

IT AIN'T NO HONEYMOON

TEN-MINUTE PLAY

By Eric Burchett

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

KYLE (M).....Just married to LOIS.

LOIS (F).....Just married to KYLE.

PACO (M)..... Their guide on a “romantic” desert tour.

SETTING

Desert in Morocco.

TIME: Afternoon.

AT RISE:

Kyle and Lois sit among a few backpacks. They have been in the desert for nearly three days and look horrible. Their clothes are ragged and their hair is in disarray.

KYLE: Do we have any more—

LOIS: Water?

KYLE: Yeah, water.

LOIS: No.

KYLE: What about pop?

LOIS: Three cans left.

KYLE: What kind?

LOIS: Diet Mr. Pibb.

KYLE: No, thanks.

LOIS: We are stranded in the desert and the only way we will survive is by drinking these warm cans of Diet Mr. Pibb, Kyle!

KYLE: I'd sooner die of thirst, Lois!

KYLE takes off his shirt and wrings out the sweat, trying to catch the drops of moisture in his mouth.

LOIS: That is sick.

KYLE: The worst part is that it tastes a lot like Diet Mr. Pibb.

LOIS: You might as well drink your own urine.

KYLE: If there was any more fluid in my body, I think I would.

PACO enters.

LOIS: Any luck?

PACO: No sign of life for many miles.

KYLE: Some guide.

PACO: What did you say?

KYLE: I said you're some guide, getting us lost in the desert!

PACO: You said you wanted to see a side of Morocco that normal tourists don't see!

KYLE: Not because they don't come back!

LOIS: Stop fighting! Paco, drink this pop.

PACO: Is it the Mountain Dew?

LOIS: *(Pause.)* Diet Mr. Pibb.

PACO: No, thanks.

LOIS: Kyle, put your shirt back on.

KYLE: Why?

LOIS: You'll get sunburnt.

KYLE: I put on sunblock.

LOIS: When?

KYLE: Before we left.

LOIS: You did not!

KYLE: I mean — this morning.

LOIS: So was it this morning or three days ago?

KYLE: I don't know — I'm becoming DELUSIONAL!

PACO: Don't yell at her, man.

KYLE: Save the advice, Paco.

LOIS is singing "a Horse with No Name" by America.

LOIS: "On the first part of the journey, I was - dah da da dah da da dah. There were plants and birds and rocks and things—"

KYLE: What are you doing?

LOIS: Singing.

KYLE: Why?

LOIS: To get my mind off of the situation.

KYLE: So you're singing a song about the desert?

LOIS: What?

PACO: (*Singing.*) "I've been through the desert on a horse with no name—"

KYLE: See?

LOIS: Maybe a rain-dance would be better?

PACO: So great of an idea! Already, I can see clouds forming in the distance.

KYLE: Those are vultures.

PACO: (*Pause.*) Crap, you are right.

KYLE: Vultures!

LOIS: Oh no.

PACO: Crap, crap, crap!

KYLE: CRAP!

LOIS: Oy vey!

KYLE: (*Pause.*) You're Jewish?

LOIS: Is that a problem?

KYLE: You could have mentioned it at the WEDDING!

LOIS: You could have mentioned that the HONEYMOON was dying in a desert somewhere in Morocco!

KYLE: I was trying to be romantic.

LOIS: The vultures are a nice touch.

KYLE: Casablanca, you know?

LOIS: Oh, okay, I guess I see where you were going with this.

KYLE: So on the next honeymoon, we'll go to Kansas City or someplace normal.

LOIS: You only get one honeymoon, Kyle.

KYLE: *(Pause.)* Okay, we need water now, because I thought you were talking to him.

PACO: My name is Paco.

KYLE: Shut up.

LOIS: I'm going to lie down for a second.

PACO: No! The vultures will think you're dead! Stay alive-looking.

LOIS: We're going to die, aren't we?

KYLE: Looks like it.

LOIS: *(Pause.)* I have something to say.

KYLE: What?

LOIS: *(Pause.)* I'm in love with Paco.

KYLE: What?

PACO: Really?

LOIS: *(To PACO.)* Ever since we met, I've felt an attraction for you, but I could never act on it — because I'd just been married. But since we're all going to die, I might as well tell you.

KYLE: You're in love with Paco?

PACO: Lois, I'm sorry, but — it could never happen.

LOIS: What?

PACO: Over the past few days, I've noticed you looking at me, and— well, let's just say I had a hunch about that. But I'm just not in love with you.

LOIS: Why not?

PACO: It just — it wouldn't work out.

LOIS: You'll be dead in a day! What has to work?

PACO: Don't make this any harder on yourself! Please, just let it go.

LOIS looks around, confused. She goes over to KYLE.

LOIS: Honey—

KYLE: Don't "honey" me.

LOIS: But darling—

KYLE: Just because it didn't work out with your boyfriend doesn't mean you can come back over here and cry on my shoulder.

All three are quiet.

PACO: This has become awkward.

KYLE: Yeah, thanks, Lois! Last day on earth ruined! Thanks a lot.

LOIS: I couldn't die with that on my conscience!

LOIS begins to cry.

KYLE: Oh honey, don't.

KYLE begins to hold LOIS. He gradually tries to open his mouth and catch her tears in his mouth. LOIS notices.

LOIS: Hey!

KYLE: What?

LOIS: What are you doing?

KYLE: Nothing.

LOIS: Were you trying to catch my tears in your mouth?

KYLE: I was trying to comfort you.

LOIS: You were not!

PACO: *(Pause.)* Did it work?

KYLE: No.

All three separate. Pause.

PACO: You know when people die under normal circumstances and they have a lot of fluids, right?

