

# *No Is Better Than Silence*

*by*

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Cast of Characters

<u>MICKEY:</u>	28
<u>KYRA:</u>	25
<u>ARCHIE:</u>	65

Place  
Diner

Time  
2 AM

Setting: A quiet diner during the early morning hours.

At Rise: Kyra is writing in her notebook when Mickey comes walking into the diner and sits down across from her at a booth next to the window.

**MICKEY:** Get some good writing done? ...Been worried about you...it's been days, thought somebody kidnapped you, God forbid...like that time that asshole in that van tried but I got there in time, right? ...you look together. That's good, that's good cause I've been nothing but a bag of nerves. You know, ignoring me can make me go to the looney-bin, right? I'm calmer now, seeing you, but you should have seen me. I went to the police. Yeah. Speaking to them was useless. No help. Cause your disappearance wasn't long enough or some shit. It has to pass a time threshold in order to be taken seriously. I don't get that. Someone disappears and it's not normal for them to disappear and you know something is wrong and you need help but the cops don't get involved. Doesn't it make sense for them to get a leg up on the situation in order to catch the bastard that did the kidnapping? Isn't time the actual essence? Right? ...The faster you move, the better odds in your favor. So...you're alive and thank God for that...can you talk to me, please, even for a second?

(pause.)

But I knew, I mean, I knew you were alright. It's my crazy mind, it starts playing horror films. You can't imagine the shit I see...I should be in an asylum. I think I worry cause I think that somehow if I worry enough, the things I worry about won't happen, in a way. Which makes me even more crazy, I think. ...Nothing? No response?

(beat)

I think I actually called the cops this time cause I don't have anybody else I could call...imagine? Made me realize what a lonely fuck I am. All the friends I used to have, all gone, not gone in the sense of I can't call them or whatever, I just don't want to call them cause their assholes but it's made me alone, which I don't mind but when I'm in a crises I realize now how much it sucks not to be able to call someone, so, I called the cops to try to at least talk to somebody, anybody.

And then I found you. Not like I didn't know where you were, well, I didn't but I kept trying the usual spots and finally, here you are in your writer's corner...your little den with one eyes Archie over there...how is that guy anyway? He's got one eye and he's giving me dirty looks with it. The balls. Whatever, anyway. Friggin' Archie. What a guy! Working here thirty years looks the same as he did today as he did then. Ever look at those framed photos on the wall on the way to the toilets? There's Archie, same one eyed stare. He's like a capsule, doesn't age the guy. Looks like he's eighty-three for the last hundred years. Poor bastard. Ever see people like that? They just look like they were born old. They have that same miserable face from the age of two. Weird shit. Really. Wigs me out.

You, ah, is there anything you'd like to say to me or should I continue my stand up comedy routine?

**KYRA:** No.

**MICKEY:** No, I'll take no, no is better than silence. It's actually a good word, in this case, it's a good word.

**KYRA:** Get away from me before I call the cops.

**MICKEY:** Cops?

**ARCHIE:** Is everything alright, Kendra?

**MICKEY:** She's fine, Archie and her name is Kyra, not Kendra, been telling you for five years already.

**ARCHIE:** I wasn't asking you.

**MICKEY:** Go take your one eye back behind the kitchen fryer.

**KYRA:** (to Mickey) Shut up! (to Archie) I'M FINE ARCHIE, thanks.

**ARCHIE:** Okay, okay.

**MICKEY:** You talk to THAT GUY about us?

**KYRA:** I didn't talk to him, maybe he has good instinct.

**MICKEY:** That guy has two brain cells to rub together and neither one of them work.

**KYRA:** You are such a rotten soul.

**MICKEY:** I mean, I rather you talk to the hot dog guy on the corner than Archie.

**KYRA:** I said I didn't speak to Archie! He must have seen me crying.

**MICKEY:** Yeah, hawk eye, he sees everything.

**KYRA:** Enough with the one freaking eye, Mickey!

**MICKEY:** Alright, alright...I don't like people knowing my business.

**KYRA:** I had mascara all over my cheeks and didn't realize, so when I came in here he noticed it.

**MICKEY:** That eye putting in double shifts.

**KYRA:** Are you fucking serious right now? Are you really gonna keep going with it?

**MICKEY:** I'll stop.

*Kyra stares at him.*

I said I'll stop! Jesus...call the cops...can't believe you say shit like that...I should call the cops after you popped me in the lip. I'm still recovering. Cheekbone is all sore, too. (pulling out his lip) Look, look, inside my lip, it's all puffy.

