

**The Dick Play**

by Y York

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characters

Dick1: 70s, retired upper management

Dick2: ditto

place Dick1s well-appointed, expensive, and in good taste, home.

(Dick1 making himself a drink. Enter Dick2.)

Dick1: Hey, ho, what do you say, guy?

Dick2: Great, great, it's great, guy.

Dick1: Gettcha something?

Dick2: Yeah, yeah, sure, you know, something.

Dick1: How about a hot buttered rum?

Dick2: Sounds a little fey.

Dick1: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. One hot buttered rum coming up. Here you go.

Dick2: Nice cup.

Dick1: Mug, actually. Guadalajara.

Dick2: Lead paint?

Dick1: What?

Dick2: Yeah, third world countries don't care about lead poisoning. You shouldn't really drink hot things out of it. Not from Guadalajara.

Dick1: What else am I supposed to drink out of it? It's a cup.

Dick2: Mug.

Dick1: You don't drink cold liquids out of a mug.

Dick2: Lead poisoning. Verrry dangerous. I brought back some of those jumping beans once. Worms all over the place.

Dick1: You're not supposed to open them.

Dick2: Wanted to see what made 'em jump. If I were you I'd get rid of ceramics from Guadalajara.

Dick1: Mostly what we brought back was gold, not ceramics.

Dick2: It isn't really gold.

Dick1: Oh, it's gold alright.

Dick2: Nah. They paint it, they weight it, they stamp it. It isn't gold.

Dick1: Mine was gold.

Dick2: I'd have it looked at. Before you insure it. So you don't waste your money.

Dick1: I didn't insure it.

Dick2: You didn't insure it?! Get with it, Dick, Dick. You mean it's just lying there?

Dick1: I don't insure.

Dick2: Ho, ho, Dick, Dick.

Dick1: Not the gold.

Dick2: Yeah, but it isn't gold.

A pause. Then Dick2 bumps Dick1 with his belly. Dick1 spills a little of his drink, otherwise no notice is taken of this affront.

Dick2: I saw some trees down in the road.

Dick1: Oh, yeah, it's from over development.

Dick2: There's a snow storm; they're down from the snow storm.

Dick1: Yeah, there's a snow storm, but the trees are down from over development. Snow's just the straw. Trees down all over.

Dick2: Deciduous.

Dick1: No.

Dick2: Well, yeah.

Dick1: No, no. They're not the ones that fall down.

Dick2: I'm sure it was deciduous.

Dick1: No. They don't fall.

Dick2: Well, they do because they did. They are. In the road.

Dick1: Here, here's my tree book. Look it up. The one you saw down.

Dick2: Here it is.

Dick1: No, that wouldn't fall down.

Dick2: This is the one.

Dick1: Oh, Dick, you're making a mistake.

Dick2: This is the one. This kind of tree is down. On the ground. On its side. I saw it.

Dick1: Well, I doubt it. That this is the one.

Dick2: What's this book?

Dick1: Trees indigenous to America.

Dick2: Hum. No.

Dick1: Yes. Look at the title.

Dick2: I see the title, but look. This tree. It's European.

Dick1: Not.

Dick2: Yes. Saw it there. It's European.

Dick1: This book was compiled by experts. It is carefully documented. If a tree is not indigenous to America it is not in this book. This is an American tree.

Dick2: Nah. Europe. They must have made a mistake.

Dick1: There's no mistake.

Dick2: I've seen this tree in Europe.

Dick1: Maybe they imported it.

Dick2: That's not the way it works.

Dick1: Not with people, but with trees it can. This is an American tree.

Dick2: Yeah, you think it's American, but who knows?

Dick1: If it's in this book, it's American.

A pause, then Dick1 bumps Dick2 with his belly.

Dick1: How long did it take?

Dick2: What, to get here? Ah, forever, the roads are terrible, what a nightmare, idiots everywhere.

Dick1: We need a new highway.

Dick2: A new highway woulda still been covered with snow.

Dick1: Nah, we need a new road. The traffic's gotten way out of control. This neighborhood, huh! terrible. Backed up from here to wherever. Gridlock.

Dick2: There's talk of a light rail system.

Dick1: Cost too much money.

Dick2: Pay now or pay later.

Dick1: No, new highway's the ticket. Cheap.

Dick2: New roads, they fill right up. Two, three days, things are as crowded as before.

