

CANNIBALS ALONE

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CAST

Mags
Rae
Callie
Val

ACT 1 : Last Tuesday, early evening

ACT 2: A few days later

"I am a violent person...
if you love something, you're the most vicious person on earth."

- Clark Martell
One-time leader of C.A.S.H.
(Chicago Area Skin Heads)

For the Belvidere cottage
(and all who sailed in her)

ACT ONE

The living room of a small rented cottage in the woods of the Great American Northwest. Tuesday.

There is a front door with a screen door and small curtained windows beside it with a view of the doorstep. There is a doorway to the kitchen and another doorway to the hall leading to the bedrooms and bathroom.

Furniture includes a full bookcase, an old couch, an easy chair, two straight-backed chairs, a coffee table, an end table with a lamp, a standing lamp, a card table with a half-finished jigsaw puzzle on it, a tv.

The place is cluttered - books, newspapers, magazines, boxes of old board games, jigsaw puzzles, DVD's and CD's. There is a photo album in the bookcase. Under the couch are several long pieces of white kitchen rope, a piece of black cloth and a lighter. Potted seedlings are set out on paper. A Monopoly game is in progress on the coffee table. A battered laptop and tablet are somewhere. A burner phone is on the end table along with a scrap of paper.

AT RISE: It is early evening in late Summer. The front door is open and through the screen door we can hear crickets. The room is filling with shadows.

RAE is asleep on her back on the couch. One arm is draped over the side and there is a gun on the floor next to the hand that had been holding it. A dirty plate and glass are also on the floor next to the couch.

A couple of beats.

The screen door opens with a small squeak. MAGS pokes her head in. SHE sees RAE, takes a deep breath and quietly enters. It is not apparent if SHE belongs there or not. SHE has almost passed the couch when SHE accidentally makes a noise and RAE wakes.

RAE

(Sitting up groggily and trying to find her gun) What!

MAGS jumps up on the couch and straddles RAE.

MAGS

(Pulling out a gun) Medical Police! Don't move!

RAE

Shit!

RAE rolls off the couch, taking MAGS with her. THEY roll about on the floor, struggling and knocking things over, breaking the glass, knocking over the puzzle table and smashing some seedlings. It ends with RAE sitting atop MAGS holding the gun.

MAGS

(Laughing) It's me, you idiot! It's Mags!

RAE

(Dropping her gun arm) Oh my fucking God! That's not even funny! You scared the shit out of me!

MAGS

(Mexican accent) Oh, Stimp, you should see your face!

RAE

Must look pretty stupid, huh?

MAGS

(Mexican accent) Muy estúpido, Stimpson.

RAE

About as stupid as you'd look if I'd shot you by mistake?

MAGS

The safety's...(on.)

RAE

(Pointing the gun at MAGS again) Where the fuck have you been?

MAGS

(Pushing RAE off and getting up) In town getting groc...(eries).

RAE

Since the middle of last night?! It takes you 18 fucking hours to get groceries?! (Taking the scrap of paper from the end table and throwing it at MAGS) I found your little note when I got up to pee in the middle of the night!

MAGS

Damn your tiny bladder! You weren't supposed to find it until this morning.

RAE

That's it - make a joke.

MAGS

Why're you so mad?

RAE

Why am I so mad?!!!

MAGS

It's not that...(bad.)

RAE

You left here in the middle of the night without telling me and you want to know why I'm so mad?!

MAGS

After all this time, you don't trust me.

RAE

It has nothing to do with trust! What if something happened to you and I didn't know it? What if something happened to me because I was here all alone and didn't know it?

MAGS

It was one night. Nothing happened.

RAE

It could have!

MAGS

It didn't.

RAE

It could have!

MAGS

It didn't!

RAE

Okay, no! Nothing happened! But it could have! What if you got caught? What if you talked and led them back to me? What if a depo came while I was here all alone?

MAGS

You would've handled it. And stop pointing that thing at me!

RAE

I ought to shoot you right now!

MAGS

Go ahead and shoot me, then. (SHE sits on the couch)

RAE

(Throwing the gun at MAGS) If you love it there so much, why don't you just go back into town and stay there!

MAGS

(Picking up gun and returning it to her holster) Believe me, if I'd wanted to stay, I would've.

RAE

Oh, so I'm supposed to be so grateful that you came back at all that I forgive you for going there in the first place.

MAGS

You're supposed to forgive me because you trust me.

RAE

What if you woke up some night and I was gone? You're telling me you wouldn't be upset?

MAGS

Not if you left a note.

RAE

Oh, bullshit. You'd be furious!

MAGS

I would not.

RAE

I can't believe you'd throw all of this away, everything we've worked so hard for, for what? What the hell were you doing in town, anyway?

MAGS

(Waggling her eyebrows)

RAE

Oh my fucking God, sex?! You snuck out of here for sex?!

MAGS

I'm kidding.

RAE

Oh, my God, oh my God!

MAGS

I'm kidding!

RAE

I don't believe you!

MAGS

I just wanted to relax and have some fun.

RAE

Ohhh, okay. See, I didn't get it before but now I understand. I'm sorry what we're doing here isn't really entertaining enough for you. Let's see, how can we make this more fun? Maybe we could...I don't know...wear crazy costumes or make balloon animals or something!

MAGS

I just needed a break, is that too much to ask? We've been doing this for four years, stuck out here in the middle of the woods all alone on red alert for four years, so what's wrong with getting away for a little while?

RAE

What's wrong is that it could get us both killed.

MAGS

Debby Drama, talking to other people is not...(going to get us killed.)

RAE

We can't afford any distraction. It puts everything at risk.

