

Devil May Care

Julie Flynn

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Bio: Julie Flynn is a research writing instructor at Rutgers University and lifelong theater geek

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I am staying positive by reading books about how to be a positive force in the world and by playing with my parents' puppy.

Summit Playhouse can publish this on their site

Characters

Person A and Person B Both seem to be in their late twenties/early thirties. They could be any gender or race

Setting

The porch of a small Jersey shore bungalow in the summer of 2020 at dusk

Scene 1

Person A is lounging on a porch swing reading The Decameron as Person B rides up on a bike and chains it to the porch

B: Babe, the weirdest thing happened today. *Goes up and sits next to A on the swing. Takes off mostly empty backpack and face mask*

A: No one asked to speak to your manager and demanded to be let into the shop even though they weren't wearing a mask?

B: Actually, that hasn't happened in the last three days, but that's not the weird thing. I checked my bank account at lunch and there was \$10 million in it.

A: Yeah, sure there was

B: I'm not kidding

A: *worried* Did you call the bank? You know you can't spend any of it. They'll just make you pay it back when they notice their mistake

B: I know, that's why I went there. I got Layla to watch the shop and headed over to the bank. I explained everything to one of the bankers at the desk and they looked into it. They couldn't find any error

A: Other than the \$10 million?

B: *shrugs*

A: \$10 million doesn't just magically appear in your account on its own

B: That's what I said!

A: You own a vegan café and take out joint; there is no way you have \$10 million

B: And no long-lost millionaire relatives

A: That you know of

B: I would know

A: Would you?

B: All my mom has done during quarantine is catalogue our family on Ancestry. I know every person going back 10 generations so far, at least where records exist

A: So, no secret relatives then

B: Nope. They promised to look into it more. They even closed out my accounts and opened new ones with a special one for the \$10 mil, so I'm going to have fun updating all my autopays

A: Why would they do that

B: In case there's something nefarious going on

A: There's definitely something nefarious

B: No one can figure out what though

A: Look, let's consider other possibilities

B: Like someone got a number wrong on the deposit and put it in my account

A: Wouldn't they have checked for that?

B: They did

A: And?

B: Nope

They sit in silence for a while. A gets up and paces, then turns to B

A: Babe, you didn't talk to my dad at all this week

B is nervous and speechless

A: You did! You totally did. *Sighs* What did you promise him?

B: Why would I be promising your dad anything?

A: You must have.

B: I—

A: Oh god, you did promise him something. What did you say you'd do?

B: Why are we talking about your dad right now? IS he a secret millionaire? Are you rich? Wait, is he in the mafia? Are we going to be followed by the FBI? Are they already following us? Is our house bugged?

A: No! He's not in the mafia or a millionaire. It's worse than that

B: He's secret royalty

A: No! I mean, not really

B: How can you not really be secret royalty?

A: *mumbling* He's the devil

B: What?

A: He's the devil

B: Babe, I thought you got along with your parents

A: I do!

B: So why would you call your dad the devil?

A: Because he is the literal devil! As in Lucifer? The Morningstar? A fallen angel. The Devil.

B: Babe, are you ok? Cause you don't sound like you are playing and you just said your dad is the devil, so do we need to call your therapist and tell her you have some brand new psychosis on top of your standard millennial anxiety or are you messing with me?

A: I am not messing with you

B: So, it's psychosis then?

A: No!

B: You took something psychedelic?

A: No! Babe, you know I hardly even drink

B: Ok, I don't—

A: I swear my dad is really the Devil. What did you promise him?

B: Look, maybe you believe your dad is the Devil. I thought my dad was CIA when I was a kid

A: He was, and my dad is

B: Nah but *supportive* let's say your dad is the devil. I did not sell him my soul.

A: You promised him something though! You asked him for something.

B: *considers* Ok, this is not how I wanted to do this, but it is a beautiful night and...I asked him for his consent. I told him that I would do anything for you, would put your happiness, needs, and desires before everything else and would spend my life loving you body and soul *Gets down on one knee* No matter what

A: *looks at B in amazement and love that quickly turns to horror and certainty* Hold that thought. Babe, there is nothing I want or need right now more than a trumpet.

B: I'm trying to propose here

A: I know, but I need a trumpet. A purple one. I need you to take it out of your backpack and give it to me.

B: I do not have a purple trumpet in my backpack

A: Yes, you do. I need it. Give me my trumpet

B: All I have in there is a book, a different shirt, and my water

A: And a purple trumpet.

B: Ok sure. I'll just pull a purple trumpet out of my pretty much empty bag *Grabs the now heavy and full backpack and pulls out a purple trumpet* What the—

A: I knew it! Hold on. *Takes out phone, dials, waits.* Daddy!?! *Angrily storms inside*

B: *stares at trumpet and reexamines entire understanding of the universe. Is at first scared and then starts to accept this new world* Ok

A: *comes back outside* Ok so babe? Good news. You did not sell dad your soul or trade it to him for anything. And you are not condemned to eternity in Hell, so yay!

B: But there's bad news

A: *begrudgingly* Apparently you gave your soul to me? And he accepted on my behalf? And then he made it so that if I want anything, you get it, which is just a sneaky way of interfering in my life

B: You wanted \$10 million?

A: I wanted to not have to worry about money or your business going under. I was worried about that this morning. You are in the service industry in a pandemic

B: So, we got magic rich because I gave my soul to you?

A: We can get it back! He really should not have the right to negotiate on my behalf, so we can get your soul back and you can keep it.

B: But you have it now?

A: Technically, I mean, he said I can do with it what I want

B: So, what do you want?

A: No, Babe, you don't understand

B: Baby, Light of my life, I don't care if you are Devil spawn or a carnivore or a mermaid or whatever, I know one thing. I would like you to have my soul. I give it to you freely with my heart

A: Wait, what?

B: I'm still trying to propose *Gets down on one knee again* Will you do me the honor of marrying me?

A: *speechless*

B: Even if you say no, my heart and soul are yours forever

A: *nods, cries* Yes!

They kiss

A: You know what I need now?

B: *nervous but happy* What?

A: A dance with my fiancé(e)

Music starts playing from nowhere. They dance