

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

By
Khari Wyatt

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

© 2024 by Khari Wyatt

CAUTION: Professionals and Amateurs are hereby warned that performance of **SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY** is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of The United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth) and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission of which must be obtained from the Author in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for **SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY** are controlled exclusively by Next Stage Press. No professional or non-professional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance written permission and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning production rights should be addressed to genekato@nextstagepress.com

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce **SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY** is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

*Dedicated to Romulus Linney.
Romulus, I promised you I would write one. This is that play.*

*Some Type of Ecstasy, developed, in part, with a fellowship from
MacDowell.*

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

CHARACTERS:

SANDRIDGE:	Black. Male. Mid-40's-50's, direct and unyielding.
DARLA:	White. Female. 40. A self-made businesswoman.
MR. BOBBY:	Black. Male. 85. Owns a laid-back authority.
ROSALYN:	Black. Female. Late 30's. Proud and pragmatic.
LINDY:	Black. Female. Early 30's. Earthy and insightful.
TINO:	Latino. Male. Late-30's. A leg-man for a plasma company.
KINNON:	White. Male. 40's. Stand-offish, but cordial.
ABBY:	White. Female. 20's. The new technician.

TIME: Present Day - Los Angeles, CA.

SETTING: Plasmatics - a plasma donation center.

Plasmatics comprises three areas...

Donation Area.

Reception Area.

Darla's Office.

AUTHOR'S NOTES:

An ellipsis in the dialogue (...) represents a pause, a beat.

An (--) represents a physical gesture, an expression, or an overlap.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

ACT 1
SCENE 1

The Set: Upstage right, a row of chairs across from a reception counter backed by a tall, open-faced file cabinet stuffed with color-coded file folders. A phone and desktop computer sits on one end of the counter. Just beyond the counter is a rest room door. Against the wall next to the bathroom stands three survey kiosks. Near the chairs sits a magazine rack and the front door of the center.

Stage left is the donation area. Clean. Sanitized. A rolling tray with medical supplies: tape, gauze, needles, sanitizer wipes sit between four donation beds, inverted at angles facing each other. Each bed is sided by a blood plasma separation machine.

Beyond the reception and donor areas, separated by a wall, is Darla's office which is populated with a simple desk, computer and file cabinet.

At rise: In the donor area, MR. BOBBY, SANDRIDGE and LINDY, lay on tables, one arm hooked to plasma machines. Their other arms are high in the air, each with blue raffle ticket in hand. ROSALYN, in medical scrubs, stands beside a raffle wheel. The electricity of anticipation sizzles through the room.

ROSALYN. Are. You. Ready?!

SANDRIDGE. Go on and spin that wheel, and gimme my prize!

MR. BOBBY. Calm down, Sandridge.

LINDY. Act like bought that ticket or something.

MR. BOBBY. Be grateful we have a raffle.

LINDY. I swear, can't do nothing for nobody.

SANDRIDGE. I been coming here longer than you.

LINDY. So?

SANDRIDGE: I appreciate the raffle. Appreciate it so much, I'm gonna win and take Ros out on the town.

LINDY. Ha! That's what you believing?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SANDRIDGE. Tell her, Ros. You like ole Sandridge.

ROSALYN. You don't even know the prize for this week.

LINDY. Yeah, you acting like the raffle is money. What if it's a bicycle?

SANDRIDGE. I'll pawn it, get the money, and take Ros out on the town.

ROSALYN. It's not a bike.

MR. BOBBY. What if it's a television?

SANDRIDGE. A TV? Swap meet. Money. Ros and me.

LINDY. You crazy, man.

SANDRIDGE. Take Ros out dancing. And I'm a wait on a slow song too. Take Ros out dancing. And I'm a wait on a slow song too. And after we make a move on that slow jam, she gonna have an appetite worked-up. That's when I take her to dinner.

LINDY. What if she's not hungry?

SANDRIDGE. What you sayin'? Everybody get hungry for something.

LINDY. Folks might not like what you cooking.

SANDRIDGE. Depend on what you gonna feed 'em. I got more than food. I got intelligence. I got humor-

LINDY. Ha! Ha! You and laughs ain't never met-

SANDRIDGE. I got conversation too. What's that prize, Ros?

