

THE THING
by Mark Noonan

Characters:

Johnny
Sally
Kenny
Jenny
Billy
Cindy
Freddy

Scene:

A white semi-circle wall with two white blocks in the room.

All characters wear bedclothes (pajamas, etc.)

Lights up.

Silence

Johnny: What the fuck?

Silence

Sally: Where?...

Kenny: are we?

Sally: Yes!

Kenny: Is that what you meant?

Sally: Yes, I did.

Johnny: What the fuck?

Kenny: I don't know.

Jenny: What?

Kenny: In answer to her question—the question—I don't know...

Sally: Right!

Kenny: It all seems strange, that we're in a white room—

Billy: in our pajamas...

Kenny: Yes...

Jenny: Yes...

Johnny: I'm a little confused—um—who are you people?

Kenny: I don't think any of us know?

Billy: Know what's that?

Sally: Why we're here—

Kenny: Yes!

Silence

Cindy: I don't like this room.

Johnny: Neither do I.

Sally: There aren't any doors, right?

Kenny: No windows either...

Johnny: We could check...

Kenny: for what?

Cindy: for a door, right?

Billy: or a window?

Sally: Yes, let's...

Kenny: Why?

Billy: Why not? It's a good—why not?

Johnny: I don't feel anything—

Sally: try pushing maybe?

Everyone feels the walls except Kenny stands and looks around. Freddy sits on a block.

Johnny: No, there's nothing...

Cindy: maybe...

Billy: hold on—no, nothing...

Kenny: strange...

Sally: hun...

Johnny: fuck...

Freddy: Brilliant!

Silence

Kenny: What do you mean?

Freddy: (laughs, falls off the block) Fucking Brilliant!

Johnny: He's crazy.

Billy: What's his problem?

Jenny: Why's he...

Kenny: Hey! What do you mean brilliant? What is?

Freddy laughs. The others look at each other. Cindy begins to cry softly.

Billy: Hey! What's your problem?

Kenny: No—now hold on—alright?

Sally: It's okay. It's alright.

Freddy: Oh, God! Whew! I'm impressed.

Johnny: Who the fuck are you, man?

Kenny: Hey, wait!

Johnny: What's your problem?

Billy: He's talking to you!

Kenny: Guys, just hold on—

Johnny: Hey, asshole...

Freddy: I'm sorry—I was just thinking of something.

Johnny: So...

Freddy: Well it's kinda personal, I don't know if I wanna
share it...

Johnny: Who is this guy?

Freddy: ...just yet...

Billy: A dickhead—I'm sorry.

Sally: It's okay.

Freddy: great...(he leaps up) I'm Freddy.

Silence

Kenny: I'm Kenny...it's nice to meet you.

Freddy: Same, Kenny. And you?

Johnny: Johnny, why?

Freddy: I don't know. Maybe we should just know each other
considering we don't know where we are, right?

Johnny: Yeah, right...

Billy: Billy...

Freddy: there we go...

Sally: Sally.

Jenny: Jenny.

Cindy: Cindy.

Freddy: Wow! That's just...amazing.

Billy: What is?

Kenny: that we're all named—

Freddy: Yes! That we're all named, it's an amazing thing.

Johnny: Listen asshole, I don't know what your problem is—

Freddy: I don't have a problem, I'm perfectly—

Kenny: He's just joking with you, just shitting you—Pardon.

Freddy: No offense taken.

Sally: Maybe that's why we're here.

Johnny: Why's that?

Sally: 'cause we all have the E.

Billy: the E?

Kenny: Freddy, Johnny, Kenny, Jenny—

Freddy: Sally, Billy, and Cindy—the Y.

Billy: the E?

Freddy: Y or E. IE. However you spell it. It's a great
little touch, don't you think?

Johnny: What do you mean?

Freddy: Nothing. I don't mean anything.

Billy: No?

Freddy: No.

Kenny: Look, why don't we all just relax, sit down, and try
to sort this out?

Freddy: Good idea. (he sits: legs crossed)

Johnny: Alright.

Jenny: As long as everyone'll relax.

Freddy: Done.

Kenny: Yes, relax, that's good. Now come on—Here...

Cindy: Cindy—

Kenny: Cindy, yes, why don't you sit over here?

