

Three's a Crowd

a one act drama romance

by Ashley Nader

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Three's a Crowd:

Written by Ashley Nader

Simon: Just come out the closet, is dating Gary. Simon is sensitive and can be deep. His best friend is Kerry and he secretly has a crush on his straight friend Malcom.

Malcom: Simon's friend through Kerry his ex-girlfriend. Malcom, quite heartless and macho, no time for feelings and bullshit.

Kerry: Her best friend is Simon. Just got out of an abusive relationship with Dylan. She dated Malcom before Dylan. Doesn't know of Simon's crush for Malcom. She is supportive and fully open to helping Simon with his homosexuality.

(Scene opens at a restaurant: Kerry sitting at the table waiting for Simon. Simon rushes in)

Simon: Hey. Sorry I'm late.

Kerry: Just in time - ordered your favourite; Mocca chocca with two Canderel.

Simon: I hope you haven't been waiting too long. I left my shopping list at home and had to quickly drive back to get it.

Kerry: I thought gay's were suppose to be structured and on time. Or is this a fashionably late diva moment.

Simon: Bitch! That's rich coming from the person wearing sunglasses as though she's hiding from the paparazzi. We're inside you can take them off.

Kerry: I'm fine with them on.

Simon: Really? Let me guess, there's a reason why you keeping them on?

Kerry: Please don't do this. Otherwise I'm leaving.

Simon: Let me see.

Kerry: No! Just leave it. Let's talk about something else.

Simon: Take off those fucking glasses.

(Kerry takes off sunglasses to reveal a swollen and puffy eye)

Simon: He did this didn't he?

Kerry: It wasn't his fault.

Simon: So it's yours, for running into his fist.

Kerry: It's not like that.

Simon: It never is. Did you report it?

Kerry: No.

Simon: Of course you didn't. I won't be surprised if the next time we have lunch you're in a body bag with a toe tag.

Kerry: I get enough shit and abuse from him I don't need it from you as well.

Simon: Where is he?

Kerry: I don't know.

Simon: Stop protecting him. He needs to be confronted and the police need to be informed and do a case against him.

Kerry: No he doesn't. It's over.

Simon: That's what you said last time, with the marks on your legs and the time before that, with the bruises on your wrists. Every time I believe you and take your side and we don't confront him. Not this time. Where is he?

Kerry: You going to confront Dylan? By doing what, hitting him with your limp wrist or kicking him while you do the can-can?

Simon: Don't try and start another fight to distract me from this one. It won't work.

Kerry: Calm down. I broke up with him last night and had the locks changed this morning.

Simon: Was he drinking again?

Kerry: Usually when he is in those moods I know because the bottle is right next to him and he has that look in his eye. He went out drinking and when he came home I told him I can't do this up and down bullshit anymore, I'm better than this. That change in his eye kicked in and he became someone I have never seen before.

Simon: You said that the first time it happened and the second time you believed you could change him, because he showed you a soft side of himself that no one else saw.

Kerry: All the other times once he had hurt me he would come back to reality immediately and do whatever needed to be done to show me that he was sorry. Not this time. He threw me to the ground and punched me in the eye. Stood over me and said, "No wonder birth control was invented" and spat on me. He then grabbed a bottle of whiskey, ripped the mirror off the wall, broke my vase -the one from my Gran- and slammed the door off the hinges as he left.

Simon: I'm sorry I wasn't there.

Kerry: I'm glad you weren't there, I probably would have defended him and been sucked back into this twisted merry-go-round.

Simon: He hasn't tried to make contact?

Kerry: Nothing so far. Not a word – it's as though he didn't even exist.

Simon: Good, I hope he fucks off for eternity. Can I help with anything?

Kerry: Do you know a good plastic surgeon?

Simon: I do actually, but I'm being serious, can I do anything to help?

Kerry: I want this to pass as quickly as possible, like a terrible nightmare that I will wake up from. The thing that keeps playing in my mind is; do you think he's right?

Simon: Right about what?

Kerry: That maybe I am a mistake, that I keep doing something wrong in my relationships and connections?

Simon: That's absolute rubbish. You're feeling sorry for yourself and looking for an answer to make all this make sense but let's call a spade a spade. Dylan was a complete arsehole and an error in judgment. It doesn't mean that you're a failure. Our connection, even though its not conventional in the eyes of society, it works and we get on so well. You're my family.

Kerry: What about Malcom?

Simon: What about him?

Kerry: Things between us also went south.

Simon: Yes it did but that's not your fault. He was a drug addict.

Kerry: You still friends with him aren't you?

Simon: I am. Some people are not meant to be together. Water is good for the body and oil is good to fry an egg, yet they don't mix. Does it bother you that I still

see him?

Kerry: Yes and no.

Simon: Fair enough. Care to explain?

Kerry: Yes, because, when you rid your life of a partner and try to heal and get over the damage it's not easy to know they are still connected to your life and friends somehow. No, because I am happy that you have made a genuine friend in Malcom: you two seem to help each other. It's nice to see you have a male influence in your life that won't stab you in the back.

