

OUT

a play by

Andrew Hinderaker

CAST (4 M, 2 W):

JB:

22. Slender, almost frail. JB's a manager for a security company. He speaks with a Southern accent and wears cowboy boots and jeans.

WILL:

22. Will's got a body that says, "I spend all afternoon at the gym. What do you do, work?" He's currently taking the year off, living off his mom's paycheck while he works on applications to law school.

CORIN

22. Physically, Corin's average all the way. He is a first year doctoral student in psychology at The University of San Francisco.

TARA

22. Fairly plain looking, but a thousand times more attractive because of her intelligence. She works for the Midnight Mission for battered women and has been dating Corin since sophomore year.

KAREN/JB'S MOTHER/CORIN'S MOTHER/WILL'S MOTHER:

40s

LANDLORD/JB'S FATHER/CORIN'S FATHER/NEIGHBOR:

40s

JB, WILL, CORIN and TARA all just graduated from Stanford University.

SETTING:

An apartment in San Francisco. Present day.

STAGING:

The play takes place entirely in the common living space of the mens' apartment. This area should consist of a kitchen, a living room, a hallway to the mens' bedrooms, a wall shared with their next-door neighbors, and a main entrance/exit.

A NOTE ON THE DIALOGUE:

A double-dash (--) signifies no pause. It may be used after one character's line to indicate overlapping dialogue, or it may be embedded within a character's line to signify that (s)he is jumping from one thought to another without pausing to take a breath.

If there's a blank line within a character's speech, it's meant to indicate a short beat.

For example...

CORIN

It was hopeless.

But you talked me through it.

In this example, there would be a short pause between "hopeless" and "but."

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

Lights up.

The showing of the apartment.

JB glances around, looking
unimpressed...

... while Corin circles, wide-eyed and
giddy.

The landlord stays upstage, watching
the men like a hawk.

CORIN

Can you believe this place?

(off JB's expression)

You're not -- you're not smiling. You don't like it?

JB

(through gritted teeth)

You should know I do.

CORIN

How?

JB

I ain't grinnin' like a damned fool.

JB pulls Corin close.

JB

You never let 'em see what's goin' on inside. Never.

Corin glances at the landlord.

CORIN

You're right. Of course you're right. From here on out, he
shan't suspect a thing.

Corin puts on his best poker face...

... but quickly breaks it.

CORIN

It's pretty great, though --

JB

Corin.

CORIN

Sorry.

Corin clears his throat. Back to the poker face.

CORIN
Time to play hardball. I'll go get Will.

JB
Wait.

CORIN
Hm?

JB
Hold on now. We gotta play this right.

CORIN
Yes, but... what are you saying?

Corin eyes JB.

CORIN
JB?
(growing alarmed)
Do you not like Will?

JB
I didn' say that.

CORIN
You don't like Will?

JB
Did I say that? I did not say that.

CORIN
(relieved)
Okay.

JB
I don't like Will.
(off Corin's look)
Aw, look at 'im through someone else's eyes. Someone who ain't his best buddy. Fella ain't go no job; his momma pays his bills --

CORIN
He's a little dependent.

JB
Her tit's still in his mouth.

CORIN
That's not fair.

JB

Cor --

CORIN

It's not. Now I failed to play it cool back there. I acknowledge that. But don't talk about Will like that. He's not a child.

WILL (O.S.)

Holy shit!

Will sprints in from the hallway.

WILL

You see the size of that fucking bathroom? You could fit like three girls that shower, easy.

CORIN

Will! Could we have a little chat?

WILL

Sure --

CORIN

(firmly)

Over here, please.

Will moseys toward the men.

CORIN

(to JB)

Just let me talk to him. Please.

JB moves to the hallway, glaring at Will as the two pass.

WILL

What's his deal?

CORIN

Yes. Well. Here's the thing --

WILL

Oh, don't tell me he's --

CORIN

Will --

WILL

No, look, I realize he's your friend, all right -- but this the tenth place we been to --

CORIN

I know --

What's your point? CORIN

That's 750 a person. WILL

So? CORIN

9 thousand a year. WILL

Will. CORIN

You know how much JB makes? WILL

How do you know how much -- CORIN

I saw his paycheck in the car. WILL

You went into his -- CORIN

He doesn't want me to look, he shouldn't leave it in his glove compartment. WILL

Will -- CORIN

Ninety four thousand dollars. WILL
(off Corin's blank expression)
Yeah. Curious.

Maybe he has loans. CORIN
(embittered)

Those are some hefty loans. WILL

Not all of our mothers can -- CORIN

Seriously, though, do the math -- WILL

Will -- CORIN

WILL
He'd have to have no support from his folks at all --

CORIN
Will --

WILL
Who is this guy?

(Quick Beat)

CORIN
JB... he's very private.

WILL
He's private --

CORIN
He doesn't like to discuss his past and I respect that.

