

# **Stripped, Bear**

By

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## Cast of Characters

**JULES:** Male, 30 unemployed.

**EDDIE:** Male, 26, JULES's younger brother, a truck driver.

**LONNIE:** Female, 22, EDDIE's new wife and a former stripper.

## Setting

The living room of a house in an unnamed town in Southwest Missouri.

There is a couch, a "front door," and a door leading off to the "other rooms."

The house is decorated in the style of its former inhabitants, EDDIE and JULES's parents.

The time is now-ish

**Scene One:** Living Room... Early evening.

**Scene Two:** A "Truck Stop" ... Six months prior.

**Scene Three:** Living Room... A few hours after the end of scene one.

**Scene Four:** "Living Room"...One month prior.

**Scene Five:** Living Room... A couple of hours after the end of scene three.

**Scene Six:** Living Room... The next morning.

**Scene Seven:** "Living Room"... Three months prior.

## **Technical Requirements**

All one really needs for the show are the actors.

Lonnie's hair stays wet for the final scene.

The house can be as elaborate or sparse as need be, it could essentially be done with cubes on a bare stage. (In fact, it has been.)

The Truck stop scene, (2) doesn't need to be at a truck stop. Bare stage will do just fine.

Scenes two, four and seven are memories.

Doors are not important.

Also, it doesn't really matter what Eddie throws at Jules in Scene 6.

Costumes are modern and very basic. Blue jeans and t-shirts.

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SCENE 1: LONNIE'S PACKING UP

*At RISE, JULES, an aging, angry kid, dressed like he's 19, but he's actually 30, is sleeping on the couch in a living room that looks too old and clad with clocks, figurines, and doilies to actually be his living room. There is a small pyramid of beer cans on the table to attest to his presence, however.*

*LONNIE, a washed up, never was beauty queen, makes her way to the door with a couple of matching suitcases.*

*The phone rings six times, unanswered, as both continue with the aforementioned business of sleeping and packing. The machine picks up the call.*

EDDIE (V.O.)

Hey there! You've found us! Congratulations! Now be a pal, and leave a message!

*SFX: Beep!*

*The following message is in the same voice as the greeting, with an obviously contrasting temperament.*

EDDIE (V.O.)

Yeah...It's me. Look. I don't know why, I figure I might head back...I don't know... Look, Is anybody there? If you're there, just pick up... alright. ...I been thinking about forgiveness... and... I don't know... I don't think I can. I just...Look. I'm coming back. It's, it's my house, and I'm coming back home.. I suppose the two of you oughta' figured out what it is your gonna' do by now, so I'll expect you'll both be gone by the time I get there... oughta be a few more hours, so If you're still there... if you're there, pick up...

*JULES is now awake, sees LONNIE and her things.*

JULES

Hey.

LONNIE

Whatever...

JULES

What's going on?

EDDIE (V.O.)

Hello?.. Pick up if you're around... Don't leave me talkin' here like an idiot... Are you there?... Alright... Anybody?... Good. Good.

JULES

Where *you* goin'?

*No answer*

JULES (CONT'D)

You gonna pick that up?

LONNIE

No. You?

JULES

No.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Shoulda left you in Memphis. Shoulda' never stopped in Memphis... I'm tired of being the sugar pimp... or whatever... Just, just don't be there when I get back. Please..

*SFX: A sharp hang-up...pause...Beep!*

JULES

Sugar pimp?

LONNIE

Sugar daddy.

JULES

So, uh, you wanna tell me what the hell is going on?

LONNIE

What?

JULES

All this, stuff, I guess.

LONNIE

My stuff.

JULES

You leaving?

LONNIE

Yeah. He's been gone six days. Figured I'd better go anyhow. Judging by that message, I'd guess I was right. Ain't you?

JULES

Absolutely not. This is my home. I was raised here. I got rights to it. No, I don't see that happenin' at all.

LONNIE

It's not yours. You just live here. You're a cockroach. It's Eddie's house. And, Eddie wants us... Have some, Jesus, have some respect, Jules. It's his house. You owe him that. Don't you think?

