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Rage Against Nothing

A Short 2-Character Play

by Greg Freier

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Rage Against Nothing

by Greg Freier

CHARACTERS

2M

STEVE: *40's. He's dressed in khaki's, dress shirt, cardigan, loafers and red socks.*

BRAD: *40's. Dressed in jeans, sweat shirt, and baseball hat.*

SETTING

Two cars on a freeway

Rage Against Nothing

by Greg Freier

SETTING: *A freeway. The stage is set with two chairs on opposite sides. For all intents and purposes, the chairs represent two cars.*

AT RISE: *STEVE and BRAD seated on the chairs and for all intents and purposes, are driving on the freeway.*

STEVE

What's with all the traffic? I mean its eleven o'clock in the morning...don't people have jobs for Pete's sake. *(Fiddles with the radio)* I need something to take the edge off... something calming...soothing...something...something that my mother would approve of... *(Finds a classical station)* Oh thank God, Brahms...nothing calms the soul like good ole' whatever his first name is... *(Swerves)* What the hell was that? *(Beeps his horn)* You deranged imbecile, watch your lanes...you're going to kill somebody with that tomfoolery. *(Looks over)* Did he just flip me off?

BRAD

(Looks over at STEVE) The speed limits 55 you jerk, which is 15 miles more than what you're going.

STEVE

(Looks straight ahead) Oh my God, he's wearing a baseball hat. That could mean only one thing...gangs. He must be in a gang...would have to be small gang though...the population around here is less than 300... But either way...I need to get away from him.

STEVE pushes down on the accelerator.

BRAD

Oh sure now you go the speed limit you moron...like you couldn't have done that to begin with. *(Beat)* Of course now I've got to speed up or we'll be driving side by side for the rest of my life...where do these people come from?

STEVE

(Looks over BRAD) Oh great, now he's driving right next me...this can't be good...it'll be just like that movie I was watching the other night...soon he'll reach under his seat and pull out a hand grenade, toss it through my back window...and then...BOOM...

BRAD

(Looks over STEVE) Is that a cardigan he's wearing? Nah, couldn't be...nobody in their right mind wears cardigans anymore...but maybe he's not in his right mind...could be one of those psychos that tries to look normal but then years later you find out he was a cannibal and ate his family...

STEVE

I know, I'll just look casual...pretend I didn't notice him...let him get ahead....

BRAD

(Looks over) Oh crap, he's driving casual...that can mean only thing...he's going to hurt me...probably so filled with rage that he'll beat me to death with his sweater...

STEVE

(Glances over) He noticed I was driving casual and he's not speeding up...that can't be good...that must mean he thinks I'm not afraid...might be best if I sped up...but if I do that I might get a ticket...and a ticket could mean higher insurance rates...must remain calm....

BRAD

I'll get around him...that's it...but to do that I'd have to speed...and one more ticket and I lose my license... Why couldn't I be more responsible like my brother Jeff? ...God I hate it when my mother's right...

STEVE

So this is how's it's going to be...a race to the death going the speed limit...there's something very wrong with that guy...

BRAD turns his hat around backwards.

BRAD

I suppose I could always slow down...just get behind him until my turn off.

STEVE

(Looks over) He turned his hat around...definitely gang...better get in self defense mode...
(Reaches over to glove box) Maybe I still have that butter knife that I took to Grammys for Easter hiding in the glove box...

BRAD

But if I get behind him he'll think I'm following him and then probably jam on his brakes so he can kill me...

STEVE

No butter knife, damn... *(Notices his socks)* Oh not today of all days...why did I have to wear red socks today...I mean I can just see the headline now, "Man in Red Socks Killed By Sociopathic, Ex-Nazi Transsexual After Violent Speed Limit Fueled Car Chase."

BRAD

Did he just reach in his glove box? I hope he doesn't have a gun...I mean I don't even have a butter knife.

STEVE

Best make a mental note to throw out all my red socks.

BRAD

It looks like he's talking to himself now too. They say that's a sign of intelligence...mother always said it was the sign of a loony...

STEVE

Actually make the mental note to burn all my red socks...that way if I change my mind I won't take them out of the garbage.

BRAD

The more I think about it, the more he looks like a deranged Mr. Rogers.

STEVE

Maybe he'll get off at the next exit and then I can just go about my business.

BRAD

I bet under that children's show host wardrobe of his is some kind of villain costume...maybe like a ninja...or a just plain evil kind of person outfit...

STEVE

But what if he doesn't get off at the next exit...Then what?...I mean the last time I had to defend myself was in second grade...and that didn't go well...I not only got a bloody nose from accidentally punching myself in the face, but that mean little girl stole my chocolate milk as well...

BRAD

Okay, let's be rational here...adult men don't wear secret costumes under their clothes...not in real life anyway...

STEVE

I could always call 911...

BRAD

Crap, if I hadn't of left my cell phone on my dresser I could have called 911.

STEVE

But if I called, what exactly would I tell them?

