

CONFESSIONS OF A FACEBOOK ADDICT

By John Hawk, Jr. and Nick Yaksich

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A Ten Minute Comedy Duet

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

(2 male)

BRUCE (m) Carlton's roommate. *(70 lines)*
CARLTON (m) 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.

BRUCE: Wow, Sherlock. Nothing gets by you.

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.

BY JOHN HAWK, JR. AND NICK YAKSICH

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