

Synopsis: 2 characters are attempting a bathroom tryst at a houseparty, another character interrupts them and the lock on the door breaks trapping them together

Casting: 3 Characters, 2M 1F, Late teens-early 20s.

Ali: Gym-bro, himbo Kind

Katie: Tall, cheerleader

Stephen: Nerdy, plain

TW: Vomit

The Locked Room

Lights up on a bathroom, a bath with a shower curtain open is USC, a door exists on the side of the set (SR or SL). Ali and Katie are making out in the bathtub hidden by a shower curtain. Clothes begin to fly over the curtain.

Katie: You got it?

Ali: Gimme one second.

Katie: I can do it.

Ali: No I've got it.

Katie: Just hold the top and roll down.

Ali: Got it, one sec.

A pair of socks is dropped out from behind the curtain.

Katie: Really?

Ali: Feels weird otherwise.

Katie: You ready?

Ali: Definitely.

*The door slams open and Stephen enters, the door slams behind him and audibly *Clicks*. Ali starts screaming, Stephen screams in return.*

Ali : GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT!!!!

Stephen makes a beeline for the door, he wrenches the handle but it won't move.

Stephen: IT'S STUCK!!

Ali goes to open the curtain and help but is stopped by katie

Katie (gritted teeth): At least put something on first!

Ali: Pass my boxers!

Stephen: What?

Ali: Pass my boxers, otherwise this is gonna get very awkward.

Stephen pauses, realises and finds them, passing them to Ali.

Ali: Cheers.

Ali steps out, the difference in physique and confidence between him and Stephen should be instantly apparent. Ali tries to open the door. It's broken.

Ali: Nah it's fucked.

Stephen: How fucked?

Ali: Very fucked.

Stephen: Ah.

Beat

Stephen: You taking a shower?

Ali: Yeah, tripped outside and wanted to freshen up.

Stephen picks up a pair of heels from the floor

Stephen: I take it these are yours then?

Beat

Ali: Could be anyones.

Beat

Stephen: Hi Katie.

Katie: Hi Stephen.

Ali: How'd you know it was her?

Stephen: She's the only person here brave enough to wear regular heels during a storm warning.

Katie: I've got strong ankles, what can I say.

Stephen: Sorry about... this.

Katie: Honestly, the way this week has been I'm not surprised.

Ali has hunkered down in the corner. He's not crying yet but is looking very sad.

Stephen: You okay there bud?

Ali: I'm fine

He is holding back floods of tears

Katie: It's okay.

Ali: No, no it's not. It's shit, I've fucking ruined it.

Katie rushes in to hug him. Stephen gives them as much space as he can

Katie: No you haven't, it's okay.

She nods at Stephen to join in

Stephen: You've not done anything wrong. I should've knocked.

Stephen awkwardly pats Ali on the shoulder

Ali: I just wanted it to go well.

The two try to soothe him as best they can. Ali eventually takes a deep breath.

Katie: You okay?

Ali: Yeah, sorry I just had to let that out.

Stephen: Stressful night?

Ali: Stressful week. Katie's parents were meant to be out of town.

Katie: Cancelled due a vet emergency

Ali: Then we tried to book a hotel room.

Katie: Bed bugs, all of the hotels. All of them.

Ali: And now I'm crying in my boxers because some dickhead couldn't use any other bathroom. No offense.

Stephen: None taken. Can I ask exactly what I ruined? Beside the obvious.

Katie: He got it into his head we were gonna have the perfect prom night It was gonna be a whole thing.

Ali: And now it's this.

Stephen: On the upside, this is gonna make a great story in a few years.

Ali stares daggers at him, stephen shrinks

Stephen (To Katie): You don't seem nearly as broken up about this.

Katie: I was always prepared for this. Your teens are supposed to be messy and shit.

Ali: But I was gonna do it right! That's what a good boyfriend's supposed to do.

Katie is visibly happily shocked, she's never heard him say that before.

Katie: Oh stop crying you big lummoX, we'll live.

Stephen is staring into the middle distance. Ali and Katie cuddle for slightly too long before they remember his presence.

Katie; Stephen.

Stephen continues dissociating

Stephen: Sorry, I was thinking.

Ali: You were thinking pretty hard dude. You okay?

Stephen: Yup. just thinking about the endless void between our expectations and our lives and how I had conditioned myself to not think about it.

Katie: You thinking about it now?

Stephen: Yup.

Ali: How's that going?

Stephen: Oh so well.

Ali gently sits him on the floor, back to the bath.

Ali: Do you wanna talk about it?