Cindy: No, I'll sit on the floor.

Kenny: Fine, good.

Sally: Why don't we all sit on the floor?

Kenny: Good idea.

Everyone sits, Kenny with his back to the audience.

Kenny: Alright. Let's go over names one more time and properly introduce—so we all know each other—I'm Kenny.

Freddy: Freddy.

Johnny: Johnny.

Sally: Sally.

Jenny: Jenny.

Cindy: Cindy.

Billy: Bill—

Cindy: What's that!?

They scatter (some scream) to the outer edges.
A single tiny piece of paper floats down from the ceiling—preferably back and forth, side to side, slowly like a leaf.

Freddy stays seated.

Johnny: What the fuck is it?

Kenny: Just hold on, stay calm.

Billy: Don't touch it—it might be something.

Kenny: Hold on, Freddy, just one second, hold on.

Freddy picks up the paper.

Freddy: It's just a piece of paper. There's no need to get
all—(he chokes) I can't—Uh! (chokes) but wait—No!

Freddy collapses.

Silence

Slowly the others move towards him.

Freddy: It's just a piece of paper (laughs)...

Kenny: That's not funny.

Johnny: You're fucked up.

Jenny: (to Cindy) It's alright.

Sally: What does it say?

Freddy: Your looks!—You were all so terrified—

Kenny: Freddy, what does it say?

Freddy: --of this little piece of paper (laughs)

Billy: WHAT DOES IT SAY!?

Silence

Billy: I'm sorry...

Freddy: what is the thing?

Jenny: What?

Sally: Hun?

Kenny: Hold on...

Johnny: What is what?

Freddy: It says, What is The Thing?

Kenny: That doesn't make any sense.

Jenny: Are you sure?

Billy: What?

Freddy: (atop block) Listen! It says...What...Is...The...Thing? (he bows) Here...

Kenny: what is the thing? That's what it says.

Johnny: What is The Thing?

Jenny: The Thing?

Sally: What is the thing?

Cindy: What does that mean?

Kenny: We don't know...

Freddy: I'm impressed.

Johnny: (up) HELLO!? Hey! Hello!

They all look up.

Kenny: Does anyone see anything up there?

Silence

Billy: No.

Sally: No.

Johnny: No.

Jenny: No.

Cindy: No.

Freddy: Very peculiar, isn't it?

Kenny: What do you mean?

Freddy: Well this all makes no sense.

Johnny: No shit it makes no sense—what do you know?

Freddy: I don't know anything.

Johnny: No. What the fuck do you know?—you know something.

Freddy: I really don't.

Johnny: You're full of shit.

Kenny: Now hold on...

Johnny: Do you know anything?

Freddy: No, I don't...

Johnny: Are you sure?

Freddy: I don't know anything.

Kenny: No, wait—

Billy: What do you know?

Billy lifts Freddy up, holds him against the wall.

Freddy: Nothing!

Billy: WHAT DO YOU KNOW!?

Freddy: Nothing! I don't know anything.

Kenny: Wait, Billy, stop—

Billy: I don't believe you.

Freddy: I don't. Nothing.

Jenny: Please stop—

Sally: Just stop—

Freddy: Nothing!

Billy: WHAT?!

Freddy: NOTHING!

Cindy: Let him go, please.

Kenny: Billy.

Johnny: Billy—just let him go.

Billy drops Freddy. Freddy chokes for air. Billy moves away. Johnny follows him. Kenny goes to Freddy.

Kenny: Are you alright?

Freddy: Jesus, man...

Cindy: Does anyone have any water?

Sally: No...

Cindy: Oh, sorry...

Freddy: I don't KNOW anything. I told you.

Kenny: It's alright. Everyone just relax. Alright?

Silence

Freddy: I have an idea...that's all...I had an idea...

Sally: What is it?

Freddy: I thought this was all a dream. My dream. We're all in our pajamas. I thought I had control...I guess not...BUT! It might still be a dream—an intense dream—the realest intense dream I've ever had...

Jenny: It might be...

Johnny: I don't think so...

Kenny: Why not?

Johnny: Because I know I'm awake.

Jenny: How do you know?

Johnny: I don't dream.

Sally: Ever?

Johnny: No.

Billy: Never?

