

The Winners

written by
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The Winners

Cast of Characters

Kurt

Suburban married white man in his late thirties.

Cassie

Suburban married white woman in her late thirties.

Tiffany

Asian-American escort in her early twenties.

PLACE

The middle class living room of Kurt & Cassie's house.

TIME

A Thursday night, all night.

* Special thanks to Jami Brandli, for giving me the idea without realizing (or intending) it, and then for talking me through it.

"There's a little child
Running around this house
And he never leaves
He will never leave
And the fog comes up from the sewers
And glows in the dark

Baby alligators in the sewers grow up fast
Grow up fast
Anything you want, it can be done
How did you go bad?
Did you go bad?
Did you go bad?
Some things will never wash away
Did you go bad?
Did you go bad?"

- "Fog" - Radiohead

Scene 1

KURT and CASSIE's suburban living room. It's a typical middle-class place, matching furniture set, but nothing too luxurious. KURT and CASSIE, a white married couple in their mid-thirties, are sitting on the couch. Sitting in a chair across from them is TIFFANY, a provocatively dressed Asian woman in her early twenties. There's an awkward silence, then:

CASSIE
Can we get you anything? A glass of wine? I got some for tonight, so ...

TIFFANY
Glass of wine nice, yeah.

CASSIE
I'll go get some.

(SHE exits. Again silence. After a bit, TIFFANY starts rubbing Kurt's leg.)

TIFFANY
Oh, your house so nice. You must make lot of money, you big sexy man.

KURT
I do all right.

TIFFANY
It so pretty. Make me crazy to think--

KURT
You know, you can use your real voice. I mean, if that's not--

TIFFANY
(Dropping the accent)
Really? Thanks, I appreciate it.

KURT
Sure.
(Slight pause)
You don't recognize us, do you?

TIFFANY

Should I?

KURT

No. We're ... it's nothing.

(CASSIE returns with two glasses of wine. SHE gives one to Tiffany and keeps the other.)

TIFFANY

You're not drinking?

CASSIE

Kurt's a ... your voice changed.

TIFFANY

He said it was okay.

CASSIE

Oh, really?

KURT

I thought it would be fine. I mean, we're not into that weird, you know, imperialist power dynamic. Right, Cassie?

CASSIE

Right. Sure, um, two glasses of wine, yes. Kurt's a recovering alcoholic.

KURT

Five years sober.

TIFFANY

That's great.

(Sip of wine)

So ... you wanna talk about prices?

CASSIE

Not yet.

KURT

We're paying by the hour, right?

TIFFANY

For starters, yes. And we should get into that soon. When we start talking about specifics, though ...

CASSIE

Understood.

(An awkward silence.)

Do you recognize us?

KURT

I asked her that already.

CASSIE

Wow, you were busy. So?

KURT

She doesn't, I don't think.

TIFFANY

Sorry. I don't really follow politics.

CASSIE

You thought we were ...?

(Laughing a little)

We're not politicians.

TIFFANY

Oh, okay.

CASSIE

Do you get a lot of politicians?

TIFFANY

What's "a lot" to you?

CASSIE

Any. Two or three we'd know.

TIFFANY

Then I get lots and lots.

KURT

Really? People we'd know?

TIFFANY

Once in a while even people I know.

CASSIE

And you don't even follow politics.

TIFFANY

I have other things in my life. I sculpt. I paint.

CASSIE

Oils or watercolors?

TIFFANY

Watercolors.

CASSIE

That's lovely.

TIFFANY
Thanks. Anyway, yes. Politicians once in a while, yes.

CASSIE
Conservatives?

TIFFANY
Almost exclusively.

CASSIE
Figures.

TIFFANY
Should I recognize you?

KURT
I guess you don't watch the news.

CASSIE
We're lottery winners.

KURT
Cassie.

CASSIE
Sorry, I just like telling people. Not in a bragging way,
you understand. It doesn't mean anything. It's just ...
it's quite a story.

TIFFANY
Sure.

KURT
I bought the ticket. I was the one to pick out the numbers.

CASSIE
(Ignoring him)
And the first thing we wanted to spend the money on was this.
You.

KURT
Sort of a gift to ourselves.

TIFFANY
Ah. So you don't need to worry about prices at all.

KURT
Well, we don't want to get cheated.

CASSIE
Not that you would cheat us. He's just speaking generally.

TIFFANY

Of course. But now, all the time in the world, huh? I like that. We can ... enjoy each other.

KURT

Sure. I mean, we still have to get up for work tomorrow.

TIFFANY

How much did you win in the lottery?

CASSIE

Three--

KURT

Okay, okay.

(To TIFFANY)

Why does that matter?

TIFFANY

No, I just, when you said it before I thought you meant a lot of money. Being on the news and all.

CASSIE

It is a lot of money.

TIFFANY

And you still have jobs? You must really like where you work. If I won the lottery I'd be all about quitting the next day. Going in and telling my boss, fuck you, buddy, and walking--

KURT

You have a boss? Aren't you your boss?

TIFFANY

(Realizing herself)

I don't ... this isn't my only job.

KURT

What else do you do?

TIFFANY

You know, I'd rather not, um ... I'd much rather focus on our private parts than our private lives, okay? Who cares how much money you won?

CASSIE

Three hundred thirty-seven million dollars.

TIFFANY

Wow.

KURT
You have a web page. You don't *really* want privacy.

CASSIE
(Sharp)
Kurt.

KURT
What?

