CONFESSIONS OF A FACEBOOK ADDICT
By John Hawk, Jr. and Nick Yaksich

SYNOPSIS: Bruce and Carlton find themselves tied to chairs in a dark room struggling to keep their composure as they calmly discuss their situation and an escape plan. Carlton has 15,000 Facebook friends, but not a friend to save them.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(TWO MEN)

BRUCE .......................Carlton’s roommate. (70 lines)
CARLTON .....................Bruce’s roommate. (67 lines)

SCENE 1: Bruce and Carlton’s apartment
SCENE 2: Empty warehouse

PRODUCTION HISTORY
1ST Place Seward Invite (2010)
1ST Place Class C2 Conference (2010)
1ST Place Class C1 District (2010)
2ND Place Class C1 State Competition (2010)
SCENE 1

AT RISE:
Carlton is stage left sitting at a desk typing furiously/nervously at a computer.

Bruce is stage right behind a door.

Carlton is intent and fretting over what he is typing. Suddenly, Bruce walks in stage right.

BRUCE: Hey man, the game’s about to start... (Carlton gives out a short scream.)
CARLTON: (Flustered.) You cannot just barge in on a man when he is on his computer!
BRUCE: Um, this is my house too. I can barge into any room I want. Besides, that's my computer! ...Why? (Bruce walks slowly over to Carlton, who stops typing and looks at Bruce puzzled as to why he's so suspicious.)
BRUCE: (Leans around to look at the computer) Is that Facebook?!
CARLTON: You have one too!
BRUCE: Yes, but, unlike you, I know that when the big game is on it trumps Facebook any day.
CARLTON: (He pauses looking for a response but gives up.) Towch. (Meaning to say touché, but mispronounces it.)
BRUCE: Um, you mean touché?
CARLTON: (Says it like Bruce is a moron.) No, I mean towch.
Both: Psh, idiot.
CARLTON: Excuse me, I am...attending to some very...important friends right now so if you could just...
BRUCE: (Under his breath.) Ya, cuz you don’t have any friends in the real world...

Carlton takes a second and sits back blown away that Bruce would say such a thing.
CARLTON: (Cocky.) Alright, let’s go there. How many friends do you have on Facebook?

BRUCE: I don’t know, like maybe ten…

CARLTON: (Chuckles.) You are so not…cool.

BRUCE: And how many might you have?

CARLTON: Oh, pfff, only like (Coughs.) 15,000!

BRUCE: You don’t even know 15 people, how can you POSSIBLY have 15,000 friends?

CARLTON: I accept anyone who sends me a friend request. (Pauses.) Just come over here and look.

He pulls Bruce over to the computer. Bruce obviously does not care.

CARLTON: Here’s a new request from a girl named Natasha…she’s 35-years-old…and Russian. (Pause.) Welcome to America, Ms. Natasha…

BRUCE: Yeah, you really shouldn’t be doing that. You don’t know what kind of freaks are out there.

END OF SCENE 1.

SCENE 2

AT RISE:
Bruce and Carlton have been captured, tied to chairs and are unconscious. Chairs are set center stage back-to-back, slightly cheated towards audience. Bruce wakes up. He does not know Carlton is tied to a chair behind him.

BRUCE: (Groans.) Oh man… (Looks up.) …Where am I…

He begins to look around frantically. He realizes he is tied to a chair.

BRUCE: Oh no…hello? Anybody there? Anyone? Oh God…Wait! God? God, are you there? (Silence.) If you’re there, it’s me, Bruce. I don’t usually ask for much, maybe a hole-in-one, a touchdown now and then (Beat.) a Lamborghini, big house, pool, servants,
classy doorbell... *(Hums the tune of a doorbell; he catches himself.)* But that's not important...Oh God, I don’t wanna die... please just send me a miracle...send me an angel.

Carlton groans and moves a little.

