

# In The Drink

Originally performed at the University of North Carolina at  
Charlotte's 24/7 play festival

by Timothy Starnes

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## Cast of Characters

Lord Cynehard: A careless man, someone endlessly lazy and has a sense of humor best suited for insult-comics.

Lady Cynehard: Uptight, stumbling (presumably drunk), posh and chic. Someone off of the Paris runway and someone scooped out of the gutter beside a bar mixed into one.

Costuming notes: A suit for Lord Cynehard and a dress for Lady Cynehard are recommended.

Set notes: A manor sitting room. A couch and chairs, with an optional table and extras.

Props notes: Only a newspaper is needed

ACT I

Scene 1

LORD CYNEHEARD:  
And then she said...

LADY CYNEHARD:  
I'll buy the absinthe myself!

*Lights open, but are dim.*

*Lord Cyneheard stands to one edge of the stage, picks up a chair. Lady Cyneheard, standing on the opposite side, does the same. The two maze about the stage aimlessly as they carry the chairs.*

LORD CYNEHEARD:  
Manor home;  
the weather,  
boiling,  
steaming,  
searing hot like a satanic espresso pot.

LADY CYNEHARD:  
A drawing room,  
clad in expressionless white,  
due to the drunken wife's  
poor interior design oversight.

LORD CYNEHEARD:  
Anti-transcendental,  
strangely blank,  
stale and overtly continental.  
Furniture's melba toast,  
color was just a tintype,  
a bygone bronze-age ghost.

*Lord Cyneheard slams his chair down on one side of the room and then quickly leaps on the couch, lying down.*

*Lady Cynehard places her chair down on the opposite side of the room and stands beside it, contemplating.*

*The lights go to full.*

LADY CYNEHARD:  
Dear, not so rough, will you? That chair is not the houseboy! It simply cannot handle all of your horseplay! It isn't going to whimper out 'Oh Papi, do stop it! I simply can't take it! Gasp, gasp, gasp, oh!'

(CONTINUED)

LORD CYNEHEARD:

At least it's horseplay and not the horses' ass! You're the horses' rear! If you weren't a person with some vague approximation of rights I'd shoot you and you'd be glue. I'd be beating a dead horse! (*He laughs harshly*)

LADY CYNEHARD:

You beat it to the houseboy too. Stop talking with that coal-lung mouth of yours and just get me an absinthe, on the rocks.

LORD CYNEHEARD:

We only just finished breakfast.

LADY CYNEHARD:

Are you suggesting that I can't hold my alcohol, love?

LORD CYNEHEARD:

You can hold your alcohol perfectly. So well that I've never seen you without a glass!

LADY CYNEHARD:

Fine, fine, if you're going to make a huge fuss about it, make me one just so that I can pour it over your disgusting, god-forsaken bloated head!

LORD CYNEHEARD:

It's only bloated because I have to listen to your mouth! All the hot air! If you keep at it I just might float away!

LADY CYNEHARD:

Let me help you, dear, I'll find you a broom so that you can fly away, if I can't find some water first!

*Lady Cynehard takes the newspaper from the table and throws it on Lord Cynehard, covering his face.*

*Lord Cynehard pieces the paper together and sits up.*

LADY CYNEHARD:

Take your paper and stuff it.

LORD CYNEHARD:

Stuff what, your mouth? Just get yourself a drink. Choke on ice.

LADY CYNEHARD:

Too bad it'll melt, just like you when I find that water.

LORD CYNEHARD:

*(Begins reading the newspaper)* The Spumante Effervescent Drinks Company opened on the stock market yesterday, with an dramatic increase in both stock sales and bond purchases. With most board members joining the new firm being personal alliances to the mysterious Lord Cynehard, it seems as if he'll be chairman until his sparkle, like the carbonation in the drinks, sputters out, leaving a sickly sweet, flat taste in the public's mouth. His wife, Lady Cynehard intends to follow through on her campaign promise of throwing a celebration for all chair holders involved.

LADY CYNEHARD:

Sounds about right, dear. You'll sputter out, just like our marriage, leaving you flat.