Johnny: No.

Freddy: Your subconscious still dreams though, even if you don't know it—

Johnny: Look! I don't wanna get into this—this—this is not a dream.

Kenny: Because you don't dream...

Johnny: That's right, I don't dream.

Cindy: That's too bad.

Silence

Kenny: So what do we think is The Thing?

Silence

Johnny: Maybe they think that we know something that we don't know?

Freddy: Who?

Johnny: They—whoever has us—whoever put us here...

Sally: What is the last thing anyone remembers?

Jenny: You mean before here?

Sally: Yes. Before here. What do we all remember?

Cindy: I remember going to bed.

Sally: Right!

Kenny: Okay...

Sally: We all went to bed, right?

Jenny: Yeah.

Billy: Yeah.

Johnny: Yeah.

Kenny: Yeah.

Cindy: Yeah.

Freddy: Yes. That's why we're all in our pajamas.

Sally: Right!

Freddy: But what does that prove?

Billy: Nothing.

Freddy: That's right.

Sally: No, not necessarily.

Kenny: Alright, let's just stick with the facts, is that what you're saying?

Sally: Yes!

Jenny: But we all know we went to bed, that's it...

Johnny: Look! This is not a dream!

Blackout. 2 Seconds (screams). Lights up.

Silence

Sally: Where is he?

Cindy: Who?

Kenny: Johnny. Where is he?

Billy: He can't be gone.

Freddy: Why not?

Jenny: I don't see him anywhere.

Cindy: He's not here.

Billy: He couldn't of just disappeared—the lights—they were only off for a second.

Freddy: He's gone.

Billy: How could that happen so quick?

Jenny: There's no doors or windows in here.

Billy: So?

Sally: So where did he go?

Kenny: We don't know.

Jenny: What was the last thing he said before—this is—

Freddy: This is not a dream.

Kenny: That's right.

Freddy: Maybe that's why he's gone?

Sally: Because he didn't think it was a dream?

Freddy: Maybe, if it is—

Billy: How does that make sense?

Freddy: It doesn't. It doesn't have to—dreams don't always make sense, right?

Billy: Yeah...

Freddy: And anything's possible in a dream, so why not—one of us could've chosen to have the lights go out and Johnny disappear.

Sally: That doesn't make sense, though. 'Cause we don't know each other—you think one of us is dreaming,

right?

Freddy: Yes.

Sally: But why, how would we incorporate people we don't know?

Freddy: Imagination.

Sally: It's possible. But unlikely. I don't buy it. I think this is real.

Billy: So do I.

Cindy: Me too.

Jenny: I'm not sure.

Kenny: What is The Thing?

Billy: Yeah and what does that mean?

Kenny: I don't know but maybe we should try to figure it out—

Freddy: Why? There's no reason.

Jenny: No reason? We could at least try—it's all we have.

Freddy: It's the vaguest of questions. They might as well ask, Who is God? or What is Pi? or Where are we going? Is there life on Neptune? It's pointless.

Kenny: Well we don't have anything else. We sure as hell don't know much. AND, since I'm going on the fact that this is real, we might as well use the only fact we have.

Billy: Yeah, I agree.

Sally: We might as well give it a shot.

Freddy: Well good luck—but just one question—What if next I imagine that the paper disappears, then we have no facts?

Kenny: Well then why don't you?

Freddy: I might, but I don't know, I don't have control
right now...

Jenny: Well that's too bad, isn't it?—What is the thing?

Freddy: I'll be in the courtyard smoking if anyone needs
me...

Kenny: What is The Thing? Does anyone have any ideas?

Cindy: Maybe it's...something we have...does anybody have
anything in their pockets?

Sally: No.

Jenny: No.

Billy: No.

Kenny: No.

Freddy: I don't have pockets...

Kenny: That's okay, Cindy, we have to keep trying...

Billy: Maybe it's—it's some information that we have...

Jenny: Okay...

Sally: What kind of information?

Billy: I don't know, um, secrets?—a secret?—No. Just...a
secret, anything...

Jenny: It could be...

Kenny: Does anyone have any secrets that are of importance?

Silence

Freddy claps.

Freddy: Bravo. Well done. I really must commend myself.

Brain: good job, old friend.