ROSALYN. A hundred-dollar gift card.

SANDRIDGE. Have mercy! Sweet cash.

LINDY. Sandridge, I'm sorry to disappoint you, honey. But my girl Ros gonna spin that wheel over there, and put a bag of groceries, and a new pair of shoes in my hot hand. They got a sale on whole chickens over to the market, and a sale on these cute red pumps I saw down at the Shoe Town. Man, you ain't the only one trying to put together a night.

SANDRIDGE. We'll let Ros decide who's doing what.

MR. BOBBY. Go on and spin it. (*Ros peeks toward the reception area.*)

SANDRIDGE. Somebody after you or something?

ROSALYN. I was just seeing if Kinnon came in.

LINDY. Oh, he's going to hate that he missed it.

SANDRIDGE. One less person between me and mine. Spin my wheel.

ROSALYN. Your wheel? What if Mr. Bobby wins?

MR. BOBBY. It won't be for me.

LINDY. Who it for?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

MR. BOBBY. Boys and Girls Club I volunteer with. They always need something.

ROSALYN. I know that's right.

MR. BOBBY. Always made me wonder why some folks don't like to help people.

LINDY. Now, I do charity. But I need charity too sometimes.

SANDRIDGE. Preach.

LINDY. Help yourself or pay the consequences.

MR. BOBBY. I'm not judging dear, just observing.

SANDRIDGE. Still no Kinnon. You spinning that wheel? Today?

ROSALYN. Alright now, here we go- it's coming now before you know- round-and-round it comes-and-goes, check your colors, guard your fears, no more spins - Ben Franklin's here! *(Ros spins the wheel with flair. It rockets in hypnotic circles as the room yells for it to stop on their number.)*

ROSALYN. Three it is!

MR. BOBBY. Hey! Three is the magic number. *(Rosalyn hands him a small envelope.)*

ROSALYN. Good for your Boys and Girls Club.

LINDY. Bad for Sandridge and his crooked-eyed wet dreams.

SANDRIDGE. Soon, Ros. *(Ros blows him a kiss and exits into the reception area.)*

LINDY. You really feelin' her.

SANDRIDGE. I want to be feelin' her.

LINDY. See, that's why y'all ain't went out. She know what you after.

SANDRIDGE. Yeah, she know because I told her.

LINDY. No, you didn't.

SANDRIDGE. I speak my piece. It is what it is.

LINDY. This ain't the jungle, Sandridge. You can't hunt a woman down like some beast in the field. A lady wants to be courted.

SANDRIDGE. A hunt is just what it is. Sex. Providing. Women hunt too.

LINDY. Tell me how that goes.

SANDRIDGE. Looking for security. Who you foolin' talking about love?

LINDY. We want security with the love. Chicken and the biscuits, hear me? Don't you want love?

SANDRIDGE. I had love. It passed on a long time ago.

LINDY. I'm sorry.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SANDRIDGE. My Mary.

LINDY. Mary Sandridge. Sounds like somebody.

SANDRIDGE. She was. Love don't come around twice.

MR. BOBBY. Not the *same way* twice, but it *does* come back around.

SANDRIDGE. Does it, Mr. B?

MR. BOBBY. You just need to accept the way it comes dressed up.

LINDY. I know how Sandridge feel.

SANDRIDGE. Do you?

LINDY. I had a man. Damon.

SANDRIDGE. Damon?

MR. BOBBY. Damon?

LINDY. Tall and built like steel. And being with him, in every way a woman can be with a man, was like riding a runaway train, child. Half the time I was all excited and the other time I was praying that train would slow down before it crashed us both.

MR. BOBBY. Sounds like a winner.

LINDY. Sure was.

SANDRIDGE. He work?

LINDY. Salesman. Always hustling too. Used to say 'Woman, if I don't make money you won't be opening this door for me too much longer.'

SANDRIDGE. See? Ole Damon knew.

LINDY. In a way...

SANDRIDGE. No. All the way.

LINDY. Some men, yeah, they better bring money to the table because they ain't bringing much else worth the time you taking. It's almost like a woman settles.

SANDRIDGE. A woman settles for money? Good joke.

LINDY. Settling don't last long.

MR. BOBBY. I think Damon had good taste.

LINDY. Thanks, charmer. Teach your friend over there.

SANDRIDGE. Nah, I'm good.

LINDY. Think you know it all.

SANDRIDGE. All? No. Everything? That's what I know.

LINDY. You know I used to be a pastry chef?

SANDRIDGE. You never bring us treats.

LINDY. I only bake on special occasions these days. Too painful to do it like I used to. Damon would come look over my shoulder, stick his finger in my mixing bowl. Say, 'Baby, you too good just to bake for me. Get you a job doing it.' I did too. Downtown. He laughed with

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

me. And made love to me the way I liked it. He was a gentle man. Intense, but sweet as licorice. He loved me and I knew it. He didn't need money, Sandridge. He made me *feel* rich.

SANDRIDGE. How come you *had* a man then?

LINDY. Twenty-eight years old-- Heart attack.

SANDRIDGE. --

LINDY. I would have been poor with that man anywhere in the world.

SANDRIDGE. That's nice to say--

LINDY. It's true!

SANDRIDGE. Never hurts for man to have a couple bills in his pocket.

MR. BOBBY. No. But love, youngster.

LINDY. Oh, I see her in your eyes.

MR. BOBBY. My Addie in '52. Economics class. Dr. Nikongo taught it. From West Africa. Used to say, he was there to make up for his ancestors giving our ancestors away to the slave traders. Said for that he was going teach us how to make more money than we could ever do with.

SANDRIDGE. Guess he didn't teach much.

MR. BOBBY. What?

SANDRIDGE. You hear.

MR. BOBBY. So?

LINDY. Ms. Addie must have been a sharp lady.

MR. BOBBY. Unforgettable.

LINDY. Like Betty?

MR. BOBBY. Ha. You know Betty?

LINDY. Lives across the hall from me.

SANDRIDGE. Who's Betty?

LINDY. His latest caretaker.

MR. BOBBY. My best caretaker.

LINDY. Oh, you bad. She younger than me.

MR. BOBBY. It's just a number.

SANDRIDGE. Go 'head, Mr. B!

MR. BOBBY. Remember, it does come back around. And money is nice. Yes. But between love and money there's no comparison. Money comes and goes, but love? Love that's poured with sacrifice and acceptances? Never goes away. Just like Damon is still here in this room. And your Mary. My Addie. Even after you been gone or somebody's been gone on from you. It keeps something alive in you.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

In the world. Money can't buy that. And if you been blessed enough to feel pure love-- that love there-- it's some type of ecstasy.

SCENE 2

DARLA sits at her desk, on her cell phone. An open bottle of wine and an empty plastic cup rests on the desks edge. As she talks, Ros steps into the doorway, unseen by Darla.

DARLA. I know it's been a while... I'm surprised too, but-- yeah, you know the industry-- No questions now, okay? Listen-- can you help me or not-- If not let's forget-- Thank you. Yes, next week... Right, come to the center. 7 o'clock. See you then, huh? Good night. *(She disconnects. Several moments the previous conversation plays in her mind. Suddenly, she vomits into a wastebasket. Ros enters. Waits. Darla gathers herself. Turns to look for a napkin - SCREAMS.)* You scared the hell outta me.

ROSALYN. Good. Nobody needs hell hiding inside anyway. *(She hands Darla a paper towel. Darla cleans her mouth.)* How are you feeling?

DARLA. I'm cool.

ROSALYN. You just threw up.

DARLA. Little queasy,

ROSALYN. From the red wine or that phone call?

DARLA. The call.

ROSALYN. Who upset you?

DARLA. I'm good. Really.

ROSALYN. What's going on?

DARLA. ...I'm selling this place.

ROSALYN. Excuse me?

DARLA. --

ROSALYN. That's what that phone call was?

DARLA. An opportunity.

ROSALYN. Selling? Out of the blue?

DARLA. Other opportunities fell through.

ROSALYN. Others? How long were you looking?

DARLA. Six months or so.