**KYRA:** Does it hurt?

**MICKEY** (sarcastic): It tickles.

**KYRA:** Good.

**MICKEY:** Can't eat right, losing weight.

**KYRA:** It's been two days.

**MICKEY:** You can lose weight in two days.

**KYRA:** Evaporate, already.

**MICKEY:** Believe me, I wish I could. Can't take the abuse.

**KYRA:** Nobody's abusing you, asshole. You abuse yourself. All this is your doing.

**MICKEY:** My doing?

**KYRA:** Two days and you still won't own it.

**MICKEY:** Own what? What do I have to own now?

**KYRA:** Be a man! Grow up!

**MICKEY:** I've been taking care of us for the past year so you can write your novel. What are you talking about?

**KYRA:** I'm talking about a new *lease* on life.

**MICKEY:** *Lease?* What lease?

**KYRA:** ...I'm moving out.

**MICKEY:** What the fuck are you talking about?

**KYRA:** I got a new apartment.

**MICKEY:** What??

**KYRA:** Yesterday.

**MICKEY:** Yesterday? Where? With who?

**KYRA:** With myself...up the block.

*Kyra slams the key down on the table.*

**MICKEY:** You been planning this?

**KYRA:** No. It will seem like I've been planning it but it just happened. I mean, we've been killing each other, that's no surprise but the apartment opportunity sprung up. The afternoon I punched you, I was walking through the neighborhood and a woman was putting up a for rent sign on a window and I stopped and started talking to her about it. She showed me the place and I fell in love with it. It's got an entire wall made out of red brick, a walk around kitchen, plenty of storage, all new appliances, it's been renovated just this past month and the rent is cheaper, three hundred and fifty dollars cheaper. I told her I needed the place and we actually went up the block together and had a coffee, desert, stopped at my bank and handed her a deposit and t's done.

**MICKEY:** What do I do?

**KYRA:** Take a shit, I don't know.

**MICKEY:** I never heard of such a thing in my life.

**KYRA:** Yeah, I know I got really lucky.

**MICKEY:** No, me! US! How do you pick up and go and find another apartment and what about all your stuff at our place and what the hell is going on right now?

**KYRA:** I am moving out, Mickey. That's what's up.

**MICKEY:** Just like that?

**KYRA:** We've run out of runway.

**MICKEY:** I'll make more runway.

**KYRA:** It won't matter how much runway we have, we're never taking off.

**MICKEY:** What's wrong with the ground floor?

**KYRA:** It stinks, there's roaches, it's hot, it's old and I can't stand it anymore.

**MICKEY:** We'll go up a level.

**KYRA:** Mickey! We want different things. People don't stay together when they want different things.

**MICKEY:** We want the same things. I want you to be a successful writer and so do you, right? I just feel like you're using me for your novel and I hate that shit. It feels like your cheating on me with the fictional me. You spend more time with me in your book than me in real life. I'm always competing. How can I compete with someone in your imagination? I can't. You made him better looking than me and more intelligent than me, he has goals and a career and I can't match up to that...I want to kick his ass! That's what I'd like to do. I'd like to tear him out of those pages and beat his ass.

**KYRA:** I can't control the direction my mind takes my characters. They control me, I don't control them.

**MICKEY:** Where's the asylum, you sound crazy.

**KYRA:** This is the shit that makes us different. This is what I'm talking about. That's why fictional Mickey would understand.