WILL
(laughing)
Oh man, you're gonna make an interesting psychologist.
(imitating Corin)
"Tell me about your childhood."
(imitating patient)
"I'd rather not talk about that."
(imitating Corin)
"Hey, no problem. I'm not here to pry."

CORIN
I mean it, Will. Don't bring up his past -- and do not mention his parents.

WILL
Why not?

CORIN
It's just... a sensitive spot.

WILL
Is that right?

CORIN
Will...

WILL
Interesting.

CORIN
I'm serious. You will not --

WILL
Let us lose this fucking apartment.

The landlord's cell rings.

LANDLORD

Hello?

Will continues to stare at Corin like he's all business.

LANDLORD

Yeah, this is the right number.... really... and you don't even need to see the place.

The mens' attention shoots to the landlord.

LANDLORD

No, that's -- that's very generous, I just...

The landlord looks up at the men.

LANDLORD

I'm gonna have to call you right back.

He snaps the phone shut.

LANDLORD

Have we made a decision?

CORIN

Yes, well -- here's the thing --

LANDLORD

(turning toward the door)

I'm sorry, but if you're not serious --

WILL

We're serious.

CORIN

(to hallway)

JB!

(to landlord)

We're serious. We are. It's just..

JB enters.

CORIN

(to JB)

It appears there's some urgency in the matter.

JB

That case, the answer's no.

LANDLORD
 (exiting)
 Very well --

CORIN
 No, wait --

WILL
 He's not talking for all of us --

CORIN
 Please. Just give us a moment.

The men convene.

WILL
 (to JB)
 So what is it this time? Too big? Too many fireplaces? You got like the Golden Gate blocking your view of the rain clouds?

CORIN
 Will.
 (to JB)
 What's the problem?

JB
 Aw, heck, Corin, the price is awful steep.

Will glares at Corin.

JB
 ... and case you ain't noticed... this fella's in a helluva rush to sell.

WILL
 Kinda what happens when you got a place everyone wants.

JB
 Or when there's somethin' yer hidin'.

WILL
 An interesting comment coming from you.

LANDLORD
 Young men --

CORIN
 Just. Please. One moment.

JB
 (to Corin)
 Maybe this ain't such a fine idea.

CORIN

What?

JB

Maybe y'all live by yourselves --

CORIN

No --

JB

I find my own place --

CORIN

No. Please, just... all right, listen. I was going to save this little speech for the christening, but... when I asked the two of you to live with me, I had this vision -- I, I know it sounds silly, but I could see the whole thing. Will, you'd be in the living room, taking one of your practice LSATs -- JB, you'd come home from work, and I'd take a break from my thesis to whip up a little dinner, and we'd sit down, and it would be home.

Now I know this has gotten off to a rocky start, but you guys are going to get along so well -- and I know this because the two of you are the two most important people to me in the world.

WILL

You mean, besides Tara.

CORIN

Well, right. Obviously.

LANDLORD

Gentlemen --

CORIN

One moment --

JB

God, that fella's itchin' to move --

CORIN

No, he's not. Now listen to me.

There is nothing wrong with the landlord and there is nothing wrong with this place.

Trust me. This is going to be a dream.

JB eyes Corin and Will, nods.

JB

Okay.

CORIN

Okay?

(to landlord)

We're all set.

LANDLORD

Excellent. If you'd care to follow me out?

Corin and Will follow the landlord. JB lingers behind.

WILL

You know we have to kick this off proper, right? I'm just saying... we fit like 50 people that living room easy.

(to landlord)

I mean, you know, hypothetically.

Will exits with Corin and the landlord.

JB watches them leave, then quickly inspects the place...

... popping open a few cupboards, opening the fridge, turning the oven on and off.

He drags his fingers along the counter, walks to the opposing wall.

He looks around, nods his approval, raps on the opposing wall and turns toward the door.

A knock is returned from the other side of the wall.

JB stops, looks back at the wall.

He strides back, knocks a pattern.

A couple seconds of silence, then the pattern's repeated.

He gives another pattern, and that pattern too is echoed.

CORIN (O.S.)

JB!

JB chuckles, shakes his head, exits.

A pattern is knocked from the other side of the wall, but no one's on stage to return it.

The landlord enters, his cell phone ringing.

LANDLORD
(hollering back to the men)
Yeah, okay. Congratulations again!

He flips open his phone.

LANDLORD
Hey, sweetheart... No, no, your timing was perfect.

No, yeah, you should've seen their faces. Thought you were gonna steal the place from under their...

The neighbor knocks again.

LANDLORD
Oh, great, here we go.

The landlord pounds on the wall.

LANDLORD
Shut the fuck up!

No, no, she just started up right now.

No. Hm? No, yeah, no.

Nope.

They never heard a thing.

Lights fade as the knocking resumes, growing to a ferocious volume when the stage goes black.

*To read the rest of the play, please
email andrew@andrewsplays.com*

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