

DEUS EX OBLITERATION

by

Buffy Aakaash

Buffy Aakaash
3935 South Americus St.
Seattle, WA 98118
206-619-9021
buffsters@me.com

CHARACTERS

LEAF

Small, unimposing, 40 years old.

PETER

Medium build, 35 year old.

SYDNEY

Big, Australian, definitely imposing, 35 years old.

DEUS EX OBLITERATION

(At Rise: LEAF, PETER, and SYDNEY are together in a lifeboat floating in the sea. They wear tattered merchant marine uniforms. The moonlight shines on them. LEAF & PETER are playing "Rock-Paper-Scissors". SYDNEY is passed out on a food chest, with his head resting on a full bottle of rum. They have been shipwrecked for two weeks.)

PETER

Ready? One... Two... THREE! Ha! Rock crushes scissors. Best out of three! Ready?

LEAF

Wait! Let me do it. One... Two... THREE! Dammit!

PETER

Scissor cuts paper. You know what that means. Go and grab it!

LEAF

I dunno. It's the last one.

PETER

It was our agreement. You should have grabbed another case.

LEAF

We could have had more food, but you told me to get the booze.

PETER

But aren't you happier this way?

LEAF

I'm hungry. And that fat shit's sleeping on what's left of the food.

PETER

That's reason enough in my mind to drink up! Let's enjoy it while we can.

Pause.

What are you waiting for? Go get it.

LEAF

Can't we rethink this? Sydney thinks it's his. He's liable to... You know.
Slashes his hand across his neck.

PETER

Come on, Leaf old boy! It was fair and square, best out of three. You're the one. He's passed out from the last binger. Now's a good time, my friend.

LEAF

Alright... It's mine anyway. He stole it from me. Remember?

PETER

That's right.

LEAF

He drank most of my share!

PETER

Go ahead! Get yourself some justice.

LEAF resolves himself and creeps toward the bottle at SYDNEY's head. He puts his hand on the bottle. SYDNEY instantly jumps on top of LEAF and puts a knife to his throat.

SYDNEY

I'll kill you, you motherfucker! You steal my last bottle of rum!

LEAF

Wa-wa-wa-wait! I didn't mean anything, Sydney. I was just gonna... You know... Hold it.... Until it was time to drink it.

SYDNEY

Hogwash! You're gonna pay for this. On three I'm gonna slit your throat!

LEAF

No!

SYDNEY

Ready? One, two...

LEAF shrieks.

LEAF

Please! Don't...!

Pause. PETER laughs uncontrollably. SYDNEY joins in.

PETER

"Please! Don't," he says.

LEAF

You cheated, Peter!

SYDNEY

Whadya think we were gonna do? Slice you up and eat you?!

LEAF

Fuck heads! Both of you!

PETER

Come on, Leaf. It's all just a bit of fun. We just have to keep from passing out. When we're shit-faced to obliteration, it's fair game.

SYDNEY

How else could we have come up with the plan, Leafy? You were so pie-eyed you wouldn't recognize your own mother.

PETER

Yep! Blotto he sure was!

He laughs.

That was a good idea, Sydney. He fell for the whole thing.

SYDNEY

I knew he would! And Leaf! You call me a "fat shit" again I will kill you. For your own safety, both of you blokes: Remember it'll take a big barge full of booze to knock me over.

LEAF

Well, we only have one bottle left.

SYDNEY

I guess you're shit out of luck then.

LEAF

You think because you both are big... and I'm small... that you can just walk all over me.

SYDNEY

That's right... Leaf! It's called survival of the fittest. There are big people in this world. And there are small people. And the small people are unfit for this world. Ain't that right, Peter?

PETER

There's no denying that, Syd.

LEAF

Well... There are bigger things than you all. Ya fucks!

SYDNEY

Prove it! Ya cock-eyed shrimp!

PETER

Alright alright! Enough. We're better alive than dead for the moment...

LEAF

What difference does it make anyway?

PETER

We could come out of all this.

LEAF

What do you mean?

PETER

Alive!

LEAF

What then?

