

Get Shot Smoke Pot

A Short Play

by

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CAST: BOB, 30's, teacher, budding pothead
JO, 40's, next door neighbor
JOE, 50's, Jo's husband
DOT, 30's, Bob's wife

TIME: July 1968, the day Robert Kennedy was shot

PLACE: Joe and Jo's basement, working-class Ohio

A paneled room. A small wet bar, a shelves with knick-knacks. Cheap bar stools, lamps, etc. A 27" console TV with rabbit ear antenna. A large, multi-colored oval rope rug, stained.

Bob is behind the bar, smoking a joint. Jo is bent over the TV console, positioning the rabbit ears into various obtuse and acute angles for better reception. News reports of the assassination of Robert Kennedy is heard from the TV amidst the static.

BOB

Almost. Almost. There. Nope. You had it. Almost. Move that one lower. The other one.

JO

How's that?

BOB

Step back. There. There it is. Nope. Wait.

Jo crosses carefully to bar.

JO

Finally.

BOB

(handing her the joint)

Nope, it's out.

JO
 (taking a hit)
 Ugh! Piece of crap Sylvania.

JO returns to TV, fiddles with antenna.

BOB
 You know what your problem is. This basement. A grave with paneling. Living waves don't come down here. There! That's it. Nope. Lost it. You should put some aluminum foil on the ends.

JO
 Piece of bull crap.

BOB
 So there's a little snow, big deal. Leave it.

JO
 This is important. I got to see.

Jo continues to work the rabbit ears between takes with Bob.

BOB
 What do you want to see?

JO
 Something.

BOB
 That's all anybody wants.

JO
 What?

BOB
 See something. Anything.

JO
 It's so sad. He was so young and good looking. I would have voted for him. Now he's dead. And on my birthday.

BOB
 Ah, it ain't the end of the world.

JO
 But, it's so sad, you know?

BOB
 The readiness is all, man. The readiness is all.

What? JO

Shakespeare. BOB
 (pause)
 Ever hear that?

What? JO

BOB
 The readiness is all. Hamlet. When your time is up, your time is up, man. Don't know when it's going happen. Just be ready 'cause it's gonna happen. One day you're running for President, the next, you're bleeding to death on a kitchen floor in Los Angeles. Be ready, 'cause it's coming.

(pause)
 I wonder what Ted's thinking right now. Like, "Oh shit, I'm a fucking Kennedy. I'm gonna get shot. Holy fuck." They're all paying the piper for some weird karma shit or something. Ted's fucked.

(pause)
 Glad I ain't a Kennedy. Then again, if I were, it would take all the mystery out of how I was going to die. That would bite... Oh. Hey, sorry, Jo. I didn't mean...

JO
 It's okay.

They watch the TV for few moments. Bob massages her shoulders.

BOB
 So, are you cool with stuff?

JO
 Yeah.

BOB
 Sure?

JO
 Yeah. I'm okay.

BOB
 Joe know anything?

JO
 No.

BOB
 Cool. I don't wanna make a bad scene or anything.

Jo and Bob watch the TV and pass the joint back and forth.

JO
Maybe we shouldn't go out.

BOB
But it's your birthday.

This is all too sad.

BOB
It's not your fault he got shot.

JO
I know. Still. It's too sad.

BOB
Yeah.

Long pause.

JO
What?

BOB
What?

JO
What?

BOB
What?

JO
Did you say something?

BOB
No.

JO
Oh.
(long pause)
We're all gonna die.

BOB
Yeah. We are.

JO
Me, you. Joe and Dot. Die and be dead.

Die and be dead. BOB

Doomed. JO

Doomed. BOB

Some birthday. JO

We could fuck. BOB

Jo bangs on the TV.

JO
I can't see it!
(calling upstairs)
Joe! Joe! Joe!

BOB
Hey, Jo. Have you seen your soul yet?

JO
What?

BOB
Your soul.

JO
My soul?

BOB
Have you seen it yet? Walking around like a person. In Hindu culture, they say you see your soul walking around before you die. You can talk to it.

JO
Really?

BOB
I saw mine last week.

JO
No.

BOB
Yes.

JO
No.

BOB
He was in the kitchen, drinking milk out of the carton.

JO
No he wasn't.

BOB
Swear to God.

JO
You're not gonna die, I am.

BOB
You said I was gonna die. Die and be dead.

JO
No, I am. I'm dying.

BOB
You're not dying.

JO
Yes I am. Like Bobby Kennedy. Shot in the head.
(shouting upstairs)
Joe! Joe!

BOB
You're in remission.

JO
I'M DYING, BOB. DYING AND LIKE BOBBY KENNEDY.
(shouting upstairs)
JOE! GODDAMMIT, JOE!

BOB
Hey, come on, Jo. Relax. You're not dying. Not yet.

JO
I'm dying and don't your forget it.

BOB
Okay, if you're dying, did you see your soul yet?

JO
No.

BOB
I rest my case.

JO
Bull crap. Bull crap on you.

They watch the news and toke.

BOB

So, when I saw my soul in the kitchen drinking milk from the carton, I said, "Hello soul, what do you know?" He wiped his mouth, put the carton back, closed the door and said, "Everything." And I said, "Cool." So I made some tuna fish sandwiches and we talked about everything. Mollusks. Why there's lint. Where wind comes from. The true color of shadows. Does grass feel pain when it's mowed. Deep, deep shit. The things a soul can tell you. Man.

JO

Bull crap.

BOB

(pause)
So, you wanna fuck?

JO

What?

BOB

You wanna fuck? On top of the washer.

JO

Joe's upstairs.

BOB

Didn't stop us before.

JO

I'm not in the mood.

BOB

C'mon. I'll give you a birthday fuck.

JO

No.

BOB

C'mon. Take five minutes.

JO

Bobby Kennedy got shot.

BOB

That shouldn't stop us from fucking.

JO

It's not right.

BOB

Come on. I'll put on some Mathis.

Wonder what happens next?

For a copy of the full script, email me at:

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Thanks!