CASSIE
You're being rude.

KURT
We're paying for her time here. I'm just curious.
(Slight pause)
You won't tell us what else you do?

TIFFANY
Sweetie, I'd rather not, if that's--

KURT
You'd *prefer* not to, but that doesn't mean you *won't*.

(HE takes out his wallet. HE puts
down a hundred dollar bill on the
coffee table. Then another. Then
another. SHE picks up the \$300 and
puts it in her purse.)

TIFFANY
I'm a dental hygienist.

CASSIE
Really?

TIFFANY
Yes.

CASSIE
I thought about that growing up.

TIFFANY
What happened?

CASSIE
I don't know.

(TIFFANY gets out her phone and
starts tapping on the screen.)

TIFFANY

And what are you doing for work, sweetie? Since you haven't quit your job.

CASSIE

I'm a ...

(Looks to Kurt.)

You're not gonna stop me?

KURT

Is that supposed to be a secret?

CASSIE

(Sarcastic)

Well, you evidently wanted the money, the amount of money, to be a secret so I thought this might also be ...

KURT

No, that's a good point. I'm not sure if--

TIFFANY

That's okay. I've already got it.

KURT

(Brief pause, then)

What's that?

TIFFANY

(Indicating her phone)

Kurt, Cassie, lottery, search.

CASSIE

Oh.

TIFFANY

You both look very nice in the picture with the giant check.

CASSIE

Yeah. It was a really surreal--

(But SHE is cut off by the sound of a baby crying. It's coming from Tiffany's chair. TIFFANY feels around in the cushion of the chair and comes up with the receiver for a baby monitor. SHE puts it on the table in front of them. KURT and CASSIE don't move. The crying stops and they relax.)

CASSIE

Did we mention that we have a baby?

TIFFANY

No.

KURT

We have a baby. Just--

(The crying starts up again. Even louder this time. KURT turns it down a little.)

KURT (CONT'D)

Maybe you should--

CASSIE

It's your turn.

KURT

I don't think so. This morning, before the nanny came.

CASSIE

But when you were on her website,

(To TIFFANY)

your website, excuse me,

(To KURT)

when you were on there, and the crying started, remember? Who did it then?

KURT

Right. I was ... yeah.

(HE exits.)

TIFFANY

Is it a boy or a girl?

(CASSIE holds up a finger and then listens to the monitor. The crying subsides a little when we hear Kurt enter the baby's room. During this, TIFFANY sits down on the couch next to CASSIE. CASSIE shuts off the monitor.)

CASSIE

You probably think it's my husband's fantasy. You. Here.

TIFFANY

It usually is, sweetie.

CASSIE

Well, it's not. It's mine. Your generation, you girls, you're very lucky. You have the opportunity to experiment

CASSIE (CONT'D)

and it's not frowned upon. I almost think you'd get mocked if you didn't experiment, at least a little. But in my time, I ... I don't mean to seem like I'm all that much older than you. I'm only what, ten years, maybe twelve. But back then you, if you wanted to experiment, you were pretty much locked into whatever you chose, at least as long as college or high school was going on. I mean, there were exceptions, sure.

TIFFANY

There always are for exceptional people.

CASSIE

Right. But if you wanted to try girls, you either changed teams forever, or you were a Lug. Lesbian Until Graduation. But you couldn't really change back. I'm glad that's changed. I always thought that was unfair.

(Brief pause)

Shirley. That's our daughter's name. We have a daughter.

TIFFANY

That's a pretty name.

CASSIE

Thank you.

TIFFANY

If she's as pretty as her mom, she'll be a heartbreaker in college.

CASSIE

Yes, well ... right.

(An off pause, then)

More wine? Would you like more?

TIFFANY

No, I'm fine.

CASSIE

Okay.

(But CASSIE looks a little lost.
TIFFANY notices.)

TIFFANY

Did you think about experimenting in college, Cassie?

CASSIE

Sure. But I didn't want to be put in a box.

TIFFANY

I was your roommate, you could've put me in your box anytime.

CASSIE

(Laughing a little at this)

There was a girl I liked. Sarah. She always reminded me of the song. Not the Starship one, the Radiohead one.

(Off her reaction)

You don't know either of those songs, do you?

TIFFANY

I've *heard* of Radiohead.

CASSIE

Starship was a, it *used* to be a psychedelic rock band but then when it got to my generation it turned into something terrible. Anyway, that's not the song. Download it and listen to it on your phone later. It's not bad, you might like it. Or maybe that's just my nostalgia talking. Anyway,

(Without anyone noticing, KURT enters, stopping at the door and watching and listening. TIFFANY puts her hand on Cassie's leg as CASSIE speaks.)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

the Radiohead song, it isn't called Sarah, but it has a line about, "Kill me, Sarah, kill me again with love." I would think about that song when I saw her. She was this really smart girl in one of my classes, a discussion section, an English class, so I would always get to hear her talk, argue about, you know, whatever book we were reading. She was Asian, like you, and she was just weirdly stunning. These very kissable lips and they were all I could stare at when she talked. I wanted to hang out with her, get drunk with her some night and "accidentally" kiss her, as a joke. That was the only way something like that could happen, but we weren't running in the same circles. So ... it was a bad plan.

KURT

She's all set.

CASSIE

"All set." Like she's a car you fixed?

KURT

She's not crying anymore.

CASSIE

So that's what "all set" means. Good. Come, join us.

(SHE takes a sip of wine.)