Jenny: Will you shut up?

Billy: Yeah...

Kenny: Look, if you're not gonna help, could you just leave us alone?

Jenny: What were we talking about?

Sally: Secrets, right?

Cindy: Uh hun.

Kenny: Yes. Does anyone have any of major importance?

Silence

Freddy: I do.

Cindy: What?

Kenny: No you don't.

Freddy: No. I really do.

Jenny: Oh, yeah? What?

Freddy: It's kind of...personal, you know?

Kenny: Look! You're full of shit—so why don't you just stop bothering us?

Freddy: Hey...

Billy: Shut the fuck up! I've had enough of your bullshit—shut up or I will shut you up!

Freddy: That's very heterosexual of you—I thank you. And the girls thank you too.

Billy: Fuck You!

Kenny: Everyone just forget him, alright? Billy? Let's just ignore him—

Sally: He wants to be treated like a child, we'll treat him like a child—

Freddy: Will you spank me?

Jenny: Just ignore him.

Sally: So we have no secrets?

Kenny: No. No?

Jenny: No. I don't think so.

Cindy: Un-Un. No.

Billy: I can't think of any.

Kenny: So what might The Thing be?

Silence.

Freddy lies down (he's been sitting).

Freddy: Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?
Sonnez les matines, Sonnez les matines
Ding dang dong, Ding dang dong

Cindy: Be quiet! Please...

Blackout. 2 Seconds.

[during blackout:

Kenny: wait, everybody: keep talking—hello...hi...

Sally: hi, how are you...

Jenny: yes, no, hi...

Billy: okay, yeah, fine, good—
overlapping obviously]

Lights up.

Freddy: Ding dang dong, Ding dang dong.

Jenny: Where's Cindy?

Sally: Cindy's gone.

Billy: Shit!

Kenny: Alright—alright—alright—Will you stop singing!

Freddy: I wouldn't yell at me if I were you—You see what happens to people who yell at me—they disappear.

Kenny: Alright! Enough of this shit! You're not making people disappear. You're just an asshole.

Freddy: Suit yourself.

Kenny: Ahhhhh!!

Billy: Kenny, relax. Forget about him.

Jenny: Yeah, we've gotta try to figure out what the thing is.

Kenny: But where are these people going?

Sally: We can't worry about that.

Billy: Sally's right: we've gotta stick together, we've gotta stay close—

Jenny: Okay...let's all start talking again if the lights go out—

Sally: No. We've gotta do something else, we need to be touching—

Kenny: Right!

Billy: Yeah.

Jenny: We should all hold hands or something.

Sally: Good idea.

Standing, they hold hands.

Kenny: Okay...

Freddy: Don't forget to pray while you're at it.

Billy: Shut the fuck—

Jenny: Don't listen to him—Okay...

Kenny: He's getting on my nerves—

Sally: It's alright. Let's just relax, and breathe.
Okay...everyone breathe. Focus on that for a second.
Just in and out.

Freddy: What about the thing?

Billy: What is the thing?

Kenny: Does anyone have any new ideas?

Jenny: Where's everybody going?

Sally: Let's not worry about that. We have to focus on the
thing.

Jenny: But how are people disappearing?

Sally: We can't—

Kenny: They're not disappearing.

Jenny: Yes they are. Two people just disappeared—and
there's no, uh, door, or windows anywhere—and it was
so quick—and we didn't hear anything—not a sound—how
can that be?

Freddy: Magic.

Jenny: Maybe...

Kenny: Don't listen to him, it's not magic.

Jenny: How do we know?

Billy: It's not. There's gotta be a real reason behind
this.

Jenny: Do you think this is real.

Billy: Yes, definitely.

Kenny: Of course it's real. It must be real.

Sally: It has to be. Or at least we have to believe that,
otherwise we'll go crazy.

Jenny: I don't know.

Kenny: We have to focus on what the thing is. That's our only clue.

Jenny: But if this isn't real, it doesn't matter.

Kenny: But if it is real it does.

Silence

Jenny: What is the thing? It must be something that we know.

Sally: Maybe that we all know, that's why we're here together?

Freddy: The Play's the Thing.

Billy: The play?

Freddy: All the world's a stage and the play's the thing.
You do the math.

