

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

The Get-Together

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

LORA: 20s. Any ethnicity. Female.

CASSIDY: 20s. Any ethnicity. Female.

SETTING:

Cassidy's bedroom.

TIME:

A summer night.

CONTENT WARNING:

Violence.

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The Get-Together, Daniel Prillaman, 1.

LORA sits, spaced and intoxicated, bottle in her hand, on the bed in CASSIDY'S bedroom. She is dressed in 1920s suit and tie or dress.

Coming from downstairs, muffled jazz music and the noisy ambiance of an unseen and sophisticated party.

The bedroom itself, however, is fairly standard to that of a contemporary house rented by two women in their 20s.

The master bathroom is SL, the doorway visible, but its contents not.

A plethora of bloody and dirty digging equipment rests on the floor.

LORA stares straight ahead, her movements slight or not at all as her thoughts flow out of her.

LORA (V.O.)

They're still here.

I don't know what time it is anymore.

Are we in my bedroom?

No.

No, it's Cassidy's.

I think it's Cassidy's.

Where is Cassidy?

Where am I?

I feel sick.

I'm going to wake up tomorrow and remember nothing.

I'm not going to wake up tomorrow.

(MORE)

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LORA (V.O.) (cont'd)

What's happening?

Why are they still here?

I want to go home.

I am home.

I want to go to my room.

I can get there.

I just gotta move.

Move.

Move.

Dammit, Lora, move.

Move!

Fuck you.

You piece of shit.

Move.

I'm gonna rip your fucking eyes out you cuntin'g sack of
shit.

Move.

Move.

O my God, why are they still here?

*LORA suddenly gags, needing to
vomit.*

*Her hand immediately goes to
her mouth as she leans over
the bed.*

LORA (V.O.)

Okay, not exactly the movement we wanted.

Go ahead. Let it out.

Cough it up.

Do it, you sissy bitch.

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LORA slowly pulls/vomits a grimy tentacle from her mouth.

It is an ordeal.

Coughing, drooling, she then stares at it in her hand.

LORA
(Finally speaking
aloud)

I'm going to name you Philip.

She lets "Philip" fall to the floor and lies back on the bed, nursing the bottle.

LORA

Fuck you, Philip.

I feel better now.

Maybe.

The sound of feet outside the door.

CASSIDY, dressed similarly to LORA, bursts through the door to the bedroom, coming from the unseen party.

She hurriedly locks the door behind her.

CASSIDY

Lora.

LORA

Unnnnnnnnnh.

CASSIDY goes to her, but stops at the sight of Philip.

CASSIDY

O God, not another one.

LORA

His name is Philip.

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CASSIDY
(Crossing and hugging
LORA)

O Lora.

LORA

Cassidy?

CASSIDY

Yeah, it's me.

LORA

I want to go home.

CASSIDY

We are home.

LORA

I want to go to my room.

CASSIDY

We can't right now, sweetie. I'm so sorry.

LORA

What time is it?

CASSIDY

I don't know.

LORA

Cassidy. Why are they still here?

CASSIDY

It's gonna be okay. Okay? I'm going to protect you. Okay?

Okay?

LORA

Okay.

CASSIDY

We're getting close. I can feel it.

LORA

Okay.

CASSIDY

But I gotta keep digging, okay?

LORA

Okay.

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CASSIDY

Okay?

LORA

Okay.

(Struggling to stand)

Here, I'll help you.

CASSIDY

No, no, it's okay. Stay. Rest.

Shhhhh.

You rest.

LORA

Thanks, Cassidy.

*LORA stays on the bed,
drifting in and out of
consciousness.*

*CASSIDY touches LORA'S head,
then stands and grabs a
pickaxe from the floor.*

*She stops once more at the
sight of Philip.*

*She picks up Philip in her
other hand and exits into the
bathroom.*

*We hear her activities, but do
not see her.*

*The toilet flushes off,
presumably Philip.*

The sound of digging.

*The pickaxe against dirt.
Tile.*

CASSIDY'S exertion.

*Slowly we begin to hear other
sounds.*

*The pickaxe against other
surfaces.*

Flesh.

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Gelatinous slimes.

*Things audibly reacting to the
strike of a pickaxe.*

*After this strange cacophony
has built, it continues
underneath LORA.*

*Perhaps it turns into sounds
of the ocean.*

LORA (V.O.)

If you pretend it's the ocean, it's easier to listen to.

It doesn't have to be the ocean, it can be whatever you
like.

Popcorn.

The crowd cheering at a football game.

Milk.

That's--that's stupid. You can't hear milk.

Cows, maybe.

Moo.

Heh heh.

Moo.

I haven't seen a cow in a really long time.

Is that weird?

I don't know.

I've lost my train of thought.

Where am I?

They're still here.

I can hear them.

Feel them.

I don't feel good.

I feel sick.

(MORE)

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LORA (V.O.) (cont'd)

There's something wrong with me.

I miss Philip.

Where the fuck is Philip?

Where the fuck is Cassidy?

That fucking bitch, she just left me here.

I hope she comes back.

Beat her face in for leaving me.

She killed Philip.

Just like all the others.

She's a murderer.

O my God, she's a murderer.

Listen to that.

Listen to that!

That's not the ocean!

O God she's going to kill me!

Help!

Help!

Somebody help me!

A pained, inhuman screaming.

It is cut off by a loud and violent banging at the door.

The rattle of someone attempting to turn the doorknob.

Whoever it is, they are trying very hard to get in.

LORA doesn't react.

Physically.

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LORA (V.O.)

Yes!

Help!

Help me!

Please!

You weakling flesh just kick the fucker open!

CASSIDY enters from the bathroom, spattered in blood and slime.

CASSIDY

O my God!

LORA (V.O.)

O my God!

CASSIDY

GO AWAY!

LORA (V.O.)

GO AWAY!

But the banging just gets louder.

CASSIDY runs to it and grabs the knob, trying to prevent the unseen party from ripping the door off its hinges.

CASSIDY

Just leave us alone!

We didn't do anything to you!

The bangs don't stop.

CASSIDY slumps to the ground in tears, her back against the door.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry, Lora.

I'm so sorry.

I never thought this would happen.

(MORE)

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CASSIDY (cont'd)

I can't believe they're still here.

I guess--I guess this is it. Isn't it?

I never thought I would fucking die to jazz music.

Do you remember that time we went to the beach? The Outer Banks after sophomore year? We got drunk off tequila and threw limes into the ocean. And just--we just walked along the shore in the middle of the night. The moon shone down over everything and the water rolled over our bare feet. And it was so cold but we were too hopped up to care. We just walked. It felt like miles. Maybe it was. That was a nice night. I miss that.

We fell back into the house and smoked and zonked out watching *Stargate* or something.

That was a nice night.

Banging.

Banging.

Banging.

CASSIDY

Lora.

Lora, can you hear me?

Lora!

LORA

Unh.

CASSIDY

I have to go back downstairs.

But I'm almost through. I'm almost through, okay? You can make it. You can make it, I'll...

I'll be right behind you. I'll find a way. But you go on ahead, okay?

Okay?

Lora, okay?

LORA

Okay.

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CASSIDY

Okay. Okay. Okay.

I love you, Lora.

LORA

I love you, too.

CASSIDY

(To whoever's outside
the door)

I'm coming.

Banging.

CASSIDY

I'M COMING!

The bangs stop.

*CASSIDY slowly stands and
composes herself.*

*She unlocks the door and opens
it, filling the room with the
jazz.*

No one is on the other side.

*CASSIDY descends into the
party, shutting the door.*

LORA is alone.

Nothing moves for a time.

LORA falls off the bed.

*She slowly and painfully
crawls her way to the
bathroom.*

*Finally, she makes her way
off.*

Beat.

*The sound of LORA throwing up
off.*

Beat.

The toilet flushes.

Silence.

LORA exits the bathroom, completely composed, sentient, and aware of her surroundings.

She scans the room, then fiddles with the bathroom door, locking it from the outside, so it won't open when closed.

She closes it.

She stretches her jaw for a moment, then opens the bedroom door and exits down into the party.

She leaves the door open, and the party ambiance fills the space.

And then, after a moment, it stops.

Complete silence.

Applause from below.

Cheers.

The sound of someone running up the stairs.

CASSIDY bursts into the bedroom once more, making a beeline for the bathroom.

But it's locked.

She ferociously tries to open it.

Pounding.

Kicking.

Behind her, LORA enters.

She watches CASSIDY'S failed efforts from the doorframe.

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*CASSIDY turns, sees LORA, and
cowers.*

CASSIDY

No.

No.

*LORA crosses to CASSIDY and
puts a hand to her throat,
backing her into the bathroom
door.*

She just looks at her.

Strokes her hair.

Her face.

She just looks at her.

LORA

You're missing the party, Cassidy.

*CASSIDY screams as LORA drags
her back downstairs to the
party.*

*The sound of her terror fades
into the return of the music,
the ambiance of the unseen
party.*

*It continues, filling the
space, taking over.*

Entirely.

Lights fade.

END.