KYLE: Is this story going to make me thirsty?

PACO: Hopefully not. The body, under normal circumstances, is mostly water, right? So what do they do with all that fluid?

LOIS: When?

PACO: When you die. At a funeral home.

KYLE: Who cares?

PACO: Do they flush it?

LOIS: Down the toilet?

PACO: Yeah.

LOIS: I doubt it.

KYLE: They probably just dump it out in the backyard.

PACO: *(Pause.)* I bet they'd love us! No fluids at all, hardly.

KYLE: Give me a pop.

LOIS: What?

KYLE: Diet Mr. Pibb — I need one, right now.

LOIS frantically looks for the pop.

LOIS: What changed your mind?

KYLE: I cannot die and have that be the last conversation I ever had.
Jesus Christ, people just don't talk about things like — like fluids,
do they?

*LOIS gives KYLE the pop. PACO and LOIS watch as KYLE opens it
and hold it in front of him, hesitantly.*

PACO: Good luck.

LOIS: Be careful.

KYLE drinks the pop.

PACO: Yuck.

*PACO turns away in disgust. LOIS watches as KYLE finishes his
drink.*

LOIS: Well?

KYLE: *(Pause.)* Am I still alive?

LOIS: Yes!

KYLE: Then kill me - that tastes horrible!

*LOIS takes the can, plugs her nose, and takes a drink. She double-
takes afterward.*

LOIS: That was the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

KYLE: *(Pause.)* Where's Paco?

They turn to see PACO crouched down behind them, his back turned.

LOIS: Paco?

When he hears his name, he quickly stands up, hiding something behind his back.

PACO: What? Oh - hi, how was your soda-pop?

KYLE: What have you got there?

PACO: Where?

KYLE: Behind your back?

PACO: Nothing!

LOIS: Paco?

PACO: See!

PACO holds out his hand, keeping the other hand holding something behind his back.

KYLE: The other hand?

PACO switches hands, keeping something behind his back.

PACO: You two look tired — maybe you should take a nap—

LOIS tackles PACO and KYLE grabs the mystery object.

KYLE: A canteen?

KYLE opens the lid and sniffs inside.

KYLE: Water!

He takes a quick drink. LOIS comes over and takes a drink.

LOIS: Where did you get this?

KYLE: Have you been keeping this from us the entire time?

LOIS: I saw him empty this canteen yesterday - somehow he refilled it.

KYLE: Did you refill it, you little weasel?

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KYLE advances on PACO, who pulls out a gun. Immediately, PACO's meek demeanor has changed; he's confident and sure of himself. LOIS and KYLE stand back.

PACO: That's far enough - stay where you are.

LOIS: What's going on?

PACO: You've lasted longer than most couples, I must admit. It was getting annoying, almost.

KYLE: Is this a scam?

PACO: Nice work, genius. Of course it's a scam. I lure moron tourists, like yourself, out into the desert, let them die of dehydration, then run off with their money. Pretty simple, really.

LOIS: Why not just shoot us?

PACO: Death by natural causes is much easier and looks more likely to the authorities, if they investigate.

KYLE: How do we know that no one is looking for us now, huh?

PACO: No one knows that you're missing. I arranged everything to look nice and tidy. Tomorrow, when you've died of thirst, I'll leave your bodies here, take your credit cards and cash, get any expensive items from your hotel room, and be on a plane to Argentina before they even find your bodies. Clever, eh? And when I run out of money, I'll come back in a few months and do it again.

LOIS: Oh, Paco! How could you?

PACO: Save it! Now throw me back the canteen.

LOIS holds the canteen in one hand and a full diet Mr. Pibb in the other.

LOIS: Sure - here you go.

LOIS throws the can of pop and knocks the gun out of PACO's hand. KYLE rushes PACO and tackles him to the ground. LOIS runs for the gun, but she gets wrapped up in the wrestling. The three bodies roll around on the ground, but eventually LOIS ends up with gun and KYLE is holding PACO and the can of pop.

LOIS: Freeze!

KYLE: I don't believe it — saved by Diet Mr. Pibb!

PACO: Lois — darling. I'm sorry I did this.

PACO gives LOIS puppy-dog eyes.

PACO: It doesn't have to be this way, Lois. I didn't mean what I said.
I love you, too.

KYLE: Don't listen to him, Lois!

PACO: We could leave Kyle here and the two of us could fly to Argentina. I have a villa – and a pool! Wouldn't you like to take a swim with me? Just the two of us?

LOIS approaches PACO and KYLE, still holding the gun.

KYLE: He was going to kill us Lois! Don't!

PACO: Kyle doesn't care if you die. But I love you!

LOIS gets up close.

LOIS: Oh, Paco.

LOIS hits PACO over the head with the gun.

LOIS: Do you think I'm an idiot or something?

PACO rolls down to the ground, knocked-out.

KYLE: Thanks.

LOIS: Don't mention it. Now what do we do?

KYLE goes over to PACO and searches his pockets.

KYLE: A map!

KYLE and LOIS open the map and try to read it.

LOIS: We must be there, where it says, "Dumb tourists die here."

KYLE: Did he really have to write that out? That just seems like overkill if—

LOIS: Grab the water and let's go!

They begin to pack up quickly. KYLE stops and points to PACO.

KYLE: What about him?

LOIS: Leave him this.

She sets a Diet Mr. Pibb next to PACO.

KYLE: That's inhumane! *(Pause.)* I guess he did try to kill us.

LOIS: He did try to kill us.

KYLE: *(Pause.)* I see your point.

KYLE and LOIS exit. PACO wakes up.

PACO: Maybe I should get my old job back at the Dairy Queen.

BLACKOUT.

THE END