Sally: Are you trying to say that the thing is everything?

Freddy: Why not?

Kenny: He's just trying to throw us off again.

Sally: So if we don't know what the thing is—and we don't—
and we're not gonna figure it out, maybe we should
give up?

Kenny: Give up?

Billy: We can't give up.

Freddy: I think she means relax.

Sally: Yes relax! We should try to—why not?—We're not sure
about anything, right?

Kenny: Yes.

Sally: So...let's have some fun. Freddy, would you like to
dance?

Freddy: I would be honored, my dear. But what's playing?

Sally: Why it's your favorite song.

Freddy: Schubert's Die Winterreise?

Sally: No, your other favorite song, silly.

Freddy: Ahhh...you must mean Twist and Shout?

Sally: Well that's not very romantic.

Freddy: I know...

Freddy hums a slow song as he snatches Sally and they dance around the room.

Kenny: Well this is getting us nowhere...Jenny keep your hands held.

Jenny: Billy, do you wanna dance?

Billy: We probably should stick together.

Jenny: But I wanna dance. Won't you, please...

Billy: Okay...One dance...

Kenny: Billy—we've gotta stick together—

Billy: Oh relax Kenny, grab a seat. We're just gonna dance for a minute.

Kenny: This is not a good idea. Look, I don't wanna be an asshole, but this is so strange and serious—people are disappearing—we've gotta stick together and think this through because any minute now the light could go out and that's it.

Freddy: Stop being so melodramatic and dance—Here—dance with Sally, you'll feel better. I hear the orchestra kicking up (he jumps up on a block and conducts wildly) to a crescendo. Building...building...wait, No...It's a big band—be bop bop bop...Swing—Yeah!...it's kicking—here we go—bop bop bop

bop-babba da babba da-doo doo, doo doo doo-Hey!...You want more?

Sally & Jenny: Yeah!

Freddy: You want more?

Sally, Jenny, Billy: Yeah!!

Freddy: Oh, come on, Kenny! I can't hear you? You want more?

Sally, Jenny, Billy, Kenny: YEAH!!

Freddy: ALRIGHT!!

Blackout. 2 Seconds. Lights up.

Jenny: He's gone.

Freddy: Oh, man! He was just having fun too...Kenny, how are you feeling? Better?

Kenny: Not really. I still feel nervous. My stomach hurts.

Sally: Here, sit down a minute.

Jenny: That was so much fun.

Freddy: I know, it was, wasn't it?

Kenny: Do you really think this is a dream?

Silence

Freddy: Yes. Yes I do.

Kenny: You too?

Sally: I don't know.

Jenny: It's so confusing. Maybe we should just enjoy ourselves because we don't really know much, do we?

Freddy: Yes, that's right-

Kenny: But the thing-how do you explain that?

Jenny: It could be—

Freddy: You don't have to explain it: dreams don't make sense, remember? They just are.

Kenny: Life doesn't make sense either.

Sally: That's true.

Kenny: So when something is strange we don't necessarily say, it's a dream—because strange things happen. So we're in our pajamas? So? Why not? Why couldn't this be real? Hun? Why, Freddy?

Freddy: Because I'm in control.

Kenny: No you're not. What are you, a magician? You have control of nothing. You're just scareder than the rest of us so you have to make yourself think this is a dream because reality, for you—

Freddy: You have no idea what you're talking about—

Kenny: No? Maybe not. But I'm not scared to face reality.

Sally: This is pointless. We should do something else fun: dance again...

Jenny: Or do something else active.

Kenny: Why? To distract us? Let us give up? We can't give up. We have to work to figure out what the thing is.

Freddy: There is no Thing!

Kenny: If this is a dream, then we're gonna wake up. So what does it matter if we WORK to discover what The Thing is or if we simply flail around like imbeciles? Now: What is The Thing? Sally, what do you think?

Freddy: It's pointless, Sally.

Sally: It can't be pointless to try. Maybe...maybe the thing is what makes us most human?

Kenny: Okay...

Sally: What keeps us...above the rest?

Kenny: Sure, go on...

Freddy: There's no reason—

Kenny: Don't interrupt! Continue, Sally...

Sally: That we can reason out our ideas...and our
 problems...and come to a conclusion about death?

Kenny: Yes...

