

THE VOYAGE

By: Heather Meyers

Lights up on A & B looking very disheveled in an unfamiliar, hot location. They have been through the wringer.

A: How the fuck did we end up here?

B: My calculations should have locked in to Washington DC for the Cherry Blossom festival.

A: Instead we end up in some fuckin shitheap dump in Argentina. With rat shit everywhere.

B: I have done my best to navigate this entire trip. How was I to know the bird would land here?

A: And then fuckin fall over dead.

(pause)

B: Look- I know we are stuck here. However this situation is merely temporary. We will find a way out. We always do.

A: It's been like a whole fuckin day. Shit's gettin real here.

B: *(a bit heated)* Believe me- I am aware. We simply need to secure transportation.

(Silence)

A: *(trying to lighten the mood)* Hey- you remember that one fuckin weird ass chick from last night? Cara something or other? Had the same first & last name? *(thinks)* Cara Cara- that's it! That chick was friggin Cara-aaazy. *(A recreates Cara, B will slightly become amused by A's floor show)* Had that big ol friggin' white boa around her neck. She was a total barnacle, trying to get anyone to buy her a protein smoothie. Fluffin' up those tailfeathers. She kept asking "Can I pull you for a chat?" Everybody was like all eyerolls. She was seriously doin' damage to the vibe. Shoulda given her a motherfuckin shovel *(B looks confused)* 'Cause she's a gold digger! *(B slightly smirks)*

You know what gets me? Those fuckin Vultures. *(they look out over the audience)* Look at em all over there, ruling the roost. Watching over this friggin hole like they own it. Fat pigs with wings. Didja see how that one big ass Vulture stared down that human? I don't know what the fuck somebody threw out- looked like a greasy sack of Big Macs. They were gonna fight over that shit like some freaky UFC freedom fight. For real! That human kept inching closer & closer- til that friggin bag of flaccid gold was pretty much in hand. Then that fucking Vulture- he just fuckin sat there & sharpened those big old fuckin claws. Glint-glint in the light. Then they locked eyes. Friggin Vulture leans in. Then all those other friggin vultures turn hivemind and dive bombed the dude. Fuckin human turned tail & bolted like a colossal chickenshit. *(A laughs, B does not)*

B: That human was our way out of here.

A: That human shit his pants and ran.

B: Why do you swear so much?

A: What the fuck you mean?

B: I mean every other word out of your mouth is like trash. I know we are viruses but we do not have to become a product of our environment. We are civil.

A: I know a fuckin place you can stick your civility.

B: I am unable to talk to you when you get emotional.

A: I'm getting emotional? Really? I'm getting emotional?

B: Incredibly

A: Who the fuck got us onto the wrong bird?

(B looks shocked at A. B turns away)

(Silence- it gets long & borderline uncomfortable)

A: Look, it's been a really hard time. For a very long time. We have been living a life nobody could have predicted. We are constantly living on the edge. Everything is broken. There is practically nothing left to live on. Fear is palatable. That's why we planned our voyage to Washington. There is so much shit there. It was the one place we figured we could feed. And thrive. And survive.

(SOUND: We hear a crowd approaching: this could be backstage actors if need be)

A: What the fuck is that?

B: I hear voices.

(They look out over the audience)

A: It's a frigging group of humans! What the hell are they doing here?

B: Binoculars? Are they..... bird watching?

A: Aw Christ on a cracker- they are falling all over themselves trying to get a fuckin look at Gold Digger Cara!!!!

B: *(strongly)* We must get over there.

A: How the fuck are we gonna get over there? We're kinda stuck here.

B: We have to do something. This might be our only chance.

A: It's not like we're suddenly gonna grow legs and walk outta here.

B: Wait. *(Pause)* What is that scent?

(Both take a whiff)

A: OMG that is fuckin rank. I haven't smelled something that bad since Dave Matthews' tour bus visited the Chicago River.

B: The Vultures unearthed something.

(Both look shocked)

A: Is that a well-done 72 ounce steak covered in ketchup?

B: It's a feeding frenzy!!

(They take the horrifying sight in for a moment)

A: What the fuck is that noise?

(They look up)

B: It's the birds!!

A: Every last one of them fuckers is headed this way! *(taking in the sight)* Oh holy shit balls- the humans are headed this way!

B: Let's hope one of them steps on us. Stand firm! Hold the line!

A: We're back, baby!!!!

(They both drop to the ground, lying on their backs- trying to spread themselves out as big as possible- as if making large snow angels, or rolling around)

A: FUUUUUUUCK!!! They are all side-stepping us. Shit!! No!! No!! No!! Fuck!! No!! Fuck!

(sitting up) Come back!!

B: Wait- there's one more human. He's way behind the pack. (*They watch him*) His binoculars are fixed on the birds.

A: He ain't looking before he leaps. This is totally our fuckin guy!!

(*Watch more- they physically twist & turn with the man's movements. Will he or won't he??*)

A: Steady. steady.

(more twisting with man's movements)

A: Totally gonna bag this bid.

(*Things are getting intense*)

A: Just a few more steps.

B: (*Yells*) OH FOR FUCKSSAKE CAN'T SOMETHING GOOD HAPPEN FOR ONCE? CAN'T WE JUST GET ONE FUCKING WIN??? FUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!

(*Screams out to the universe*)

(*SOUND: big squish*)

A: (*with glee*) We just got our ticket punched- Let's GOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

END OF PLAY