

Intervention

By

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28 Plays Later

Day 17

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ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP: A HOTEL ROOM.

ALEX (B), CHRIS (V), AND KELLY (C) SIT
AWKWARDLY LOOKING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN
EACH OTHER WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.

SOMETHING ISN'T HAPPENING.

SOMETHING STILL ISN'T HAPPENING. THE CAST
STARTS EXCHANGING (IN CHARACTER) EVEN MORE
AWKWARD LOOKS.

REPEAT THIS UNTIL THE AUDIENCE STARTS
GETTING UNCOMFORTABLE, WITH THE CAST
COMPLETELY ZONING OUT AT SOME POINT.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR, AND THE THREE
LOOK UP, STARTLED, THEN EXCHANGE GLANCES OF
RELIEF.

KELLY STANDS UP AND GOES TO THE DOOR,
TAKING A DEEP BREATH IN PREPARATION BEFORE
OPENING IT TO REVEAL LYN (F), WHO STANDS
THERE WITH A BANJO.

LYN: Well shit. Not a jam session, eh?

KELLY: Sorry to say, that is not today.

LYN COMES IN AND SEES THE OTHERS.

LYN: Totally not a jam session. Bite me.

CHRIS: So yeah, this is an interfention, Lyn.

ALEX: Intervention, Chris. VENTION. It's not that hard.

CHRIS: Stop yelling at me, for shit's sake!

ALEX: I'm not yelling at you, Chris. God.

KELLY: Now's as good a time as any, to list our
grie-vie-ances many.

CHRIS SPEAKS TO KELLY.

CHRIS: Will you please stop with the insanity?

KELLY FLIPS CHRIS OFF.

EVERYONE LOOKS AWKWARDLY BACK AND FORTH,
NOT QUITE KNOWING WHAT TO DO NOW.

LYN: So... I'm sleeping with all of you.

BLACKOUT.

ACT I

SCENE 2

LIGHTS UP: SAME ROOM.

CHRIS PACES.

KELLY IS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW.

ALEX IS FLIPPING THROUGH THE HOTEL
MAGAZINE.

LYN SITS ON THE BED PLAYING THE BANJO,
POORLY.

LYN: I always imagined an intervention would be...

CHRIS: Less stupid? More helpful? Not a waste?

LYN: All of the above. Yeah. All those.

KELLY: Before you diss upon us more, know we've ne're done
this before.

ALEX CLOSES ON KELLY.

ALEX: Really, Kelly? Come on now. For real?

KELLY: Hey before I start to pout, in my face do not shout.

ALEX THROWS HANDS IN THE AIR AND RETREATS.

LYN: That was totally not shouting. Totally not.

CHRIS: Not like you were doing before, Alex.

ALEX GIVES CHRIS THE FINGER.

ALEX: Why am I the one getting shit?

CHRIS SURRENDERS.

CHRIS: True, this really is Lyn's party, yo.

CHRIS FLOPS DOWN ON THE OTHER BED.

ALEX TAKES A CHAIR.

EVERYONE WAITS. AND WAITS.

KELLY: I'm studying Shakespearean, alas, so must pull rhymes out of my ass.

EVERYONE BUT LYN GIVES KELLY A "NO SHIT" LOOK.

BLACKOUT.

ACT I SCENE 3

LIGHTS UP: STILL HERE.

EVERYONE IS WHERE WE LEFT THEM, BUT IN A MUCH MORE EXTREME STATE OF BOREDOM.

LYN PUTS DOWN THE BANJO AND JUMPS UP SUDDENLY.

LYN: Why must you all shout like that??!!

EVERYONE ELSE LOOKS SLIGHTLY CONFUSED AT
THE ACCUSATION.

ALEX: No one has said a single word.

CHRIS: Like, in ten minutes. No words. None.

LYN SIGHS.

LYN: I know. I was jumpstarting the conversation.

CHRIS: It could certainly use some help, yo.

LYN MOVES TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.

LYN: I never thought I'd be taken hostage.

KELLY: As funny as you think this is, intervention is a
stressful biz.

CHRIS, FISTS BALLED, CROSSES TO THE
MINIBAR.

CHRIS: I swear to god, Kelly. Stop it.

ALEX RISES QUICKLY, HEADED FOR CHRIS.

ALEX: No no no! Room's in my name.

CHRIS: Yeah? And? What do you even mean?

ALEX SLAMS THE MINIBAR DOOR.

ALEX: No snacks from the expensive, tiny fridge.

LYN PUSHES THE CURTAINS ASIDE AND OPENS ONE
OF THE WINDOWS. IT SWINGS OUT, AND THE
SOUND OF TRAFFIC MANY STORIES BELOW CAN BE
HEARD. SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF A SINGLE
GUNSHOT GOES OFF, AND LYN DROPS TO THE
FLOOR, FOLLOWED BY EVERYONE ELSE,
VOLUNTARILY.

ALEX: What in the everloving hell just happened?

KELLY: Anger made me plan real fast. Assassin's bullet just
snuffed that ass.

BLACKOUT.