Dick1: Then you build another road.

Dick2: And it fills up.

Dick1: So you build another one.

Dick2: Which fills right up.

Dick1: And we build another one.

Dick2: Indefinitely?

Dick1: You can pave you can pave you can pave, you can just keep paving. You can keep paving it.

Dick2: Railroad, that's the way.

Dick1: I won't use it.

Dick2: They might make you use it.

Dick2 bumps Dick1 with his belly.

Dick1: They can't make me. I'll stay home.

Dick2: You might have to stay home. Yeah, a tax on car use. Ten dollars every time you take it into the city. Twenty dollars to park.

Dick1: It's twenty dollars to park now.

Dick2: It is not.

Dick1: Twenty dollars.

Dick2: With a champagne breakfast, maybe.

Dick1: I paid twenty dollars, no food.

Dick2: You didn't. You just didn't.

Dick1: I've got the ticket.

Dick2: (sarcasm) Right, you've got the ticket.

Dick1: I've got it. I'm going to show it to you.

Dick1 rummages around.

Dick2: Twelve fifty. That's the most you paid. For all day. Twelve fifty.

Dick1: I'm going to show you this ticket.

Dick2: Well, I'm waiting to see it.

Dick1: Must have thrown it out.

Dick2: Right. If you paid twenty dollars...

Dick1: I paid twenty dollars!

Dick2: Why don't you want a train, if you have to pay twenty dollars?

Dick1: I don't have to pay. It's the expense account.

Dick1 bumps Dick2 with his belly.

Dick2: You're retired.

Dick1: Actually, I've been doing a little consulting.

Dick1 bumps Dick2 with his belly.

Dick2: Oh, consulting.

Dick1: Yes, they've called me in. For consulting.

Dick2: I've been doing a little consulting myself.

Dick2 bumps Dick1 with his belly.

Dick1: No.

Dick2: Yes, they called me in. Expert, and all that. Need to set these young guys straight.

Dick1: Yep, these kids need a hand. Consulting is all right. The travelling's a little tiring.

Dick2: Oh, yes. They need me to travel all right. I like it, myself; never feel so rested as when I'm travelling. Pick up all those frequent flyer miles. Thinking about taking a trip to Australia.

Dick1: I don't get ,em.

Dick2: You should get 'em; they add up.

Dick1: I've been taking the company jet.

(Dick1 bumps Dick2 with his belly.)

Dick2: Ho, ho, no frequent flyer miles on the company jet.

(Dick2 bumps Dick1.)

Dick1: They insisted I take the company jet, need to get me there in a hurry.

(Dick1 bumps Dick2.)

Dick2: Sending you in to fix up the mistakes, are they?

Dick1: Yep, got to get there in a hurry once there's a mistake.

Dick2: Give you some protective gear?

Dick1: No, no. I don't wear protective gear. I don't actually go IN. I go nearby. They want me nearby. I don't go in.

Dick2: They want me nearby, too. I never go in; but I'm there, nearby, in a hotel usually. They come by with the big questions. Sometimes I have to go to headquarters. A real scene then: the limo, the spread -- there's a lot I don't eat nowadays, doesn't stop them from buying it-- always set up the conference in the office with the view -- they know who they're dealing with.

Dick1: A man who needs a view.

Dick2: I don't need a view; I wouldn't say I need a view; I don't even want a view, who needs a view, am I somebody who sits and looks at a view? I don't look at it, I never looked at them. They give me them, though, they always give me them, to show me how they think of me; they give me a view in deference to my station. I know that they baaaa. I know they baaaa. They baaaa! Baaa!

Dick1: Oh, your station! In deference to your station. What's it a view of? A garrbage dump? Got you a nice view of a gaaarbage dump in deference to your staaation!?

(Dick1 bumps Dick2.)

Dick2: (Baaas like a sheep)

Dick1: Because that's about what your staaation merits; a view of a gaaarbage dump.

Dick2: (Baaas like a sheep)

Dick1: You never had a station, there never was a station, there is not now a station, nor will there be a station. Whereas I ... baaaa. Whereas I ... baaaaa. Whereas myself ... baaaa. Baaa. They always...baaaa! Baaaa!

(Dick1 and Dick2 face off. Baaing, each striking the ground with a foot, like an bighorn sheep about to charge. Rush at each other and butt heads. Fall to the ground, dead. End.)