BRUCE: *(Disbelief.)* An angel?! Which one is it? Michael? Gabriel?
CARLTON: Bruce...
BRUCE: *(He loses his enthusiasm.)* Lucifer...?
CARLTON: No...it's Carlton...
BRUCE: Same thing...
CARLTON: Huh?
BRUCE: Nothing...nothing.
CARLTON: Where are we? Why am I tied to a chair?
BRUCE: How would I know? The last thing I remember is watching the game at the apartment when all of the sudden those FBI agents burst through the door and told us to come with them.
CARLTON: You know what? That was weird...I don’t think those guys were really FBI agents,
BRUCE: ...No, you think?
CARLTON: Yeah, in fact, I bet they were the ones who kidnapped us and tied us to these chairs.

Long pause.

CARLTON: *(Almost to tears)* Bruce? Are we gonna die?
BRUCE: No, we’re not gonna die.
CARLTON: *(Pause.)* We’re gonna die. *(Hysterical bawling)*
BRUCE: *(Immediately.)* No! We’re gonna get out. We’ll be fine. Let’s just focus on getting out of here now. Try to get to that window over there.
CARLTON: How?
BRUCE: Just line your chair up with mine, and try to stand up.

Bruce rocks back and forth trying to stand and pushes Carlton too far over. He face-plants while still tied to the chair.
BRUCE: Carlton? Are you okay?
CARLTON: I hate you.
BRUCE: Get up.
CARLTON: (Tries to get up, but can’t.) It’s not working.
BRUCE: Try something else.
CARLTON: I have an idea. (Raises foot to Bruce’s face) Here.
BRUCE: What are you doing?
CARLTON: Just grab my foot and pull me up…
BRUCE: …You know I’m tied to a chair, right?
CARLTON: Well… just…bite it!
BRUCE: What? Are you suggesting that I…
CARLTON: Just bite my foot and pull me up with your mouth…
(Looks at Bruce. Blank stare.) Please?
BRUCE: Let me be clear. (Beat.) There is no way, in God’s green earth, that your foot is going in my mouth.
CARLTON: (Pause. Hysterical) We’re gonna die!!!
BRUCE: Calm down, I’m coming. (During the next speech, Bruce gets to his feet and attempts to break free from his chair.)
CARLTON: (Hysterically. Slowly escalate the panic.) Calm down? You want me to calm down?! I’m strapped to a chair, face suction-cupped to the ground, we may only have a couple minutes to live, I’ve lost my job, my fiancé is expecting me to support a family, and my Facebook status hasn’t been changed in God knows how long…
BRUCE: C-Carlton, just take a deep breath…
CARLTON: (Interrupts.) And I just borrowed half a million dollars from a Facebook friend!!!
BRUCE: (Breaks through his restraints in rage.) …You did WHAT?!
CARLTON: Uh… nothing…
BRUCE: (Suppressing anger.) Good! Because it sort of sounded like you said that you borrowed half a million dollars from someone you met on Facebook. But you wouldn’t do that…that’d be stupid…RIGHT!?
CARLTON: (Nervous laugh.) Funny thing Bruce… Remember when we were at the house before the game?
BRUCE: (Interrupting.) You are ridiculous!
CARLTON: All I did was chat with him for a bit…then I poked him.

BRUCE: You *poked* him?! You went online, found a complete stranger, borrowed a butt-load of money from him, and you *poked* him?!

CARLTON: That’s what friends do on Facebook, they poke each other!

BRUCE: Well then I’m sorry to question your wisdom, oh wise guru of the Facebook!!!

CARLTON: You’re forgiven…plus it was only $500,000.

BRUCE: Only five hundred thou… *(Complete shock.)* What on earth were you planning on doing with half a million dollars?!

CARLTON: I don’t know? Pay some bills…maybe buy a Lamborghini, a big house, pool, servants, a classy doorbell… you know the kind that go…

*They both hum the doorbell sound.*

BRUCE: *(Interrupts humming.)* Wait! You mean to tell me that you borrowed half a million dollars from some loan shark you met on Facebook, and you have no idea why we’re here?

CARLTON: No…?

BRUCE: Let me explain it.

CARLTON: Hey Bruce.

BRUCE: There are two types of people in this world.

CARLTON: Could you help me up first.

BRUCE: There are those who are loan sharks.

