

Spaceship

By

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Late evening. SPACESHIP opens to a 1950s styled restaurant booth sitting in the center of the stage. PAUL, early 30s, sits alone on the right side of the booth drinking from a mug. GREGORY, late 20s, enters. Gregory begins hurriedly walking towards the booth. Paul gets up from the booth.

PAUL:

Hi.

GREGORY:

Hi.

Beat.

PAUL:

Sit down?

Paul motions to the booth across from him. Gregory sits down.

PAUL: (cont'd)

Thanks for coming.

GREGORY:

Sure.

Beat.

GREGORY: (cont'd)

I don't have much time.

PAUL:

Okay.

The SERVER, female, 20s, enters and approaches the table.

SERVER:

(to Paul)

Is there anything else I can get you tonight, sir?

PAUL:

Just some more coffee.

(to Gregory)

You?

GREGORY:

I'm fine.

PAUL:
(to Server)
That's it. Thanks.

The Server exits.

GREGORY:
It's late.

PAUL:
Well, I haven't been sleeping much lately.

Gregory grabs Paul's hand. He smiles.

Beat.

Gregory suddenly pulls it away.

GREGORY:
I'm sorry. Was that weird? It was weird, huh?

Beat.
It's lonely.

PAUL:
Yeah?

GREGORY:
Yeah.

Beat.

PAUL:
Well, I've been having a hard time too, alright? Thinking about something that isn't the accident.

GREGORY:
"The accident?" C'mon, Paul. We both know that's bullshit.

PAUL:
Well, it was.

Gregory begins to take off the jacket he has been wearing.

GREGORY:
Look--

PAUL:
Stop.

Why?

GREGORY:

I don't want to see it.

PAUL:

And why's that?

GREGORY:

I'm not ready.

PAUL:

Beat.

Gregory shuffles his jacket back on.

GREGORY:

Alright. If you don't want to talk about it let's talk about something else then. How is mom?

Paul picks up his mug and takes a sip of his coffee.

PAUL:

She stays home a lot more now. She's started cleaning out the house. I am pretty sure she's thinking about selling it, actually.

Beat.

Yesterday I called to ask if she wanted to get some frozen yogurt. At that place over by Greenwald Street?

GREGORY:

Man, I've been gone for so long I had almost forgotten how much she loved that place.

PAUL:

I did too, but then I remembered her sporadic "Wacky Whatever Wednesdays." Do you remember those when we were kids?

GREGORY:

"Wacky Whatever Wednesdays?" Are you kidding me? Of course I do!

They both laugh.

PAUL:

She could be a weird mom.

We were weird kids.

GREGORY:

Yeah.

PAUL:

Beat.

Thanks.

GREGORY:

For what?

PAUL:

GREGORY:
Taking her there? Reminding her about the better, happier parts?

PAUL:
Well, we went, but she was pretty silent for the entire trip. But I guess that's nothing new. I mean, she still cries a lot, Greg.

Beat.

PAUL: (cont'd)
And dad moved out of town.

GREGORY:
I didn't ask about dad.

PAUL:

Right.

GREGORY:
And what about you?

PAUL:
What do you mean?

GREGORY:
How have you been?

Beat.

PAUL:

No.

GREGORY:
What?

PAUL:
I told you I'm not ready.

GREGORY:
Why not?

Beat.

The Server enters with a tray of food. She crosses the stage, passing the booth, and then exits.

PAUL:
(whispering)
Because then this conversation we're having turns into some strange psychotic conversation I'm having with just myself and I can't think I'm going crazy again. Okay, Greg? My doctor would be--

GREGORY:
Really? Crazy? Paul--

PAUL:
(yelling)
Ever since you left, I'm just reminded of you and me. That's all. On a fucking T.V. commercial for fried chicken. My commute home on the subway when I see two boys with bad buzz cuts. You're everywhere. It's driving me insane! You are driving me insane. Okay?

GREGORY:
Alright!

Paul breathes heavily. He eventually catches his breath. Gregory turns around in the booth so that he is now longer facing Paul. Gregory begins to fidget with his jacket and looks out over the audience.

