

The TEN MINUTE PLAY's Nihilistic Angel

A Play In Ten Minutes

by  
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CHARACTER NAME

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

PETER

An Alcoholic

NORA

Peter's sister

SCENE.

No curtain. The audience is plunged into darkness for a moment before the lights rise on a cabin removed from society.

The Living Room: A cozy furnishing stage left. The television faces stage right. The two exits lead to a small hallway leading to a porch. The entrance downstage leads out to the bedrooms. There's a sofa and a longer couch with a coffee table in the center. It creates a warped double U. There are a few lamps scattered around.

The Kitchen: A minimalistic furnishing stage right. Cabinets, counters, lights. A fridge, a sink, a stove. A generous counter island in the center.

Peter stands, pouring a fifth glass of Jack Daniels whiskey (or perhaps it's Johnnie Walker scotch, either way, it's not expensive, but it's not the cheapest). The only light are the dims from the kitchen. He drains half of it immediately and replenishes it, taking it to the couch where he sits and stares at the blank telly screen. Outside, all is calm, and he allows time to be, soaking in the stillness.

Outside, he hears someone stand up. Footsteps approach the entrance, and a door opens. After a bit, Nora enters with an empty water glass. She stops when she sees Peter, noticing the drink in his hand. She signs and continues along to refill her glass of water.

NORA

Shouldn't you be asleep?

PETER

Can't.

NORA

Well don't let me catch you driving again.

PETER

It was a one-time thing.

NORA

Well, let's hope.

PETER

It was. Tomorrow, I'm done with this.

Nora nods suspiciously. She finishes filling up her glass and decides to sit down next to Peter, turning on a few more lights.

NORA

I ask you every night, but

PETER

No. I know.

NORA

You want to actually address it tonight, Mr. I'll quit?

PETER

Maybe. Let me finish this drink.

They sit in silence for a few, Peter finishes his drink and stands up to freshen it up.

NORA

You know you'll... I thought you'd go bankrupt.

PETER

Not with the money Ella left me.

NORA

I thought you weren't going to use a lot of that.

PETER

But I'm set for life.

NORA

I'm sure she'd be thrilled you're spending it on liquor.

PETER

That's such a horrible word.

NORA

Well what else do you want me to say?

PETER

Whiskey. Just say whiskey. She loved a good scotch. Cragganmore was her favorite.

Peter goes back and sits down.

PETER

But this ain't no Cragganmore. . . I'm sorry, did you want a

Peter holds up the glass to Nora.

NORA

No, I'm... I'm fine.

PETER

You know what's weird?

NORA

What's weird?

PETER

Lately, I've been leaving sentences unfinished.

NORA

Tell me about it.

PETER

I'll be talking, and then just out of the blue, I'll stop. It's as if the words just quit. Or sometimes I'll just start back up again, but it's just such a completely different topic, it might as well be the words quit on themselves.

NORA

You've definitely done that to me.

PETER

Sorry. I just thought

The stage pauses. Nora looks at Peter with concern.

PETER

What?

NORA

Nothing.

PETER

No. What?

NORA

Just... What are you going to do? Sometime you have to keep going.

PETER

I thought I might prolong my time in heaven a bit.

NORA

Ella wasn't heaven. Ella was a lying assassin who would have made your life a h

Nora stops herself.

PETER

Hell?

NORA

Well, more than it is now.

PETER

I still loved her.

NORA

More than anyone I saw, I know. I'm sorry, I just... her life would have followed you. Did you think about that? It'd be like those films.

PETER

Yeah. Maybe. They're called films for a reason though.

NORA

You're the one who wanted to live in a black-and-white-flick.

PETER

With her. Live in a black-and-white flick with her. Now it's... I don't want to. Not anymore.

They sit in silence, looking at the television screen. Peter sighs: a cathartic release.

PETER

There she goes.

NORA

In those old films you love so much, does it ever get to be like this?

PETER

No, sis, I don't think it did.

NORA

Funny, all those things that happen, yet right now, in this moment, it's just you and me. Like, the rest of our lives don't matter.

PETER

But our histories do.

NORA

Can't you let me be philosophical for once?

PETER

Sure. I'm just saying, I'm drunk, that made no sense to me.

Peter stands up and goes to the kitchen and empties out the bottle of alcohol. He frowns a bit and decides to leave it for a later time. Nora notices, in fact, she notices everything. She's watching her brother closer than she's ever watched him in his entire life.

NORA

I'll get more tomorrow.

PETER

No bother, I'll turn a new leaf.

NORA

Well, never too soon to start.

Peter lifts his glass and saunters to the sofa to slump. Nora watches him kindly.

PETER

I had the perfect life. What happened?

NORA

Oh, Peter. We all have bumps in our lives. Remember Todd?

PETER

Oh, how could I forget Todd? Best guy I knew. We'd smoke weed together and

NORA

No. I mean, yes. You use to be best of friends. But, then something happened and you never hung out as much. I remember you'd keep trying to get in touch with him, but... I think you bought weed from him because you knew that money would drive him. You'd purchase drugs just to be around him, because you thought maybe.... I don't know why you did it. He clearly didn't like you anymore.

PETER

But I was reminded of when we'd just be young and peaceful. When there was a moment to just be happy for a time. Yes, maybe it wasn't the most economical, but.... Nora... I could escape. I could escape the stress of an exam! I could escape mom, you know how she was. And I could spend a few moments at peace.

NORA

With all your logic, I never understood that.

PETER

And then when Ella showed up, just like this nihilistic angel, I thought boy: I'd give up all logical constructs to be with her. Nothing else matters. And when she moved to the ninth-floor apartment with me, I thought maybe I'd do something to ruin our relationship. But each day she'd entertain me with the most beautiful, sexy notions, and wonderful life stories... I. I was so much...

Peter starts to doze off. Nora quickly reaches over and places it on the side table.

NORA

I know, I know. Just rest now. We'll deal with it tomorrow.

Peter speaks as Nora lays him on the couch. She sits down, looking at him while he speaks.

PETER

You know, I still imagine her up there, in the apartment. I'd get home from work, and she'd be there, in the kitchen. She'd prance right up to me, and we'd kiss. Dance with me, she'd say, and I'd dance with her up there in the ninth floor all through the night. All through the night.

Nora nods, sitting with Peter until he rolls over slightly, asleep. She stands up, walks around and picks up a blanket, draping it over Peter. She gives Peter one last glance, turns off the lights, and exits to her room.

BLACKOUT.