BRAD

Too bad I don't have my cell phone...I could have called myself and left a message so I wouldn't forget it in future.

STEVE

I could always tell them that there's a possible serial killer next me with a bazooka that was trying to sell me drugs while we were driving.

BRAD

Of course knowing me, I'd probably forget to listen to the message and leave my cell phone on the dresser again anyway.

STEVE

Bazooka might be pushing it... flame thrower... that would make more sense... A drug dealer with a flame thrower...

BRAD

I don't know why I bothered getting a cell phone in the first place... I never remember to bring the damn thing with me.

STEVE

Nah, flame thrower seems a bit over the top too... I'll just go with really big gun...

BRAD

(Looks over) I see he's still talking to himself... not a good sign... he must be more of a loony than I thought...

STEVE

But what kind of really big gun... I'm sure they'd want to know that... at least I'd think they would...

BRAD

Hopefully he's not one of those people that have to talk with their hands... because that's the last thing I need... some loony driver that thinks he's steering with his psychic abilities...

STEVE

Why would they need to know what kind of gun? That's kind of silly when you think about it. I'm sure the police would just hear, 'really big gun,' and then do whatever it is that they do with really big gun people.

BRAD

But what if he is a psychic, I hadn't thought of that. Because if he is, then he has to know that I think he's a loony cannibal that's trying to kill me... or worse yet... eat me.

STEVE

Oh great, now my stomachs gurgling... I knew I should have had more than toast....

BRAD

(Looks over) Is that drool on his chin? *(Beat)* No, it can't be... I'm imagining things... Get a grip Brad... there's no such thing as a cannibal in this town...

STEVE

I need to make another mental note to eat a bigger breakfast.

BRAD

I mean, how can he be a cannibal? This town isn't even big enough to have a gang...

STEVE

I knew I should have brought one of those breakfast shakes with me.

BRAD

Of course how do I know he's from around here? For all I know he could be from the city...and they do have gangs there...I mean who's to say they don't have gangs that consist of nothing but cannibals?...

STEVE

Oh great, now my stomach's getting all acidic. That means the gas is going to kick in soon.

BRAD

(With panic) Oh God, he is going to eat me.

STEVE

And I certainly can't roll down the window, he'll think I'm provoking him and then he might throw a spear at me...

BRAD

I must keep the doors locked at all times, because if he can't get in, he can't eat me.

STEVE

(Looks over) But I doubt he's got a spear. He's driving a compact...couldn't fit a proper spear in there even if he wanted to.

BRAD looks at his gas gauge.

BRAD

Good, still got half a tank left. That means I'm good for at least another 250 miles before he can eat me...

STEVE

But what if he has one of those folding spears...I hadn't thought of that...Of course I have no idea if there's such a thing as folding spears....

BRAD

But my exit's coming up in another seven miles, so what good is driving another 243 miles after that....

STEVE looks at his gas gauge.

STEVE

Good, still got half a tank left. That's good for at least another 200 miles or so...I just have to remember to keep the doors locked at all times...that way if he does have a spear I'll be safe...

BRAD

Okay this is ridiculous...I'm just being paranoid...he's not going to eat me...he might kill me, but I highly doubt he's going to eat me...

STEVE

How am I going to be safe? A spear would go right through my window; then right through me...what the heck was I thinking...

BRAD

Okay good; there's my exit, I'll just nonchalantly make my way over...

STEVE

Okay good; there's my exit, I'll just nonchalantly make my way over...

BRAD

(Looks over) What the hell...

STEVE

(Looks over) Oh dear God, he's getting off too.

BRAD

When did this become a two lane exit? I don't remember this being a two lane exit.

STEVE

(Stares straight ahead) Don't make eye contact. Whatever you do, don't make eye contact.

BRAD

(Starts looking through his 'car') Maybe I have something in here that I can pour all over myself to make myself smell bad. Bad smell, no want to eat me...

STEVE

I haven't even made out my will yet...

BRAD

Nothing...not a damn thing in here...Why do I have to be so clean?...

STEVE

(With despair) Of course what would be the point of a will...Everything I have is used....

BRAD

If I live through this I'm going to become more of a slob...

STEVE

God my life is pathetic...

BRAD

I know, going forward, I'll keep a bottle of bleu cheese dressing under my driver's seat at all times...

BRAD pulls over.

STEVE

Why is he pulling in there? That's where I need to go too.

BRAD

(Looks over) No, no, no, no, no...he's pulling in here too...

STEVE

Maybe if I strike a ninja pose when I get out of the car, he'll get scared and run away...

BRAD

I know, I'll jump out and pretend I have spear...that might cause him to run away...

STEVE

I mean what kind of hideous monster would spear someone at an outpatient walk-in clinic.

BRAD

But what if he doesn't run away...

STEVE

Oh god...this wasn't how I saw my end...but I've got to do it...on three

BRAD

(Takes a deep breath) Okay, I'm ready...on three...

BRAD/STEVE

One...two...three....

This is Not the End of the Play

Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes