

Garf

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Curtains rise on smelly bachelor suite.

A GARBAGE CAT takes a sarcastic shit on the front door mat, sighs, and exits stage left. MAN wearing small straw hat enters with pizza box, freaks out, and drops the pizza in shit.

MAN
GARFIELD, YOU SHIT!!!

GARFIELD, smelling of many yesterdays, crawls over on his stomach, dragging his lower body along the carpet. Leaves behind trail of dead hair. Eyes, glazed, display no emotion.

MAN
Thought we were past this! I was gone two minutes, you shit! What is wrong with you, you barbarian child? Where's your FUCKING cat litter???????? [MAN dramatically steps on GARFIELD'S bong, crushing it.]

GARFIELD
JON, please.

JON collapses and hyperventilates into an A&W paper bag.

JON (severely distressed)
Everything's darkening.

GARFIELD
Just tunnel vision. Hold my hand.

JON
I think I'm dying!

GARFIELD
No Jon, it's just a panic attack. It's ok. I'm here for you. You'll be fine-

Without missing a beat, JON pukes in the shit and pizza. Additionally, his hat falls into the jambalaya.

GARFIELD
There, there. [Wipes blood & puke off Jon's mouth with Jon's sleeve.]

JON
I'm sorry. Shouldn't have yelled at you.

GARFIELD
It's OK babe. [puckers lips]

JON cries into GARFIELD'S fur for three minutes. A knife fight takes place off-stage.

JON (evaluating)
Everything was under control. I was level on medication. Slept a few hours a night, even.

Long beat.

GARFIELD
And you didn't hallucinate as much anymore.

JON
Yeah, true.

Long beat.

JON
Garf, I gotta clean this pie up before Samantha arrives with the divorce lawyer—I can't have this sloppy joe sitting here. Garfield, how could you...

GARFIELD
Well,

JON, with distant eyes, picks up a slice of pizza from the salty medley, picks a hair off it and takes a bite. GARFIELD freezes stiff, closing his eyes for a moment in disgust.

GARFIELD (scientifically)
I've been keeping track of your apparent wellbeing in correlation to your new medication.

JON
OK?

GARFIELD
Let me be blunt; why are you lying to my face?

JON
What?

GARFIELD
(holding up pill bottle) 40 pills. You started 3 weeks ago. There should be 19 left. Does this look like 19 to you, JON?

JON
...no... no, it looks like more-

GARFIELD
Uh-huh. What's up with that Jon?

J.N.O
I don't-

GARFIELD
I do. You're lapsing again. You've been talking with "Baby Bradley"
again, haven't you?

JON spits in GARFIELD'S face, then sobs into his sleeve.

GARFIELD
Answer me truthfully you garbage.

JON nods.

GARIFIEL
You gotta take the pills to get better.

JON (heaving)
I'm sorry, OK? Every morning: blank face in the mirror. Everyone yells
at me at work, including the filing clerk. I eat my lunch alone in the
filing vault. Come home—don't feed you cause you already help yourself
to fuckin... *anything* in the fridge. Then just sleep. Repeat. So??? I
forget to take pills here and there! What's it got to do with
anything???

Long beat. Gafield wrags tail slowly.

J.NO
I see. I took that shit. It was me all along.

JON scratches ath his face and repeatedly yells "I LAID THOSE ROTTEN
EGGS." GARFIELF argues with an AUDIENCE MEMBER over the distasteful use
of the term "barbarian." JON tires out and slowly collapses.

JNO [whipsering]
Ur a good guy... I need a good guy r/ now.

JON falls asleep in the gumbo. GARFIELD places all the pizza slices in
a blue dufflebag. Takes out Tic-Tac box and adds Tic-Tacs to JON's
medication. Kisses JON's head. Putting a paper towel over his hand, he
reaches into JON's pants and pulls out his car keys.

GARFIELD unzips his skin. It falls to the floor like a tarp, revealing a SMALL MAN resembling Danny DeVito.

SMALL MAN

My vision wavers like a sheet.

Lights dim. Spotlight shines off-stage, revealing AUDIENCE gathered around bloated, skin-less corpse of garf : : : ガルフィールド.

SMALL MAN is seen taking a selfie with JON'S 1995 Ford Focus sedan before riding off into the sunset.

Curtainfall.jpg