CARLTON: My wrists hurt.

BRUCE: And those who are not loan sharks.

CARLTON: They’re bleeding.

BRUCE: You are NOT a loan shark…you are a loan guppy. *(Like he’s speaking to a child but quickly grows to outrage)* When the guppies borrow from the sharks, the guppies get kidnapped by fake FBI agents!

CARLTON: *(Pause.)* My wrists still hurt.

BRUCE: We’re getting out of here now!

Grabs onto Carlton’s chair and drags him across the floor.
CARLTON: OW! OW!
BRUCE: What?
CARLTON: You gave me a rug burn.
BRUCE: You got me kidnapped!
CARLTON: (Pause.) Towch.
BRUCE: You mean touché!
CARLTON: No, I mean towch!
BRUCE: We’re leaving this instant and there’s not a thing you can do to screw it up. (Grabs Carlton from under the arms.)
CARLTON: What are you doing?
BRUCE: Ready?
CARLTON: No…
BRUCE: One…
CARLTON: Why are you counting?
BRUCE: Two…
CARLTON: Stop counting!
BRUCE: THREE! (PULLS CARLTON UP TO AN UPRIGHT POSITION AND BEGINS TO UNTIE CARLTON.) When we get out of here I’m deleting your Facebook account.
CARLTON: (NERVOUS LAUGH.) Good one.
BRUCE: (MIMICS LAUGH THEN SNAPS INTO SERIOUS.) I’m not kidding. Say goodbye to your 14,999 friends.
CARLTON: 15,000.
BRUCE: One of them was a loan shark who kidnapped you. Does that really constitute friendship?
CARLTON: (THINKS.) Towch.
BRUCE: (OBVIOUSLY MAD, BUT CALMS HIMSELF.) I’m almost done anyway. Wait…I think…I got it!

Carlton starts dancing in joy.

BRUCE: Hey! You about done? We’ve got things to do! (MOTIONS TOWARD THE WINDOW, STAGE LEFT)
CARLTON: (OPENS WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT.) How far down is it?
BRUCE: I don’t know. It’s too dark to see.
CARLTON: We can’t just jump.
BRUCE: Well, I… We… (Faking it.) Uh… I think I hear someone coming…
CARLTON: What? (Starts panicking.) Oh no, we are gonna die.
BRUCE: No, we just gotta jump and hope we don’t do the…the… splat.
CARLTON: Splat!?!?
BRUCE: Just trust me! Okay, on the count of three… one… two…
CARLTON: Wait, wait… Bruce, before we jump… and possibly do the… splat… I love you (Beat.) as a brother.
BRUCE: I am so glad you clarified. Okay, are you ready?
CARLTON: (Near tears.) Yes…
BRUCE: Are you sure?
CARLTON: (Shaking his head “no.”) Yes…
BRUCE: Okay, on the count of three… ready… one… two…
CARLTON: Wait!
BRUCE: WHAT!?
CARLTON: On three or after three?
BRUCE: Three!!! (Pushes Carlton out.)

Carlton screams as he falls, he lands on the ground, but continues to wail his arms and screaming because he does not yet realize he has landed.

BRUCE: (Shocked to see Carlton has landed, he climbs out the window.) Carlton.

Carlton continues screaming.

BRUCE: Carlton! (Punches Carlton to get his attention and Carlton stops screaming suddenly.) We already landed!
CARLTON: We already landed? (Begins to look around.)
BRUCE: (In tears of joy.) We already landed! We were only on the first floor!
CARLTON: We were only on the first floor!
Bruce and Carlton grab each other and jump in excitement while giggling in rapture, then at once, realize they have yet to escape. They turn to face the audience and run in place.

CARLTON: Wait! (Stops, both are very out of breath and Bruce is trying to get him to keep running.) You pushed me out the window...and you had no idea how high we were!
BRUCE: Not now! (Pushes Carlton forward and they begin running again.) I hope...you've learned...something...from all...of this...
CARLTON: I sure have!
BRUCE: And?!
CARLTON: It's pronounced touché! (Finally pronouncing it right.)

THE END