MAGS

It puts nothing at risk! I'm not like you, Grammy. You don't mind living alone out here like this. You've got everything you need with your garden and your books and your games and your puzzles and your movies, but I need more. I need to interact with other people once in a while and dance and drink and let off steam and go crazy. Two years is my limit, who'd've thought?

RAE

This is more important than...(what you want.)

MAGS

Fine. I'm not as good as you, is that what you want me to say? That you're better than me? Okay, here we go - you're better than me. I admit it. You're better than me, you're stronger than me, you're smarter than me, you're prettier than me, you loved Whack more than me. You win. Do you feel better now?

RAE

No.

MAGS waits expectantly, makes a gesture.

RAE

Oh, sorry. Now I'm supposed to say, "I'm sorry for getting you all upset." I don't have to apologize because I didn't do anything wrong!

MAGS

Neither did I! We're not married!

RAE

This is more than married!

MAGS

Oh, please. Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to worry. I didn't think you'd find the note until this morning and I'd be back early. I didn't mean to upset you and I am sorry that I did. It was a stupid thing to do, okay? I apologize. And that's a real apology, not one of those, "I'm sorry *if* you were upset" apologies.

RAE

Why couldn't you have just told me?

MAGS

Because you wouldn't've understood.

RAE

Sure I...(would've.)

MAGS

No you wouldn't've. You'd've been mad.

RAE

Mad.

MAGS

You would've taken it like some kind of personal insult to *you* that I'm tired of *you* and I wanted to get away from *you* and you're not what it was about at all.

RAE

Oh, so you did all this to spare my feelings. See, I didn't understand. Thank you for scaring the shit out of me so I wouldn't be upset!

MAGS

See? I can't win! No matter what I did, you would've been mad.

RAE

No, you could've stayed right here like always and I wouldn't've been mad at all.

MAGS

Except then I'd be cuckoo for cocoa puffs!

RAE

Look, just promise me you won't do it again and that's the end of it

MAGS

Okay. See, from now on, I promise I'll tell you every night before I go in.

RAE

No, no, no. No more nights, no more fooling around. From now on you only go in during the day for errands as usual and you come right back when you're done.

MAGS

Fine.

RAE

Really?

MAGS

Really.

RAE

Damn it, you're lying! Either quit that or quit this. You can't do both.

MAGS

Who are you, my mother? What are you talking about?

RAE

It's too dangerous - we can't have other people!

MAGS

See, there it is! There it is! I knew it! I knew it! You're not upset that I went in behind your back! You're upset because I was with somebody else!

RAE

That has nothing...(to do with it.)

MAGS

You're jealous!

RAE

I am not.

MAGS

You are so Judy Jealous!

RAE

Shut up.

MAGS

You're pissed that I've been spending time with somebody else!

RAE

Because you could...*been* spending time? *Been?! Oh my God! You've done this before?!*

MAGS

No! Once! Twice?

RAE

I don't fucking believe this! All these nights, I've been a sitting duck here all alone and I haven't even know it!

MAGS

It hasn't been all these nights. And nothing's happened! You're fine. Everything's fine!

RAE

So that makes it okay? Because nothing happened, it's okay?

MAGS

No, not okay exactly but...

RAE

But what!?

MAGS

...but nowhere near as bad as you're making it!

RAE

You can do whatever you want and as long as nobody gets hurt, it's fine. Don't you care at all anymore about what we're doing here? Doesn't Whack mean anything to you anymore?

MAGS

Of course he does!

RAE

Okay. Fine. You do whatever you want. Now that I know what to expect from you, you do whatever makes you happy.

RAE finds her gun, holsters it and exits through the front door.

MAGS

Rae. Rae! Come on! Don't pout! Come on! I said I was sorry. I meant it. What else do you want me to do? Look, I'll let you beat me at Scrabble and I'll get all distraught about it like I really care. How many points is "distraught?" Rae, come on! I can feel you pouting. I can hear you grinding your teeth and steam coming out your ears. (Mexican accent) Oh, come on, Stimpson, pleeeeeease? Please, Stimp? Just say one leetle word to your Magsie old Mags. One leetle word? Pleeeeeease? Well, if you're going to pout, can you pout and bring in the groceries at the same time? I got you your library books and they're soooo heavy, you're welcome. And I had to go to three different stores to get the tamps you like. Three stores! Which I didn't have to do, you know. I could've just said they were all out and let the blood run down your legs. And I got the paper, again, you and your stupid hard copies. Did you get the mail? Stiiaiiiiimpyyyyyy! Did you get the mail?

RAE enters with grocery bags.

MAGS

Look, I'll make you something nice for dinner, whatever you want. I got all kinds of stuff. I got your favorite ice...

RAE holds up a cardboard container of melting ice cream.

MAGS

...melt. So let us then take this as a symbol of our relationship wherein when the iciness thaws...

RAE suddenly throws the ice cream violently against the kitchen door.

MAGS

...the innate sweetness remains behind to remind us of...

RAE slams into to kitchen with the bags.

MAGS

...of...(SHE's at a loss, a crash in the kitchen)...how some people just cannot let some fucking things go!

RAE enters from kitchen holding a tabloid newspaper and a roll of paper towels.

RAE

(Reading headline) "Elvis Ate My Baby."

MAGS

If he says it helps you lose weight and then he flies away in a flying saucer, that story has everything. What?

RAE

(Throwing the paper at MAGS) This is fucking useless!

MAGS

No it's not. You just have to know how to read between the lines. It gives you...like...an overview of what people are thinking about, what they're feeling, you know, their fears and their desires. It's like looking into their soul, like looking into the nation's subconscious. You know, that great American zeet-geese...

RAE

Zeitgeist?

MAGS

Exactly.

RAE

People want Elvis to eat their children?

MAGS

In a very symbolic and metaphoric sense, yes. Yes, they do.