Stephen: I thought I was okay with not caring. Turns out I care a lot. My teens have not been messy and shit. They have just been shit. I am constantly on the verge of a breakdown and largely resigned to economic pressure, social ineptitude and my own inability to get out of my way dooming me to a life of safe and unsatisfying choices.

I figured by accepting these facts it would make them less painful or manageable but all it does is make me tired. I'd love to be messy, to plan daring things, to attempt what I can only imagine is thrillingly uncomfortable bathtub sex. I just don't know if that's in the cards for me.

People want to like you too, in a way they don't want to like me. It used to make me so angry but I realised that was pointless, you'd done nothing to deserve it. You always seemed so invincible, so poised. I'd love to be like that.

Y'know everyone here knows me, everyone's met me but I get the sense that no-one actually knows me. Like I tweaked my personality to please them so much I'm not sure who I am as a person anymore. Do you guys ever get that?

Ali and Katie look at each other, she nods at Ali to help.

Ali: No, Can't say I have.

Katie: Sounds like you care far too much what people think.

Stephen: And you care far too much about what society says, but here we are, all sat in the same bath.

Ali has a brainwave.

Ali: We're all sat in the same bath!

Stephen goes to say something

Katie: Let him cook.

Ali: Why don't we team up?

Stephen: But I have nothing to offer you.

Ali: But you do! You don't give a shit.

Stephen: I don't follow.

Katie: He's asking you to tell him what he doesn't need to care about.

Stephen: I can do that, wanna start now?

Ali almost jumps with joy

Ali: Alright. I've always kinda wanted to paint my nails but I'm scared people will think I'm coming out when really all I like is the shiny colours.

Stephen: Lots of straight guys wear nail-polish. Plus look at you, I doubt people will pick fights.

Katie: You can use mine if you want?

Ali: Yes, thank you, next one. Sometimes I'm worried that I'm being toxically masculine because, I'll be honest I don't know what it means but I get worried about it.

Stephen looks at Katie

Katie: Are you a dick to women because they're women?

Ali: God no, mum would kill me.

Stephen: Typically people who think about not being bad people, aren't bad people.

Ali: Okay last one, if your friend tried to date a girl but it didn't work, is six months an acceptable time before making a move? I asked him but I didn't know if he was just being nice.

Katie looks at Stephen to let her go first

Katie: It's nice that you checked but really it's not up to him. It's up to the girl in question. I think you've done everything right. I wouldn't be trying to date you otherwise.

Ali looks like he's got his christmas presents early.

Stephen: He called himself your boyfriend earlier.

Kate: Yeah but there's a difference between blurting out mid stress-cry and me affirming it.

Ali gets out of the bath and they giddily kiss. It goes on just slightly too long.

Katie: Sorry.

Ali: It was a long six months.

Stephen shrugs

Stephen: Do you have anything you'd like to share with the group katie?

Katie: I'm very proud of you both. But most of my shit I've got handled, I just wanna get out of here.

Ali: Amen to that. Stretch our legs and roll out the red carpet for the Stephen debut world tour!

Stephen is riding that liminal space of knowing this is a good thing, being excited and terrified.

Stephen: Woooo?

Katie: What do you want out of this?

Ali: Yeah, let's get some targets on the board.

Stephen: I'd like to speak to a group of people longer than a minute, and find a person with a similar interest. Maybe try flirting, I dunno that always seemed fun.

Katie: We'll start slow and see how we do okay? Don't wanna do too much too fast.

Ali: Sounds like a great plan, only one issue.

Stephen: Me?

Katie: No, he means the whole being locked in a bathroom problem.

Ali: Less of that kinda talk my guy. Rule number one of socialising, confidence is king.

Katie: Focus people, does anyone have their phone on them.

The boys check around for their phones.

Stephen: Nope

Ali: Left it downstairs, what about yours?

Katie: Mines with Emma, also downstairs.

Ali: Guess we're kicking it down.

Stephen starts examining the door

Stephen: I could try and pop the hinge pins out?

Katie: Or we could open the bathroom window and shout at the people downstairs, instead of damaging someone's house.

Stephen: But then everyone would know that you snuck in here to have sex with at least one of us and I don't know if I want that rumour on my conscience.

Stephen begins to mess with the hinges of the door with the end of a toothbrush, Ali prepares to run at the door

Stephen: I think I got something,

The door flies open, hitting Stephen as Emma appears colliding with Ali as Katie dives for cover in the bathtub. As Emma gets up Katie hauls her to the toilet where she begins to throw up. She gestures for the other two to go.

Katie: That's it, let it out.

Emma Gurgles

Katie: Nope, just me in here, putting the world to rights. I'll go grab you some water.

She leaves, ensuring the door is propped open for emma.

Ali (Offstage): Evening boys! And I've brought the life of the party with me!

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