JULES

That's a, that's just a technicality or somethin'. That's bullshit! This is not his house. This is our house, damnit! It's the family house... Fuckin' will... I was born and raised in this house, too. Just like him. Hell, I lived here longer than him. This oughta' be my house.

LONNIE

Bet you never say that to his face.

JULES

I would. I will. I'm the big brother here, damnit! He thinks he can just kick me out. I got things to say about that.

LONNIE

Haven't yet. Funeral was three months ago, signed the papers the next day. This house is more mine than it is yours.

JULES

Bullshit.

LONNIE

Legally, I mean.

JULES

He's coming back. Didn't you hear him? I'll tell him then.

LONNIE

Yeah, I heard what he said. He don't want me here. You neither. And, I think you're just crazy for stayin'. After what we did. You, just want to... Look, tell him I'm sorry.

JULES

No. Hell no. You do it. You tell him.

LONNIE

I'm takin' the Mazda.

LONNIE

JULES

I'm takin' the Mazda. It's mine. I'm takin' it. Fuckin', hell...that's my...No. You're not.

JULES

That's my car.

LONNIE

Call the cops, then. Got my name on the damn title.

JULES

Yeah, but you sold it to me. That ain't right. We got a verbal contract. That means something.

LONNIE

It means all your payments were verbal.

JULES

I gave you two hundred dollars last week.

LONNIE

I loaned you four hundred to fix the transmission.

JULES

Well, where you goin' then?

LONNIE

Home.

JULES

This is home. You got a husband. You got a home.

LONNIE

Not any more, I don't. I'm headed back to Memphis.

JULES

You goin' back to your mom's?

LONNIE

Yeah. I called her. She ain't happy, but--

JULES

Quitter.

LONNIE

You heard him. It's what he wants.

JULES

What about your marriage? Your husband? Your vows? That don't mean nothin' to you?

LONNIE

Whatta you care?

JULES

Just sayin'--

LONNIE

Yeah. It does mean something to me, believe it or not. But, I can't fix this.

JULES

What about us, then?

LONNIE

You're makin' it real tough for me to be the dumb one, here.

JULES

C'mon. Be real about this.

LONNIE

This situation is fucked, Really really fucked, Junior.

JULES

Let's make the most of it.

LONNIE

There ain't no, "us," alright. Don't even say that. Makes me wanna rip out your tongue. Oughta' make you sick to say it. You're a mistake. You gotta' know that. You're just a really bad mistake.

JULES

Mistake?

LONNIE

Yeah.

JULES

Whatta' you mean? I don't know. There was, you know, there was something there.

LONNIE

There was nothing.

JULES

I don't know about that.

LONNIE

No. Jules. Nothing. Guilt. Boredom, I guess. No, I wasn't bored, I just... I'm still not sure, really. Just, nothing. You and I are...We're nothing, Jules.

JULES

Why don't you take me with you? You want me to leave. Take me with you, then.

LONNIE

You know that ain't gonna' happen.

JULES

I got nothin' left here. Nothing.

LONNIE

That's not my fault.

JULES

It is, in a way...

LONNIE

Yes. I made a bad, a stupid, stupid choice, with you, Jules. And I'm paying for it. I'm leaving. It's what he wants. Why would I take you with me?

JULES

Why wouldn't you?

LONNIE

Do you love me?

JULES

What the hell kind of question is that?

LONNIE

A simple one.

JULES

Why? You love me?

LONNIE

No.

JULES

Then, why'd you ask me?

LONNIE

I just, I don't know. Just, curious, I guess. Just askin'. Good bye, Jules.

*LONNIE walks up to JULES, kisses him, starts to pull away, but is pulled back in by JULES for a longer, more passionate kiss.*

JULES

What the hell was that?

LONNIE

Whatta' you mean?

JULES

The kiss.

LONNIE

You're the one pulled me in. I was just tryin' to say goodbye.