

It's All About the Ennui

by

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DAVE: Male, 20+
BOOTSY: Female, 20+

SETTING: Living room of a typical urban apartment. Present Day.

AT RISE: DAVE is sitting in an easy chair, CS, watching TV, flipping through the channels with a remote control. BOOTSY is sitting SR of DAVE, cross-legged, on the floor.

DAVE

So, how was your day?

BOOTSY

Well, I'll be honest Dave, it was just ok. I'm fighting the ennui, you know? I just can't seem to find any motivation. It's as if I've lost track of that thing, that inner voice, that compass that gives life its direction. I don't know if it's dissatisfaction with the day-to-day, or that I've just lost interest in the world. I'm listless, Dave. Personal torpor. I mean, I just don't see the point to the whole thing. You ever feel like that? Just spinning. No real job satisfaction. No real social satisfaction?

DAVE (enthusiastically)

Oh that's a good girl! Good girl! Always cheerful and happy I'm home! Awww, that's my good girl!

BOOSTY stares at DAVE for a long second or two

BOOTSY

Christ you're a moron, Dave. Seriously? Nothing? 6 years we've been together and nothing. No read. No clue.
(dismissively) Meat-hammer.

DAVE

Does my girl want a treat? Huh? Bacon Snausage! Snausage! You love bacon Snausages!

BOOTSY

Bacon... You stupid... (beat) Those Snausages are good tho. And they do taste just like bacon. I don't know how the hell they do that. Fine. Fuck it. Yeah Dave, I'll take a God-damned Snausage.

DAVE

What do we say?

BOOTSY

What do we say? I said yes you twat! Oh, right, fine, whatever. WOOF! WOOF!

DAVE

Good girl! Here you go good girl!

DAVE hands a treat to BOOTSY, BOOTSY takes it.

BOOTSY

Yeah, yeah. You're too fucking numb to understand the ennui anyway. Prick.

END OF PLAY