Sally: And...I don't know...I lost my thought...

Freddy: ha Ha!

Kenny: No, try to keep it, you were going somewhere...

Sally: I lost it; it's gone.

Freddy: Well that was educational. Not to change the
 subject but it's gonna get dark sometime soon—don't
 take this the wrong way—would either of you like
 some sex?

Jenny: What?

Freddy: Or make love, if that's what you prefer. Don't
 worry, Kenny, I won't make you watch—

Kenny: Fuck you.

Freddy: I would prefer one of the girls but I'm always open
 to a little friendly experimentation.

Kenny: Go to hell...We have to stay focused.

Sally: I'm tired.

Freddy: Let me give you a massage—

Jenny: Shut the fuck up! Shut up! Now!

Silence

Jenny: What is The Thing?...I think it's love.

Silence

Sally: Why love?

Jenny: Why not? It could be God or it could be sex, I think it's love.

Freddy: Well the heaven's haven't opened up so it must not be.

Jenny: Maybe not.

Kenny: It's a nice thought though.

Sally: Yes it is.

Kenny: Maybe the Thing is this thing right here: being able to discuss and argue and bring our minds together and our emotions together—along with our emotions—to try to figure things out—to, uh...

Freddy: To filibuster, eh?

Kenny: No, it's more than just that. It's to uh...

Sally: Commune.

Kenny: Yes, thank you.

Sally: Communion.

Kenny: Yes, that's it, communion. That's the word.

Freddy: It must not be The Thing though, 'cause we're still here.

Kenny: Yes, that's true.

Silence

Jenny: (lullaby)

Blackout. 2 Seconds. Lights up.

Freddy: What was that?

Jenny: I don't know. I just remembered it. Or thought of it. I don't know.

Kenny: Another one gone...

Freddy: We need to cheer up—laugh a little—get some positive energy moving.

Jenny: Nothing effects you, does it?

Freddy: Of course things effect me—but this—this thing. Not THE Thing, mind you, this thing is beyond our control.

Kenny: It could still effect you.

Freddy: And it does, but you have to remember I don't think this is real and you do.

Kenny: How do you know?

Freddy: I don't. But I do know that things this strange don't happen to me. Think about how weird this is and consider the weirdest thing that's ever happened to you: does this qualify as number one?

Kenny: Possibly?

Freddy: Maybe you mean definitely.

Kenny: But you can't just give up.

Freddy: I'm not giving up, I'm giving in.

Jenny: Can we possibly spend our last few moments on this

earth, or in this dream, or wherever we are—can we spend this time not arguing, please?

Freddy: Certainly.

Kenny: Sure.

Freddy: What would you like to talk about?

Jenny: Nothing.

Freddy: Surely there's some subject we can discuss without arguing or fighting?

Kenny: I doubt it.

Jenny: We could talk about our favorite foods?

Freddy: Possibly...

Kenny: You mean pasta or fish or peanut butter?

Jenny: No, like your favorite meal. What kind of meal do you like?

Kenny: Beef.

Freddy: Of course.

Kenny: What?

Freddy: Nothing.

Kenny: What did you mean, of course?

Jenny: No arguing.

Kenny: This is moronic, I don't wanna talk about food.

Freddy: Any other ideas?

Kenny: No.

Jenny: Well, I tried, you two are impossible.

Freddy: Why don't we talk about what we hate?

Kenny: Why?

Jenny: That doesn't seem very fun.

Freddy: Sure. What better way to agree than shared hatred.
Let's see...I hate...vomit...anything to do with it.

Jenny: Who doesn't hate vomit?

Freddy: So you hate vomit too?

Jenny: What kind of question is that? Yes, I hate vomit.

Freddy: We're in total agreement. Wonderful. Jenny, what do
you hate more than anything?

Jenny: Oh, I don't know? Bats, I suppose.

Freddy: I too hate bats! We agree once again.

Kenny: This is a waste of our time!

Freddy: Well, what would you have us do, Kenny? I was
trying not to argue for Jenny's sake, I don't
exactly see you—

Kenny: There's nothing that we can do—but I don't think we
should sit around and discuss our common ground on
hatred. In case you're wondering, for your little
game, I hate this place.

Jenny: So do I.

