

Did You Bring It?

A scene

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Characters

A

B

Setting

Undecided

SCENE 1

A
(to B)

Did you bring it?

B smacks A in the side of the head.

B
(angrily)

Are you fucking stupid?!

A
(angrily)

Fuck! The hell was that for?!

B
(mocking)

"Did you bring it?" You were thinking of that the whole way over, weren't you? Think you're a big man now 'cause I called you here, huh?

A
~~The fuck is wrong~~ I just asked a question!

B
~~Oh, yeah~~ A stupid one! Think! Someone walks by, hears you muttering real low, going all "did you bring it" like that. That's gonna be covert, is it?

A
(angrily)
Yeah and you fucking hitting me isn't?!

B
If it'll knock that stupid ~~notion~~ shit outta your head then I just did you a favor! ~~That shit~~ That's what we call an investment.

A

Investing in me getting the fuck out of here is what you're doing.

B

Good! If you're coming to me with that shit then I'm happy to be done.

A

Come on, ~~are we doing this thing~~ is this happening or not?

B

Ooh, that got you, didn't it? You wanna stay right here, huh? That's what I thought.

A

Man, shut the fuck up. I'm just trying to ask if...
(under breath)

You know...

B

Yeah, yeah, "did I bring it?"

A leans in, expectant. B
pauses before shoving him
away.

B

Of course I didn't fucking bring it!

A

(angrily)

Are you serious?! The hell am I here for, then?

B

~~Clearly~~ To make both of us look like idiots, clearly! Though I'll give you this: you're way ahead right now.

A

(angrily)

I'm the idiot? You didn't even fucking bring it!

B

Yeah, I didn't bring it here. Maybe you don't care if the whole world finds out what you're up to, but ~~I'm trying to~~ I've got an image to look out for!

A

So where the fuck is it?!

B

It's in my car, idiot!

A

The hell are we standing around here for, then?

B

Because here is where you do your part.

A

Yeah fucking right I will-! I want to see it first+.

B

Not a chance. You wanna walk, walk. ~~Otherwise~~ If you're staying it's so you can do it my way.

A

Yeah, 'cause you don't want this to happen either? The hell is wrong with you anyway?

B

What's wrong with me is I got a some fucking idiot testing my patience. You have two minutes or I'm leaving.

A

Yeah? Leaving in your car, huh? Then why don't I just take it?

B leans in threateningly.

B

You wanna fucking try that? Do it. See what happens.

They stare at each other for a few beats, before A scowls and looks away.

A

Fine. You get your fucking... I'll do it.

B

Much better. ~~Was~~ Now was that so hard?

A

Yeah, actually! ~~You're a fucking control~~ Maybe if you quit acting like a fucking diva ~~you~~ we'd be done by now!

B

Man, shut up and just ~~give it to me~~ do your shit.

A

Yeah, yeah.

A pulls out his phone, tapping the screen ambiguously. B leans in to see what's happening, before giving an approving nod.

B

Alright, alright. ~~There~~ That's what I like to see. You ready?

A

The fuck you mean "am I ready"? Yeah! I'm ready!

B

~~Atta boy Aight,~~ That's what I like to hear.

Both exit; B leads A off-stage.