

# ***DEAD WEIGHT***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

TIA: 30

CRIS: 35

Place

Club – employee breakroom

Time

Morning Hours

Setting: Nightclub Breakroom

At Rise: Tia and Cris share a cigarette and talk near an open door leading outside.

**TIA:** Heard you were running back home.

**CRIS:** Running?

**TIA:** Didn't plan on telling me?

**CRIS:** I was gonna tell ya.

**TIA:** When you leaving?

**CRIS:** Two days.

*Tia makes a face.*

What's your problem?

**TIA:** You think you're gonna find happiness back home?

**CRIS:** Can't be worse than living out here.

**TIA:** What did you expect?

**CRIS:** A paycheck.

**TIA:** That all?

**CRIS:** Yep.

**TIA:** You took the easy road before and now you're about to split again to go back.

**CRIS:** ...I'm sick of being here...time to break free from my addictions, I want a change.

**TIA:** Change? You won't find change wherever you go, Cris. You need to learn how to make the change inside yourself. I know you, what, ten years now? Ten long years and it's always been the same with you, you haven't changed one bit, you've been exactly the same since I first met you.

You can be whoever the hell you wanna be but when you start making excuses and start blaming other people, your environment, talking about your addictions...I can't take hearing that cause you're lying to yourself when you say it.

You know, you are the only guy I ever met in this town that had any spark. I liked you cause I felt you were different but you've always circled around your problems like a carousel and that somehow made you worse than everybody else.

**TIA:** (cont'd) I hoped you somehow would have smacked yourself out of it...I've always liked you, cared about you if you really want to know the truth and...I don't even know why I'm bothering to tell you any of this cause you're leaving anyway, so it's not like it's going to matter but if you ever think about me, just remember one thing, remember that I gave a damn to tell you that whatever demons haunt you, they will remain haunting you until you are strong enough to stand up against them and change.

It's not gonna happen by fleeing back home. That dead wait will follow you forever, until you cut the chain.

**CRIS:** Cut what chain?

**TIA:** Don't play dumb with me, Cris. How many stories do we have together?

**CRIS:** I am who I am and I don't need to answer to you.

**TIA:** I'm only trying to be honest with you cause nobody else is going to be.

**CRIS:** How do you know? You with me twenty-four seven?

**TIA:** Deny, deny, deny.

**CRIS:** You're really starting to piss me off, Tia.

**TIA:** You're only angry at yourself.

**CRIS:** It's not good enough for you that I won't be gambling and popping pills and throwing my life away? I have a chance to get out...my brother is gonna help me, he owns a big construction business and I'm gonna work for him.

**TIA:** (laughs) You, in construction? A cinder block weighs more than you.

**CRIS:** I ain't a weak man.

**TIA:** You will last a week on that job before you quit or God forbid you get hurt.

**CRIS:** You don't want me to succeed?

**TIA:** What are you going to do when working for your brother bombs?

**CRIS:** It's not gonna bomb.

**TIA:** What will you do?

**CRIS:** Stop coming at me, Tia.

**TIA:** You've been working on your graphic novel for five years! For half the time I know you and you are only halfway through the book.

**CRIS:** My illustrator comes and goes, he's unreliable.

**TIA:** How many times have I told you to get a new illustrator?

**CRIS:** It's not a good look to change illustrators, he's done half the book, the book will look different, it won't be consistent.

**TIA:** More bullshit stories. I don't know much about graphic novels but I do know that taking five years is wrong. You could have had five books completed by now...you wouldn't still be here with all of us cause you actually have talent. Your stories are dope, your imagination is amazing and you're throwing it all away, for what? For what?

**CRIS:** I have a chance to remove myself from this shit town, get clean, make an honest living and finish my first book. That's my goal.

**TIA:** Go to rehab. (beat) You need to get yourself clean for real. You need to enter a program and you need to start a new life from within yourself first.

**CRIS:** Why are you telling me this?

**TIA:** I don't think I'll have another chance, so---

**CRIS:** You couldn't tell me ten years ago?

**TIA:** I'm not your mother.

**CRIS:** I'm not leaving cause I'm running from something.

**TIA:** You're just buying yourself time.

**CRIS:** Time?

**TIA:** Time before things collapse and crash like they are for you now. You think I haven't heard about you borrowing money from Jerry *again*, so you can pay the shitty motel you live in week to week?

**CRIS:** That's not why I'm leaving.

**TIA:** It is! He didn't give you the money and you've been kicked out. I know because you've been sleeping at the club these last few days.

**CRIS:** My time has run out.

**TIA:** You fucking hate your brother...why would you go to him for help?

**CRIS:** Because I have no one else in my life!

**TIA:** You could have come to me, Cris.

**CRIS:** You?

**TIA:** Yeah.

**CRIS:** And do what?

**TIA:** I would have taken you in, lent you money, whatever...

**CRIS:** Why am I so special?

**TIA:** Because you are!

**CRIS:** ...Not for me. (beat) How do you have money?

**TIA:** I don't piss through the thousands we make like you do...I'm saving to buy a house.

**CRIS:** Really?

**TIA:** Yep.

**CRIS:** At least one of us has something to show for this slave life.

**TIA:** Stop feeling sorry for yourself.

**CRIS:** I'm leaving in two days, so it doesn't matter.

**TIA:** Do what you feel is best for your own life. (beat) I guess that's goodbye then.

*Tia walks out.*

**END OF PLAY**