

WASTE

A Ten Minute Comedy by Matthew Martinez

Cast of Characters

ROY: Male, 30s, a gruff and threatening mobster type.

SANDRA: Female, 20s, a newlywed with a passion for recycling.

Setting

Time: Now

Place: A recycling dumpster, somewhere.

WASTE

Lights up on a large Recycling Dumpster. A young woman, SANDRA, has a small table set up next to it with a sign that says "REDUCE. REUSE. RECYCLE." She wears a vest with the recycling logo and has several pins on her table with it as well. A grizzled slightly older man, ROY, enters from stage left carrying an extremely suspicious trash bag wrapped with duct tape. It is definitely a body. Roy doesn't notice her because he is in a rush to dispose of it. He lifts the lid of the dumpster to do this when Sandra interjects.

SANDRA

Um, excuse me? Sir?

ROY

(To himself.)

Ah shit...

SANDRA

What do you think you're doing with that?

ROY

Uh, taking out the trash?

SANDRA

Sir, what you're doing is a crime!

ROY

Okay, look here. We can work something out-

SANDRA

(Cutting him off.)

You should know that it is illegal to dispose of trash materials in a RECYCLING BIN!

A brief silence.

ROY

Recycling?

SANDRA

(Condescending.)

Yes. *Recycling.*

Another short silence.

ROY

Uh, well you see I misspoke earlier. This shit right here is totally recyclable.

SANDRA

You said it was trash earlier.

ROY

I meant that in a more... general sense.

SANDRA

General sense. Right.

ROY

Look, I love the earth and all that shit. I'm always saving my cans, and reusing plastic ware. I'm just trying to do my part here.

SANDRA

Sir, can I ask you a question?

ROY

Uh, sure. Shoot.

SANDRA

Do you know how much "trash" we produce in the United States every year?

Roy thinks for a second.

ROY

No. I don't actually.

SANDRA

Two Hundred and Thirty Million Tons. Every year!

ROY

Wow uh, that's quite a number. Look I just need-

SANDRA

(Cuts him off again.)

To listen to me! You need to listen to me, sir! The fate of our entire planet rests on the decisions of individuals like you and me. What's your name?

ROY

I'd rather not-

SANDRA

(*Furious.*)

What's your name?!

ROY

It's Roy! Roy, okay? Jesus...

SANDRA

Do you want to kill the earth, Roy? Huh? Are you a *killer*, Roy?

ROY

(*Looking at the body.*)

Well...

SANDRA

I don't think you are. But you know what I do think?

ROY

What?

SANDRA

I think... you're a *liar*!

ROY

Excuse me?

SANDRA

You're a liar. You're lying to me. And that's okay, Roy. Roy, my man- may I call you my man? - That is perfectly alright. I understand that you are rushed. I understand that it's hard to find a regular dumpster, especially in this area. And I know that you're a good guy, but I need you to show me what's in that bag.

A tense silence.

ROY

I, uh, I never got your name.

SANDRA

It's Sandra.

ROY

Alright. Sandra, I can't show you what's in this bag.

SANDRA

And why not?

ROY

I know it's cliché but, it's because then... *I'd have to kill you.*

SANDRA

(Scared.)

Oh my...

(Then suddenly laughing.)

You are such a jokester, Roy! Whoo, you really got me! Ha!

ROY

Uh, yeah. I guess I am.

SANDRA

I don't care what's in the bag, Roy! I was just joshing your tots!

ROY

Joshing my what?

SANDRA

Oh it's just something my parents used to say. It's like yanking your chain!

ROY

Oh, hah. I get it.

A short silence.

ROY

Well, I'd better throw this dude in here.

SANDRA

Dude?

ROY

Oh! It's uh, um, what my parents used to call trash- I mean recyclable materials!

SANDRA

How adorable! I'll have to start using that one too! I can imagine now when I tell my husband the story of our friendship, "So this guy, Roy, was throwing a dude away." It'll be hilarious!

ROY

Your husband? What does he do?

SANDRA

Oh he's a cop. Yep, he's been on the force for twelve years now. He works in homicide.

ROY

Maybe you shouldn't tell him, actually.

SANDRA

Oh don't worry, he's quite the jokester, just like you!

ROY

Right... Well I'd best get a move on.

SANDRA

Oh yeah, let me give you a hand!

ROY

No! I can-

Before he can stop her, she runs around from her table and lifts the lid of the dumpster, then tries to grab the body by the bag, but it tears and she sees the face of the dead man. She drops the bag but keeps the lid up with her other hand.

SANDRA

Oh my god!!

Roy pulls out a gun and aims it at her. He is aiming across the dumpster, so his arm is under the lid she is holding.

ROY

Don't. Move. A muscle.

Sandra is frozen with fear.

ROY

Now, put your hands in the air and walk back slowly.

Sandra lifts both hands, and in doing so, drops the lid right on Roy's arm with the gun. He is stuck for a moment and the gun goes off in the dumpster. Sandra runs at him, kicks him in the groin, and pushes him to the ground. She then runs away, yelling for help. Roy is writhing on the ground, and soon police sirens are heard approaching.

ROY

Oww... shit...

(He looks at the body.)

Well Bobby, even though you're dead... you still somehow manage to be a pain in my ass.

He rolls over, accepting defeat, as the sirens grow louder and the lights slowly fade.

END OF PLAY.