

Free Spice

by Jonathan Clausen

(The scene is a small living room in a two-bedroom apartment. There is a couch with a throw-blanket on it, coffee table and and a television.)

Brad: (enters from bed rooms area with keys and coat, to himself:) Grrr. I so don't want to work tonight... How much time? 10 minutes.... Let's see what's on.

(Brad sits down, places coat beside him on the couch, keys on the coffee table, turns on the television, thumbs through a few channels until...)

Whoa! Free Spice channel? Sweet!

(Brad places coat and keys on the coffee table and sits back watching. His face a mixture of emotions. His his increasing arousal is evident as he begins to shift, crossing his leg when suddenly...)

Samantha: (offstage) Anybody home? I'm back!

(Brad quickly turns off the television, and grabs his coat from the coffee table to cover himself)

Brad: (as Samatha enters, casually) Hey Sam, what's up? How was class?

Samantha: Same old. Professor Dane makes it hard to stay awake sometimes. (looks around) Tyler's not here then?

Brad: (rising - using coat as cover) No. He took off about an hour ago, said he was going to the library to do some thesis research - something he couldn't get online.

Samantha: Damnit! I knew it! He totally forgot he promised we'd go out for dinner tonight. We haven't been out in weeks. He's been in the library or on the computer for a week solid. I thought that since he was just working on his thesis, we'd have more time this year, but I guess I was wrong.... You have to work tonight?

Brad: Yeah, I'd better get going too. Had to park the car down on the next block. Must have been a party last night. When I got home after the restaurant closed, parking was a bitch. Anyway, I'm heading home next weekend so you and Ty can have the place to yourself for a change.

Samantha: (distracted - reading mail, etc) Cool. Thanks. Have a good time at work.

Brad: Bye (exits)

Samantha: *(frustrated again)* Son of a bitch! *(sitting down on the couch, picks up the remote)* I might as well be single again... *(turns on the television, beat, then reaction)* Whoa. *(smiling)* Bradley, you've been a very naughty boy....

(Samantha watches for a time. Her face cycles through some different emotions: humor, disgust, scorn, etc. but eventually finds herself kind of aroused - starts to shift on the couch a bit...)

(Unnoticed, Brad enters the room. He's forgotten his keys which now lay on the coffee table between Samantha and the television - he enters unheard and stops in horror that he left the TV on that channel.

Brad is visibly thinking through his options. Samantha's feet are now up on the coffee table and she has pulled a blanket over her shoulders - nothing overt, but a bit suggestive to the audience. She still shows varied reactions to what she sees on the screen.

Brad decides to attempt to get his keys back and begins to crawl from the back of the couch around to try to retrieve his keys, unnoticed, from the coffee table. After a long process of inching his way around to the table unnoticed by Sam, he attempts to pull them gently from the table. He fails and they fall to the floor, revealing his presence to Sam.

Sam is startled and sits up, quickly turning off the TV with the remote. They stare at each other for long moment. A mix of attitudes and emotions. After a long moment, they break contact simultaneously. Brad picks up his keys, holds them up for her to see. As he walks away, Sam re-folds the blanket casually, very aware that Brad is still in the room. He exits. She puts her head in her hands.)

Curtain