LORD CYNEHARD:

What exactly do you mean by that!?

LADY CYNEHARD:

Ask the houseboy. Don't bother me right now. I have to dial the caterer and order the drink.

LORD CYNEHARD:

You mean drank?

LADY CYNEHARD:

What in the blue blazes is wrong with you? Can you not even speak English now? You're an idiot! An imbecile! Now I know why some people resort to the devil's juice!

LORD CYNEHARD:

Drank, because you're going to have it all downed before the guests arrive.

*Lady Cynehard extends her hands, ready to choke Lord Cynehard. He leaps from the couch and moves behind it.*

LORD CYNEHARD:

Leave it be, dear! All you need is a party!

LADY CYNEHARD:

All I need is a new husband!

LORD CYNEHARD:

Why don't you marry a gin distillery drum then, your lips taste bottom of one! Try wrapping a bow-tie around that! *(pauses, frustrated)* Come here, love! *(sarcastic)*

LADY CYNEHARD:

Don't you touch me. If you touch me, I shall scream like a banshee.

*Lord Cynehard begins hugging Lady Cynehard.*

LORD CYNEHARD:

That's quite alright sweetheart, you are one.

LADY CYNEHARD:

I do wish you'd stop it, dear, carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters. Leave me be, will you. Prod some other figure.

*Lord Cynehard begins poking the couch as Lady Cynehard walks towards the audience, stopping in front of the first row. She mimics dialing a telephone.*

LADY CYNEHARD:

Hello, hello dear! Tell me something, love!

LORD CYNEHARD:

(*As he continues to prod the couch*) I love ya', I love ya', I love ya!

*(He laughs and kicks his legs in the air, leaping onto and splaying out discombobulatedly on the couch)*

LADY CYNEHARD:

Shut it! Shut your bottom-feeding mouth, soot-licking mouth! You're like a paper napkin! Everyone wipes their lips on you and throws you away! Dirty! Trash!-

LORD CYNEHARD:

Wouldn't you mean seltzer-drinking, dear? Maybe a nice root beer, a sassafras cola, even. (*Pause*) Dear, dear!

*Lady Cynehard holds up her hand - 'don't talk to the hand' style.*

*\*AUTHOR'S NOTE: PLEASE FEEL FREE TO ENGAGE IN AUDIENCE INTERACTION, ALONG WITH POINTING. TOUCH A SHOULDER, A HAND, ETC.\**

LADY CYNEHARD:

Hello, hello, I'm back! Gertrude, dear! My dear! Are you coming to the little soiree tonight? Please do! We'd love it if you could make it!

*Lady Cynehard moves to another spot amongst the front of the audience.*

LADY CYNEHARD:

Yes, yes, yes, your finest, Mr. Schrodinger! A black tie affair, strictly. Not a dark shade of navy, it must be black! Parisian black! No, I don't know what the color is on the label!

*Lady Cynehard moves again.*

LADY CYNEHARD:

Hello dear, call me back!

*Lady Cynehard moves one final time.*

LADY CYNEHARD:

Oh yes, dear! It's going to be absolutely divine! An all-night long affair! It'll be new years at the wrong time! We'll all be so liquored that we won't know the difference from this morning and tonight!

LORD CYNEHARD:

Who approved this couch? Did you purchase this? Did I pay for this piece of carte-blanche? It makes me want to carve my eyes out with a sugar spoon, to be honest. Just imagine the stains.

LADY CYNEHARD:

What did you just say?

*Lady Cynehard turns on her heels, hands firmly on her hips.*

LORD CYNEHARD:

Who approved this couch? Did you pur-

LADY CYNEHARD:

I know what you said. I think that you had-best take it back.

LORD CYNEHARD:

Tonight and morning this from--

*Lady Cynehard begins moving toward Lord Cynehard.*

LORD CYNEHARD:

Quick, didn't you know, dear! It's opposite day! I'm sick! I was only following the rules, saying it backwards, you know!

LADY CYNEHARD:

I'm going to give you something to be sick about, alright!

*Lord Cynehard quickly jumps up and grabs Lady Cynehard's wrist.*