**MICKEY:** (growls) Ahhhh man, I wish I could kick this guy's fucking ass. I wish!

**KYRA:** If I force my characters to say and do what I tell them to say and do then they don't act truthful.

**MICKEY:** There's that truthful word thing. I don't understand that word.

**KYRA:** It means honest.

**MICKEY:** I know the definition, alright? I don't get how it makes sense to what you're saying.

**KYRA:** I don't really give a shit to explain my writing process to you.

**MICKEY:** So, it's your fault.

**KYRA:** What is?

**MICKEY:** Cause you won't explain anything to me.

**KYRA:** It's private and it's personal.

**MICKEY:** Shut me out. That's why this relationship is nuts.

**KYRA:** There are things you won't tell me.

**MICKEY:** Like what?

**KYRA:** Running games, all the side hustles you get up to.

**MICKEY:** Why? So you could have more info for your novel?

**KYRA:** What I'm saying is that it's a good thing if certain individual areas are kept private.

**MICKEY:** Secrets.

**KYRA:** Individuality.

**MICKEY:** Doesn't that make our connection less connected?

**KYRA:** It's healthy that way.

**MICKEY:** The only reason why I don't tell you things about my hustles is because I don't want to involve you in knowing about them incase I get in trouble, I don't want to incriminate you.

**KYRA:** I don't want to know about all the things you do.

**MICKEY:** You want me to stop running games...

**KYRA:** Yeah.

**MICKEY:** How else am I supposed to make a living? I gotta do this shit for us to survive. I thought we had an agreement.

**KYRA:** Things have gotten out of control, Mickey.

**MICKEY:** Tell me, how?

**KYRA:** It's gotten too intense. Don't deny it. We can't keep lying to ourselves. We haven't been as happy as we used to be and I can't cope with your mood swings, drug taking and weirdos showing up on our couch.

**MICKEY:** That was my cousin.

**KYRA:** He's a wacko.

**MICKEY:** I asked him to leave.

**KYRA:** You did?

**MICKEY:** Yeah, he's gone, he's staying somewhere local.

**KYRA:** He's a pig.

**MICKEY:** I know, you don't have to---

**KYRA:** Walking around the house bare ass naked. I saw everything!

**MICKEY:** What do you want me to say? He's from the forest.

**KYRA:** He's a scoundrel.

**MICKEY:** He is.

**KYRA:** Can't even think of him.

**MICKEY:** My cousin grew up in the woods. He doesn't think about things like that but I told him and now he knows. You know he's slow, you know that, don't you? I had to call up family and tell my Aunt where he was cause she's been looking all over for him. Between him and you and I don't which is worse.

**KYRA:** Don't compare me to that moron from the woods.

**MICKEY:** He said he's sorry by the way.

**KYRA:** Oh, that changes everything.

**MICKEY:** So, is the apartment nice?

**KYRA:** Don't ask!

**MICKEY:** What about all your stuff?

**KYRA:** Burn it. Everything. Except my books. I want all my books and notebooks. That's all.

**MICKEY:** That's all?

**KYRA:** That's all.

**MICKEY:** That's all.

**KYRA:** YES, that's all Mickey. I need to write, so fuck off.

*Mickey puts his head down, defeated.*

...What?

**MICKEY:** You don't love me anymore?

**KYRA:** I can't be with you the way that it's been. Every relationship is different and we need to stay true to ours. We haven't been staying true to it.

**MICKEY:** And signing a new lease on an apartment makes total sense for us.

**KYRA:** It does.

**MICKEY:** How does that make sense?

**KYRA:** Loving someone doesn't mean you have to live with them, that's what I've realized.

**MICKEY:** How are you going to afford your own apartment, Kyra?

**KYRA:** I'm on my break.

**MICKEY:** What do you mean?

**KYRA:** I work here.

**MICKEY:** HERE?! ...with Archie?!

**KYRA:** Yeah, I got another five minutes till I'm back on. I'm working the night shift and I love it. It's quiet, I'll make enough to pay my bills and I have a ton of time to finish my book.

**MICKEY:** Why would you want to work here?

**KYRA:** Just told you.

**MICKEY:** I feel like I'm in some sick comedy nightmare.

**KYRA:** You see, for the longest time I've felt less. Not so much as a woman, I've always kept that intact but more so as a human being. I fell into the trap of relying on you, for everything. So much so that I couldn't go anywhere without asking for a handout. The last time I used to go around like that I was a child asking my mother for change so I could hit up the candy store and get candy. It affected my psyche and began chipping away at my psyche until finally bringing me back to a place where I couldn't cope with the imbalance between us. You started giving me demands, I started doing things I didn't want to do around the house out of guilt. You gave me more demands, started questioning me all the time, until finally I caught you reading my novel, without my permission and all you had to say was nothing but negative things about it. All you cared about was your own character in my book. Never taking into account that it's a fictional character stemming from my imagination. Yes, there are similar traits, yes you've inspired me to create this character but you went way too hard on me in such a selfish, inconsiderate way that something finally snapped inside of me, like a rope keeping a boat in place during a hurricane and I was that rope and I'm the one who SNAPPED! Now I'm off sailing as the captain of my ship and I can go wherever I want, whenever I want and I don't need *you*.

**MICKEY:** Captain of your own ship, huh?

**KYRA:** That's right.

**MICKEY:** And what is Archie, your fucking pirate?

**KYRA:** That was pretty good, actually.

**MICKEY:** I'm serious.

**KYRA:** No, he's not a pirate. He's a very kindhearted man who gave me this job so I can get away from you and live my own life.

**MICKEY:** Your own life?

**KYRA:** Yeah, away from your control.

**MICKEY:** I didn't realize I was controlling you. I thought I was helping you.

**KYRA:** You were helping me but doing it in a controlling way. Get it?

**MICKEY:** Why not say something?

**KYRA:** Don't start your shit, Mickey, really. Don't act like you have virgin ears. I've talked my head off to you but your always somewhere else.

**MICKEY:** Wow, I have like this empty feeling like I haven't eaten.

**KYRA:** You hungry?

**MICKEY:** I'm not sure.

**KYRA:** Want some eggs...coffee? Actually, wait, no, get the fuck out of here, I have to work now.

**MICKEY:** Oh, so I can't be a customer anymore in this place?

**KYRA:** Not during my shift. You can come in here during the other fifteen hours of the day.

**MICKEY:** No. I want eggs and coffee.

**KYRA:** Eating won't help.

**MICKEY:** Why?

**KYRA:** Cause you need to adjust.

**MICKEY:** Adjust?

**KYRA:** You need to make the mental adjustment.

**MICKEY:** Why, you adjusted already?

**KYRA:** I have shit in order.

**MICKEY:** And what am I supposed to do?

**KYRA:** I don't know, I'm not your mother, Mickey.

**MICKEY:** I'm not gonna stop you.

**KYRA:** Hello, you can't stop me...nobody can.

**MICKEY:** That's good. I like that you're fire. It's just at my expense.

**KYRA:** Mick, just go, I have to work.

**MICKEY:** And serve who? Look around, I'm the only one here.

**KYRA:** Doesn't matter.

**MICKEY:** Okay look, at home you would cook for me, right?

**KYRA:** Hated it.

**MICKEY:** I know but I would do the cleaning up, right?

**KYRA:** So?

**MICKEY:** Maybe I can come here for food, all you have to do is serve it to me.

**KYRA:** I don't want to see your face.

**MICKEY:** Come on. Tell one-eyed-jack that I'd like breakfast. Some bacon, eggs, home fries. You know what I like.

**KYRA:** Are you really hungry?

**MICKEY:** Starving. Haven't eaten. I can't eat with all the stress worrying about you but now I can try even though you're leaving me.

**KYRA:** ...I'm not leaving you.

**MICKEY:** ...No?

**KYRA:** I'm in the area.

**MICKEY:** What the fuck does that mean?

**KYRA:** It means we will see how things progress in this new situation.

**MICKEY:** Can I get a cup of coffee, please?

**KYRA:** You're paying for this.

**MICKEY:** Yeah, yeah, yeah. And make sure Archie doesn't spit in my food.

**KYRA:** Better make sure I don't.

*Mickey and Kya look into one another's eyes.*

**END OF PLAY**