Simon: Well if it is any consolation, Malcom has calmed down on the drugs, it's been months since he's been on a bender.

Kerry: Or has it been months since he's told you. Sorry, that was bitchy but can you really blame me?

Simon: You're right; we don't know what people keep behind our backs to protect us or to protect themselves from the truth. All I know is what I see.

Kerry: Speaking of keeping things protected... When Am I going to meet to Gary?

Simon: I'm not sure. I don't know if he is long-term material.

Kerry: Isn't commitment and wedding vows a bit hasty. I mean this is all new to you. Don't you just want to have non-committal fun and explore and be who you are with people that feel the same with no strings attached? I thought that was what your people were about.

Simon: Just because I am attracted to the same sex doesn't mean I should have a dart board attached to my arse or drugs up my nose or crying in the corner over HIV. My sexual choice doesn't change my moral outlook on life.

Kerry: Not everything in life is long-term. Sometimes people are in our lives for a short period yet have an impact on the way we do things.

Simon: I know what you mean yet Gary is constantly pushing me to explore and enjoy myself.

Kerry: That pig!

Simon: My sexuality is like my underwear; certain people get to see it but it will be revealed in my own time.

Kerry: It's good to hear that you're wearing underwear these days.

Simon: That's rich Granny panties, you could go parachuting in yours.

Kerry: Now whose being the bitch? That was one time and it was laundry day. I get what you're saying; you don't need someone bullying you when you want to savour every step of your journey as this is all new to you. Yet don't go stale and become scared and reclusive.

Simon: It's a fine line, I don't want to end up doing something I'll regret yet I don't want to be on the side lines watching life pass me by.

Kerry: So let Gary help you and show you the ropes, if you like bondage.

Simon: Can we be serious please.

Kerry: Of course we can. Don't judge a book by it's cover, Dylan was the most amazing lover I have experienced in along time and then he pulls this rubbish (points to her eye) what you are going through should be an exciting build up of butterflies and those moment where you can't keep your hands off one another and meeting new people and getting advice, and not feeling so alone in the world.

Simon: When was the last time you two had sex?

Kerry: About two days ago, everything seemed fine then.

Simon: I'll keep an open mind, I'm sure a nice romantic dinner may help things along, I can control things at my flat and it will give us a good chance to have a good conversation on all types of topics. The old saying goes, best way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Kerry: The other old saying is best way to a man's penis is his zipper.

Simon: I knew I should have brought the muzzle. Let's get the bill and then you can help me shop.

Kerry: As long as I get to push the trolley.

(Lights dim)

(New scene)

(Noise of rain, Malcom and Simon, standing in the rain drenched from head to toe. Malcom holding Simon by the shoulders)

Malcom: Look at me!

Simon: No! Just let me go. It was a mistake.

Malcom: Can we not talk, I'm not letting you go.

Simon: Get off me (Pushes Malcom away)

Malcom: What are you going to do? Run away again. I need to know.

Simon: Can we not just deal with this another time?

Malcom: No. I need to know why?

Simon: You know why?

Malcom: Tell me, because I'm very confused, we were having a good time like usual. Why did you kiss me?

Simon: It was a mistake.

Malcom: Bullshit. Tell me why?
(Grabs Simon and holds him by the shoulders)

Simon: Just leave it alone.

Malcom: Why? Answer me!

Simon: (Snaps back) Because I fucking love you. I love you.

Malcom: (Pushes him away) No! You can't. I can't do this right now.
(Starts walking away)

Simon: (starts crying) Now who's the coward?

(Lights dim)

(New scene)

(Kerry is at home, in her dressing gown, putting whiskey bottles on her table, the door bell goes and she answers it to see Simon)

Kerry: What are you doing in the rain? Come inside before you get sick. Are you alright?

Simon: No! Not at all.

Kerry: Why what happened?

Simon: I don't know where to start. Everything just seems fucked.

Kerry: Let me grab you a towel and some dry clothes.

Simon: Thank you (as Kerry goes off to get a towel and spare clothes he goes for the whiskey and takes a sip)

Kerry: (She comes back to see him sipping from the bottle) Was it that bad of an evening?

Simon: Terrible. I don't know what I'm doing. I just feel out of control. (Takes another sip)

Kerry: Here you can wear these, they're Dylan's.

Simon: Can't anything just be simple?

Kerry: What happened at dinner? Where's Gary?

Simon: (continues sipping) Probably fucking anything that has a heartbeat. He reminds me of one of those cartoon dogs humping a fire hydrant.

Kerry: Shew okay. So he came on a bit too strong?

Simon: We didn't even get to dinner before his testosterone was all over my apartment like gay air freshener for horny toads.

Kerry: Isn't that what men are usually about? Being physical and sexual.

Simon: There is a time and a place. Does conversation not happen anymore?