

Boris, Carl and Java

**written by
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Characters:

Boris - , 40, old, middle aged, balding - Harpo String

Carl, 20, young, into girls, that sort of thing - Obie Cuttita

Java, the coffee cup - Catori Mistwalker

Narrator - Sonitus Randt [Reads the text between the brackets.]

Synopsis:

[Boris and Carl are lifting up boxes and stacking them against a wall. Carl wants to go home so he can get dressed for his party, but there is still a lot of work to do.]

SCENE 1

CARL

(dusts off his hands)

Well, I'm done. Hey, it's great seeing you again, Bor, but duty calls.

BORIS

(puts down a box)

Where do you think you're going?

CARL

I have a party to go to! Remember, I told you at the beginning!

BORIS

Still have a half hour to go!

CARL

**Figured I'd scoot a half hour early, get myself groomed and my grill grilled you know
*(winks to the audience)***

BORIS

The only grilling you'll be doing is grilling those boxes up against that wall. So less talking and more heaving.

CARL

Ho! No, come on man, loosen up! You work all the time, you need to let loose and shake it once in a while (*gyrates his pelvic region*)

BORIS

That can get you thrown in jail, 'specially if you don't check for ID first.

CARL

I don't need ID. Maybe an IUD, because don't want little Carlies running around, if you know what I mean. Yes, sir, you gotta be careful nowadays!

BORIS

Tell that to Humbert Humbert!

CARL

Who is Humbert?

BORIS (*wide-eyed and throws up his hands*)

Who is Humbert Humbert!!! You obviously haven't read Nabokov!

CARL

Some Russian dude?

BORIS (*clasps his head*)

Yes, some...Russian dude.

CARL

I don't know about any Russian dudes, but I hope to God there are some Russian girls, there! You know what they say about Russian girls!

BORIS

And what do they say about Russian girls?

CARL

You have to rush to get them! *(CARL laughs uproariously)*

BORIS

Not funny at all. What do they really say?

CARL

I have no idea what they say. But it's like you said, less talking more heaving.
(Swings his pelvis forward) Bullseye!

BORIS

Fine go. If I have to watch your pelvis move like that again, I think I'm going to be sick.

CARL

Hey just working out the muscles you know.. *(winks at BORIS, then grabs his jacket from the floor, scoops it on and rushes out the door, slamming it, causing the paper coffee cup on the table by the door to tip over.)*

COFFEE CUP

Oi, what gives, I was having there a nice nap!

BORIS *(looks over to the table)*

Who's there?

COFFEE CUP

What are you blind as well as dumb, mate? Can't you see it's ole Java!

BORIS

Java?

JAVA

Yeah, Java, that's me name. I was having a right nap before that gent went and woke me up, bother it all.

BORIS

You're a talking coffee cup.

JAVA

And you're a bleedin' talkin' human. Look mate, I don't mean to tell you how to run your life, but I was a-listenin' to your conversation and all. Why do you bother with that sod? You know what he's like. You should just get rid of 'em.

BORIS

I can't get rid of him. I mean I'm not the boss, it's not like I can fire him. And besides, that's the boss's son.

JAVA

I dun care if that the boss's cock, mate. You just go up there and rip it out. Show 'em who the real boss is. What does your boss do anyway? He just sits and gets fat while you do all the work. And by you, I mean just you, mate, not that ugly gent who woke me up. Just you. How many boxes did you pile up there that he didn't?

BORIS

I thought you said you were having a nap?

JAVA

I was half awake we'll say. But I could hear you real good. I mean you're better than him. I think you should get rid of him.

BORIS (*looks over at a box*)

Get rid of him. You mean like put him in a box?

JAVA

Well, you can't just put him in a box, mate! He's too bloody big! You gotta first knock him out then cut him up like they do beef.

BORIS
Gross!

JAVA
You don't have to eat him! Just let the maggots do that! Look mate, I'm just saying, you knock him down, get a meat tenderizer so he's nice and soft, and then cut him up. Just enough so you can put his parts in there.

BORIS
And the head? What do I do with the head?

JAVA
Just throw it in the garbage. Nobody eats heads anyway.

[BORIS nods and takes a sip of the coffee.]

END

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