Freddy: Oh, I'd have to disagree on that one. I don't hate
this place, it's not so bad.

Kenny: How can you say that?

Freddy: How? I just did. What do you mean?

Kenny: You know what I mean. You like this place?

Freddy: I don't like it or hate it, I think it's
interesting.

Jenny: And the Thing?

Freddy: What about it?

Kenny: Yes, the Thing.

Jenny: You don't care about it?

Freddy: Why should I care about it? It's a riddle.
Unsolvable. It's best to give up—give in—it's only
words anyway: What...Is...The...Thing: that's it.

Kenny: It's still the only thing we know.

Freddy: That's not true: I know the tango, the true
meaning of hyperbole, and that the square of two
sides of an isosceles triangle—

Jenny: Shut up, Freddy.

Kenny: But you don't know what the thing is...

Freddy: Perhaps I do and maybe I don't.

Kenny: You don't know.

Freddy: That's your opinion.

Kenny: You don't know.

Freddy: But you're not inside here, are you?

Kenny: You don't know anything.

Freddy: In fact, what if the Thing were written in another
language that none of us knew? Say Greek. Then What
is The Thing would mean nothing and we'd be back to
nothing, which is where we are anyway—accepting the
fact that we—here in this room, have control of
nothing.

Jenny: I have control of my mind.

Freddy: That's true: good point.

Kenny: Ah ha! So we do have control of our minds, which
shows, Freddy, that this is not a dream. Isn't that
right?

Freddy: Not necessarily, no.

Jenny: How's that?

Freddy: Well, you might just think you have control of your mind when in fact my mind has control of both of your minds.

Kenny: You just agreed that she has control of her own mind.

Freddy: I did? I don't recall saying that.

Kenny: You did. You're so full of shit. You know you did.

Freddy: No I don't. And if I had, I would take it back.

Kenny: You are a jackass. A complete, beautiful, entirely full of shit, jackass...And now you've got me laughing, I hope you're happy.

Freddy: I'm happy that you're happy, Kenny. But now I'm afraid you're gonna have to go.

Kenny: Sure, fine.

Freddy: If that's okay with you, Jenny?

Jenny: I won't ever sleep with you if that's what you're thinking.

Freddy: No. Of course not. I just want to make sure you're okay with me getting rid of Kenny—although I do enjoy his company—so it'll just be you and me?

Jenny: You're an ass—

Blackout. 2 Seconds. Lights up.

Kenny: Finally!

Jenny: Is he gone?

Kenny: Whoever is up there doing this: Thank You! It's about time. I guess this isn't your dream, is it, Freddy?

Jenny: Maybe it's your nightmare?!

Silence

Jenny: I hated him.

Kenny: I hated him too.

Jenny: We agree.

Kenny: Halleluia!

Silence

Jenny: Now what do we do?

Kenny: I have no idea.

Silence

Jenny: Should we even bother with—

Kenny: The Thing?

Jenny: Yes.

Kenny: I don't know.

Silence

Jenny: Well it's definitely not a dream, I guess.

Kenny: It could still be one of our dreams, I suppose.

Jenny: I thought you thought this was real?

Kenny: I do, I'm just saying—Yes, I think it's real.

Silence

Jenny: What should we do?

Kenny: What can we do?

Jenny: Just give up?

Kenny: Give in...

Jenny: Now you're talking like Freddy.

Kenny: Fuck Freddy. We're stuck, I don't know.

Silence

Kenny: It's pointless to try to figure out—

Jenny: I know.

Silence

Kenny: Know any good jokes?

Jenny: What?...No.

Kenny: Nothing?

Jenny: No, I can't think of any. Why, do you?

Kenny: No, that's why I asked.

Jenny: Ah...

Silence

Jenny: We should talk about something. Not waste our time.

Kenny: Does it really matter? What do you wanna talk about?

Jenny: Look: we can't just give up, or give in.

Kenny: I don't think there's any point to reasoning—things
are so unrational already, we should just go with
it—

Jenny: That's crap.

Kenny: What do you want me to do?

Jenny: Not give up!

Kenny: It doesn't matter!

Jenny kisses Kenny.

Silence

Jenny: Things matter. Don't say things don't matter, 'cause they do. We can still hold on to certain things, certain feelings.