Beat.

GREGORY: (cont'd)
Wait? So you see me? With you?

PAUL:
Yes. Well, sort of. I'm just constantly reminded of when we were kids.

GREGORY:
Kids?

Gregory turns around in the booth and faces Paul again.

PAUL:

I know.

GREGORY:

I don't think it's crazy. I constantly think about when we were kids too.

PAUL:

Really?

GREGORY:

Yeah, remember when we would play spaceship?

PAUL:

Of course.

GREGORY:

You and mom would cram me into that plastic laundry basket, run around the living room while that awful oldies station would be blasting Bowie from the radio?

Gregory and Paul laugh.

Beat.

PAUL:

Yeah. I miss spaceship.

GREGORY:

I felt like we could take on anything when we used to pretend like that with Mom.

Beat.

PAUL:

So where do you think you'll go after this?

GREGORY:

Who knows.

Gregory pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

GREGORY: (cont'd)

Want one?

Paul shakes his head. Gregory lights a cigarette.

Beat.

PAUL:
You probably shouldn't smoke in here.

GREGORY:
Christ, stop it.

PAUL:
What?

GREGORY:
You sound like Dad but you're not Dad. Okay? You know, you always sided with him whenever he and I fought. Over the smoking? Everything.

The server enters and approaches the table with a pot of coffee.

SERVER:
(to Paul)
Want any more coffee, sir?

PAUL:
No, no. Thank you.

The server walks away and exits.

GREGORY:
See? I can smoke in here.

Paul grabs his coffee and takes a sip.

Beat.

GREGORY: (cont'd)
I am.

PAUL:
What?

GREGORY:
I'm scared.

Beat.

GREGORY: (cont'd)
When you asked earlier where I'm going? What's next? I'm scared, Paul.

PAUL:
Listen to me, Greg--

GREGORY:

I know he was somehow right. Dad. He always was. And now who knows what the hell is next for me now that I'm done resting.

Beat.

You always had it figured out, though. You had school, a job lined up for you straight out of college. God, you probably have a girl you're eyeing to settle down with right now. But this-- This part of me, Paul.

(Gregory points to himself)

It won't go away. I mean as soon as I told them I was gay-- It was this mark. Get it? I would never be enough.

PAUL:

That's not true.

Gregory puts out his cigarette.

GREGORY:

Isn't it though? Don't tell me you had it hard. You always had the luxury of being honest about who you were. Mom and Dad never had to worry about you.

PAUL:

(shouting)

They did!

GREGORY:

When then? Tell me. Because then they would be here.

Beat.

PAUL:

Almost every day after the accident. When you left all they could do is worry, Greg. They feel responsible. Shit, I even feel responsible! It won't be the same anymore. You know why? Because when they look at me, they are reminded of you. Of that morning? Why did you call me?

GREGORY:

What?

PAUL:

Before you killed yourself-

Beat.

You tried calling me.

GREGORY:

Because I wanted to tell you I was sorry. Okay? I cared about you, Paul. I didn't you to feel alone or responsible for what happened. I'm sorry.

The Server enters.

SERVER:

Your bill, sir.

PAUL:

(still looking at Gregory)

Thank you.

The Server exits.

Beat.

Gregory gets up from booth.

GREGORY:

I should get going.

PAUL:

No! You can't. You just got here.

GREGORY:

I'm sorry, Paul. Neither of us get to decide when I stay or leave anymore. That's not how this works. I'll miss you.

Gregory grabs Paul's hand.

PAUL:

I'll miss you.

Beat.

Gregory pulls his hand away. He gets up and begins walking away.

PAUL:

(shouting)

I really hope it's like spaceship.

Gregory turns around.

GREGORY:

What?

PAUL:

Where you're going. I hope it makes you feel the way spaceship made you feel.

GREGORY:

Me too.

Gregory waves.

PAUL:

Till we see each other again, commander.

Gregory turns around and exits.
Blackout.

END OF PLAY.