

The Thing on the Floor

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SETTING: A sitting room.

AT RISE: A woman stands on top of a chair, clearly freaking out about something on the floor.

TABITHA:
Fuck, fuck, fucking shit, fuck, fuck...

ARIE (off):
You ok, Tabs?

TABITHA:
No! Not even a little bit!

ARIE (off):
Wussamatter?

TABITHA:
Can you just...can you just get in here, please?

ARIE (off, munching):
Can you wait a sec?

TABITHA:
Arie, I need you to come in here, now.

ARIE (off, munching):
I'm eating chips and salsa!

TABITHA:
Arie, please...

ARIE (off):
I can't decide if I want to make guacamole.

(Beat.)

Should I make guacamole, Tabitha?

TABITHA:
ARIE GET IN HERE NOW!!

ARIE (entering, still munching):
What?

TABITHA:
(Getting very quiet and pointing to a spot on the floor.)

Look.

ARIE:
(Following her point.)

I don't see anything.

TABITHA:
(Thrusting her arm at a spot on the floor.)

Look!

ARIE:
Um...no. Still nothing.

TABITHA:
(Thrusting her arm so hard she almost falls off the chair.)

Look!!

ARIE:
Tabitha, I don't...

(She sees it.)

SHIT!

(She jumps up on a chair.)

TABITHA:
I told you!

ARIE:

What the fuck is that thing?

TABITHA:

I don't know! That's why I'm up here!

ARIE:

Did it, like...come after you, or -?

TABITHA:

Yes! No...well, it looked like it was going to. I mean, look at it!

ARIE:

I am looking at it...

TABITHA:

It looks poisonous or...

ARIE:

Is that a stinger?

TABITHA:

...rabid, or...

ARIE:

I can't tell if it's a stinger or a tail...

TABITHA:

...or at least like it bites. Right? Doesn't it look like it bites? It looks like a biter...

ARIE:

I'm not arguing.

TABITHA:

So, what do we do?

ARIE:

What do you mean, 'what do we do?'

TABITHA:

I mean, we could try to kill it...

We could...

ARIE:

Or we could trap it...

TABITHA:

Trap, yeah, that works, too...

ARIE:

...send it to a science lab, or something...

TABITHA:

Lab, yeah, labs are cool...

ARIE:

...or we could just stay up here until it goes away.

TABITHA:

Yeah...

ARIE:

I'm personally in favor of staying up here until it goes away.

TABITHA:

(Lost in thought.)

ARIE:

Yeah...Kill.

TABITHA:

What?

ARIE:

Yeah, I...I like the killing option.

TABITHA:

Seriously?

ARIE:

Yeah. Let's kill the ugly fucker...

TABITHA:

That's great and all, but I'm kind of afraid of touching it...but you go right ahead.

ARIE:

Yeah, yeah, can't squish it, it'll get its guts everywhere...

TABITHA:

This is true. I'm also not touching its guts.

ARIE:

Yeah, yeah...

(Beat.)

I'm going to shoot it.

TABITHA:

Yeah, ok...

(Beat.)

Wait, what??

ARIE:

I'm going to shoot that thing in its hairy little face...or what I think is its face.

(She jumps off the chair and sprints into the next room.)

TABITHA:

Um, Arie...

ARIE (off):

What?

TABITHA:

How do you plan on shooting it?

ARIE (off):

With a gun!

TABITHA:

Whose gun?

My gun, Tabitha!

ARIE (off):

Ok...um, Arie?

TABITHA:

What, Tabitha!?

ARIE (off):

Where did you get a gun?

TABITHA:

L.L. Bean.

ARIE (off):

Oh, you went Bean's without me?

TABITHA:

(Beat.)

Wait, uh...damn it...Ok...um, one more thing...

ARIE (entering):

Jesus, what, Tabitha, what, what what!? I'm trying to find my shells!

TABITHA:

It's just one little thing...

ARIE:

What, what!?

TABITHA:

Why didn't you fucking tell me you had a gun!?

(ARIE shrugs.)

Oh, my god, ok...look, if you think that I'm going to live in a house with a –

(The thing on the floor starts to move; they both jump. ARIE makes for the next room.)

Get the gun, get the gun, *get the fucking gun!!*

ARIE (off):
Oooh, that thing is going to die...it is going to DIE!

TABITHA:
Hurry up!

ARIE (off):
I can't find my shells!

TABITHA:
What? Oh, shit...

(Beat. She stares at the thing. Gearing up.)

Ok...ok...Ok, ok, ok...GO!

(She jumps off the chair with a war cry, runs to the thing on the floor, stomps it several times, runs to the opposite side of the room, and hurls her shoe at it. She is hysterical. ARIE runs on.)

ARIE:
What, what!? What happened!?

(She sees TABITHA and runs to her.)

Are you ok? Did it get you? What happened?

(Beat.)

TABITHA:
I got it.

(Blackout.)