Kenny: Yes...I suppose so...

Jenny: I'm so scared—terrified—I have been the whole time.

Kenny: Hey! It's alright, so have I...

Kenny holds Jenny (they hug).

Kenny: I don't know what to say or feel anymore.

Jenny: That's okay, let's just stay here and not think about anything.

Kenny: Yes, let's...

Silence. They continue to hug.

Kenny: This is where the man usually says to the woman, in his best John Wayne-way, everything's gonna be alright. (laughs) I wish I could tell you that, or tell myself that—but I just don't know. I'm sorry.

Jenny: It's alright. Everything's gonna be alright.

Kenny: No, it's not. That's my point.

Jenny: Kenny, it's okay. Just shut up for a minute.

Silence

Kenny: As long as we're hugging they can't take just one of us.

Jenny: I suppose not.

Kenny: It's all or nothing.

Jenny: Yes...

Kenny: As long as we keep hugging.

Jenny: I feel safe.

Kenny: You do?

Jenny: Yes. The whole time I've been in here not once have I felt alright. But now I feel safe. Calmer. The rest doesn't matter.

Kenny: What about The Thing?

Jenny: Let's not think about it.

Kenny: Do you have your eyes closed?

Jenny: Mmmm...Yes...

Kenny: Does it help, not seeing?

Jenny: I think so.

Kenny: I can't do it.

Jenny: Why not?

Kenny: I don't know. I get scared, I guess. When I do.

Jenny: Just think about something else.

Silence

Kenny: I can't. It doesn't work. What do you think about?

Jenny: Nothing, really. I just clear my head and fly through the clouds...or lay in the grass...or imagine I'm on stage, I guess.

Kenny: You're an actress.

Jenny: I'd like to be. That's where I feel safest: on stage. When I get that high, the high you get during a performance...

Silence

Kenny: I can't relax, Jenny.

Jenny: I know.

Kenny: I hope that they take me...

Jenny: They can't, we're together.

Kenny: If they find a way, though, I hope they do.

Jenny: Why?

Kenny: Because I'm scared. I'd rather go than be here alone.

Jenny: You can't worry about it, it's out of your control.

Kenny: I know. The thing is...I hate being alone.

Jenny: It's alright.

Kenny: It's terrifying...

Jenny: I know.

Kenny: The quiet. You can hear everything, and it's nothing.

Jenny: Shhhh...hold me...

Jenny: It's alright...

Blackout. 2 Seconds. Lights up.

Kenny: Oh, God, No! How can it be?
How did you do that!? I was holding her!
She just disappeared completely. It was magic.
Some sort of black magic...It's so quiet here.
Why don't you just take me too? Right now!
Come on! You assholes! Take me! Take me! Do it!
You assholes...(cries)
(ends up next to the paper, picks it up and
tears it apart)
Now it's nothing. It doesn't exist.
See?! (he eats the pieces) They're gone,
They don't exist. You're Thing means nothing.
I've already forgotten it. (cries)

Silence

There's really nothing left to do.

Nothing left to say.
Nothing left to think about.
Everybody's gone.
It's just me. Me and me alone.
Me, myself, and I, if you prefer.

Silence

There was no way to figure it out, was there?
No possible way to get out, isn't that right?
So what more do you want?
You keep me here for a reason.
Am I The Thing? Is it me and me alone?
Why can't I get that out of my head?
And Jenny's gone.
It's stuck in me now.
But you know that, don't you?
All part of your plan, right?
I think you over shot yourself:
I'm nobody.
I can't even kill myself in here, there's nothing,
Goddammit!

Silence

You got me.
You pushed me.
The joke's on me, yes?...no?

I'm just gonna give up.
You can take me whenever you want.
I'll just be in the corner smoking...

There are no corners...
Tricky, you tricky bastard...
Messing with my mind...all the time...

What's left?
You might as well just take me.
Make me disappear...

Come on!
Alright...It's a dream...
There you go...I think it's a dream
Happy? Can we call it quits now?

If I ever find out who you are,

What you are,
I'll kill you...

That wasn't me...
That was someone else entirely...
I'm sorry...

Real? Unreal?
Real? Unreal?
Unreal? Real?

Fun game, isn't it?

Blackout.