet of a Sun Belt rental house. ALLISON pats it with a towel, OLIVIA uses a blow-drier.

OLIVIA

I told you we shouldn't rent to anybody with kids.

ALLISON

What? You think the little toddler went woody woodpecker on the pipes?

OLIVIA

No, but. It's just the wear and tear, okay?

Silence.

ALLISON

I don't think that's doing anything.

OLIVIA

It is. It's drying.

ALLISON

"Blow" / drying?

OLIVIA

Oh my god shut up.

ALLISON

You sure you stopped the leak?

OLIVIA

Yes.

ALLISON

What?

OLIVIA

Nothing.

ALLISON

It's just a random accident.

Right. OLIVIA

Not everything means something. ALLISON

Whatever. OLIVIA

A long silence as they continue to dry the carpet.

How's the new baby brother? OLIVIA

Coming home this week. ALLISON

Oh. That's great. OLIVIA

Yeah, my dad and the co-ed are really happy. ALLISON

What about you? OLIVIA

What? ALLISON

Aren't you happy too? OLIVIA

Sure. ALLISON

Ohhkay... OLIVIA

What? ALLISON

I said okay. OLIVIA

Yeah, but you didn't say "okay" okay, you said like, "ohhhkay...." ALLISON

OLIVIA

I didn't mean to.

ALLISON

I'm just saying you don't have to, like, act like anything. Or whatever. You can just say what you actually feel or think.

OLIVIA

Ohhkay...

ALLISON

See! Again!

OLIVIA

What?

Olivia sets down the blow drier and gets up.

OLIVIA

This is stupid. I'm leaving.

ALLISON

What? You can't / leave-

OLIVIA

Watch me.

Allison stands to block Olivia's way.

ALLISON

You're still responsible for half this place. We signed papers. Fucking legal papers.

OLIVIA

I'll pay somebody to come over to do my half. Like we should have done / to begin with.

ALLISON

I don't want some random Mexican you pick up from the Home Depot parking lot coming in here, tearing up my-
Olivia, seriously, who knows what kind of techniques they'll use, or what / they'll tear up-

OLIVIA

What kind of techniques are you using, Allison? The dumb broad guide to fucking shit up?

Beat. Allison steps aside.

OLIVIA

Sorry.

ALLISON

No, you're... obviously right.

OLIVIA

No -- well I mean yeah, I'm right about hiring somebody instead of trying to figure it out with CarpetMeisterMD on Youtube -- / but-

ALLISON

It's HomeCarpet / Master-

OLIVIA

Whatever. But I'm not right calling you a dumb broad. It's just. Too much happening at once.

ALLISON

Okay.
What do you mean / too much?

OLIVIA

I got it. I'll call Reg.

ALLISON

Reg?

OLIVIA

Yeah, remember, he used to work over at those apartments off Lovers. And considering all the frat guys they've got mixing adderall and beer pong, I'll bet he knows his share of carpet cleaners.

ALLISON

Reg.

OLIVIA

Is that weird?

ALLISON

Of course not. Why would it be weird for you to call Reg?

OLIVIA

Oh my god. Shut up.

Olivia leaves the room. Allison pushes on the towel, then picks it up. It's heavy and wet. She takes it out of the room another way, presumably into a bathroom. Brings another towel, puts it on the floor.

She goes to her purse and pulls out a large Ziplock bag marked "Italian Seasoning" with a tiny bag of weed inside, along with a Disney Princess lighter and a one hitter. She walks over to the towel, kneels down on it, starts walking on it on her knees. She checks the one hitter and loads it, carefully setting the ziplock down outside of the wet area of the carpet. She listens for Olivia, decides it's safe, then lights up and takes a long hit.

She stands, takes another hit, then sets the one hitter down carefully on the ziplock bag. She puts her hands on her hips and starts hopping from one foot to the other in a circle around the towel, first absent-mindedly but eventually really starting to get into it. She then starts bobbing her arms and dancing with an invisible Italian woman. As the woman pushes her off and she sticks her tongue out at the fake woman, Olivia (who entered, unseen by Allison, about midway through the dance) speaks.

OLIVIA

Wow.

Allison, surprised, jumps, lets out a squeel or screech, and collapses onto the ground, right into the wettest part of the puddle. Her legs kick up as she falls, which makes Olivia jump back, spilling some wine on the floor.

OLIVIA

Jesus!