PETER

Then we wouldn't be dead.

LEAF

Alive or dead, it doesn't matter.

PETER

We could go to the pub. Then we could go home and make love to our wives.

LEAF

My wife left me. Before we even set off.

SYDNEY

That doesn't surprise me.

LEAF

Who asked you? It was another man. Half my age.

SYDNEY

And certainly better looking.

LEAF

You probably don't even have a wife.

SYDNEY

And I don't want one neither. Who needs all that? They just leave you anyway. (Pause.) Am I right? Or they sleep with somebody else.

PETER

Not my wife!

SYDNEY

Who are you kidding? After all these months away? Now you're lost at sea! Hah! She's been up waiting so long, she's out there right now looking for a little horizontal relief.

PETER

You don't know my wife!

SYDNEY

Leafy here knows her I bet.

PETER

Neither one of you! Ya tow-rags!!

SYDNEY

Well I'd hope she'd be more sensible than to wait for the likes of you.

PETER threatens SYDNEY with his fists, which SYDNEY grabs.

Don't you even think about it!

PETER

You'll see. Just you wait. My wife's a good woman.

LEAF

You see? The big guys always go for the little guys.

PETER

Speak for yourself, ya pipsqueak!

LEAF

It's a whole different world. Being small. All my life I just wanted to come out on top. I was really making something of myself. Until I met the two of you. And you talked me into this!

SYDNEY

That damned captain didn't know his head from his ass!

LEAF

So we jumped ship?

PETER

We were gonna make it to shore before the storm, Leafy. The odds were with us.

LEAF

Not anymore. They should have found us by now! Now we're done.

SYDNEY

Listen to you pantywaists! If I had a violin... I'd play it.

LEAF

If only an imbecile could play a violin.

SYDNEY

Watch it!

LEAF

I played the violin once.

SYDNEY

Get out!

LEAF

But I'll never play it again.

PETER

Of course you will, Leaf. Don't fret. It's time we all came together.

SYDNEY

Well... With that in mind, I think it's past the cocktail hour!

PETER

Me, too!

SYDNEY

What do you say?

LEAF grabs the bottle and moves toward the bow.

LEAF

No you don't! It's the last one!

PETER

Leaf! Don't be a fool!

LEAF

It's mine!!

SYDNEY gets out his knife again.

You've had your share. My whole life people like you have had more than their share.

SYDNEY

If I have to take that from you...

LEAF

I'm the one who picked it up before we went overboard! I have a right to it!

SYDNEY

A right?!! Don't talk to me about rights! We're standing on our last leg here! Give it over! Ya smack-eyed bobbler!

PETER

Don't be stupid, Leaf...

SYDNEY

I'll tear your limbs off... And then we *will* eat you!

PETER

He's bigger than me. I can't stop him.

LEAF

I'll jump.

SYDNEY

Then the sharks'll eat you. Us or the sharks... Which will it be? Or... You can turn over the bottle. Leaf?!

PETER

Turn it over, Leaf. And we'll settle this over a couple of swigs!

LEAF

No. Stay where you are. Or I'll throw the bottle over.

PETER

Don't do it, Leaf.

SYDNEY

Then again, I'm getting a little tired of canned food, Leafy boy!

SYDNEY begins approaching LEAF with the knife. He turns to PETER.

We could have the rum. And a little meat for a change.

Pause. A light begins growing from behind LEAF.

What do you think, Peter?

PETER

Holy Mother of God!! Sydney?

SYDNEY

What?

He turns.

What the hell?!

LEAF

You're just trying to trick me again!

PETER

Stay right where you are, my friend.

LEAF

I won't fall for it! Even if I die now, I've finally come out on top. Screw the both of you!

PETER

This is an unexpected turn of events.

LEAF sees the light shining on the others. He slowly turns around to look.

SYDNEY

Hold on!... If it doesn't broadside us, we might just--

The sound of the ship's bullhorn goes off.

LEAF

Oh my god!

LEAF opens the bottle and begins draining it into his mouth. The ship horn sounds again.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY