

**DRY SPELL**

A 10-minute play

by

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Characters

VOICE, male or female of indeterminate age, calm and authoritative

CLAY (20s), a young punk

LEROY (20s), a young punk with leadership potential

GRETCHEN (20s), a young professional

RONALD (40s-50s), a businessman

Setting

A subway car with front and back entrances.

Time

Present.

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**DRY SPELL**

*RONALD and GRETCHEN sit in adjacent pairs of seats at right angles to each other in the front of a subway car. GRETCHEN's right shoe is off and RONALD absentmindedly rubs her stockinged foot while she reads a book.*

VOICE (O.S.)

Next stop, Queenswood. Queenswood. Doors opening right.

*SOUNDS of a bell, doors sliding open, soft crowd noise. After a few beats, CLAY and LEROY enter at back. CLAY is wearing a hooded sweatshirt; LEROY, a Yankees cap.*

CLAY

...said it wasn't appropriate. Appropriate--shee-it!

LEROY

How do you do it, Clay? That Desiree was a three-and-oh hanging curve. Should've knocked her out of the park. Talk about a sure thing.

VOICE (O.S.)

Doors closing.

*SOUNDS of a bell, door sliding closed, crowd noise off. CLAY slumps in one of the rear seats, pulling his hood back. LEROY puts a foot up on another seat.*

CLAY

Sure thing, my ass. Girl was Frigidaire. Should've had yours instead--Al-uh-what, Alison?

LEROY

Alexa.

CLAY

I should've had Alexa, stuck you with stuck-up Desiree.

LEROY

Wouldn't have made any difference, my friend.

CLAY

What you mean--admit it, Leroy, you saw them first. You could tell which was the hot one.

LEROY

I saw two girls ripe for love. They saw one hot slugger swinging for extra bases and a loser who's holding his useless bat in his hands. You're oh-fer...oh-fer what now?

CLAY

I don't know. A while.

LEROY

More than a while. I'm worried about you, pal.

CLAY

Just having a dry spell.

LEROY

And it stinks on you. You don't exercise your sex hormones, Clay, they go bad. Women can smell your sorry crotch a mile away. Like rotten onions--talk about not appropriate.

CLAY

Still say I should've had Alexa.

LEROY

*(Ad libs a meandering melody.)*

Alexa...Alexa, my sweet... I pried you open like an oyster and snatched your pearl...

CLAY

Fuck off.

LEROY

You're right. I shouldn't be giving you a hard time, bro, I should be helping you out. Be your batting coach.

*CLAY spots RONALD and GRETCHEN.*

CLAY

Yeah, show me your perfect fuckin' swing.

LEROY

Be happy to, my man.

*CLAY indicates RONALD and GRETCHEN with a nod of his head.*

LEROY (CONT'D)

*(Beat, peering.)*

Yeah. But only if she's good looking.

CLAY

Shouldn't make any difference to you, Slugger.

LEROY

I'm serious. She's a dog, we just take their jewelry.