ROSALYN. Or so?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

DARLA. Yes.

ROSALYN. So, when were you going to shine a light for the rest of us?

DARLA. I was going to tell you.

ROSALYN. I should have known six months ago.

DARLA. Nothing would change except the name on the door.

ROSALYN. I'm the first person you hired.

DARLA. I know that.

ROSALYN. All these years. I thought we were in this together?

DARLA. You'll be fine. I promise you.

ROSALYN. Promise?

DARLA. Yes.

ROSALYN. My Granddaddy could tell you about a company and its promises.

DARLA. No stories, Ros. Please?

ROSALYN. He worked for Viceroy Shipping Company for twenty years. They packed and shipped seafood all over the south. Granddaddy got work loading trucks in the warehouse.

DARLA. He got let go.

ROSALYN. My point isn't the ending. My point is the how.

DARLA. ...Go on.

ROSALYN. Like I said, he worked for Viceroy twenty years. Good company, but there was a bigger dog on the block. O'Holloran's. They did big business. Because Mr. O'Holloran had connects in city hall and organized crime. One day, he calls himself pitching Mr. Viceroy about a merger. My Granddaddy asked Mr. Viceroy outright what would come of his job. What would come of everybody's job. Viceroy said 'trust me.' Even promised folks would get a raise because he saw to it in the agreement.

DARLA. No raises, huh?

ROSALYN. Oh, yes! Nice raises too.

DARLA. But?

ROSALYN. Raises weren't the issue. Timing was.

DARLA. Timing?

ROSALYN. They all got raises for three months.

DARLA. Awesome.

ROSALYN. No, at three months and-a-day, they all got laid off. My granddaddy, his friends, even Mr. Viceroy. O'Holloran didn't keep nothing, but the warehouse and the trucks.

DARLA. Damn—

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

ROSALYN. I know you mean well—

DARLA. I do--

ROSALYN. Don't make promises. *(Darla takes Ros's hands in her own.)*

DARLA. I'm asking you to trust in me.

ROSALYN. That's what Uncle Sam said after Katrina came and went.

DARLA. God, who knew there was a third world in this country?

ROSALYN. Knew that before Katrina. Katrina was just the confirmation.

DARLA. I'm not the government.

ROSALYN. Who are you?

DARLA. --

ROSALYN. Doing things in the dark sounds real governmental.

DARLA. Ros!

ROSALYN. What about those people out there? What changes they have coming? *(The sound of commotion in the donor area filters into the office, unheard by Darla and Ros.)*

DARLA. Again, trust me. Please?

ROSALYN. Darla, this is trouble. *(The sound of commotion gets LOUDER. Now Darla and Ros notice.)*

DARLA. What the hell is going on? *(Lindy rushes into the office.)*

LINDY. Help!

SCENE 3

Lights up in the donor area. People holler and yell over each other as Sandridge rolls across the floor, wrestling with KINNON.

MR. BOBBY. Stop this! *(As a coughing fit overtakes Mr. Bobby. Darla, Ros and Lindy rush out of the office, separating Sandridge and Kinnon.)*

DARLA. What the hell is going on?

SANDRIDGE. He messed up. Again.

KINNON. I said, 'Good Morning, Jack.' That's all I did!

SANDRIDGE. I told you to call me, Mr. Sandridge. You refuse to follow directions so the only thing I can think is that you must be messin' with me--

KINNON. Yeah, sure I am--

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SANDRIDGE. When that happens, I start kickin' ass.

KINNON. You must be royalty. Why not call you, *King Sandridge*?

SANDRIDGE. Mr. Sandridge is plenty enough.

KINNON. I wasn't insulting you.

DARLA. You jumped on him?

SANDRIDGE. What's personal to a man is important.

MR. BOBBY. He just wished you good morning.

SANDRIDGE. --

MR. BOBBY. You're wrong.

SANDRIDGE. He should respect my wishes, Mr. B.

DARLA. I don't know that you should come here anymore.

SANDRIDGE. For real?

ROSALYN. Living on the street after that flood, I've seen enough fights to know a billion different ways to make somebody bleed, break, cry, and die. And you want to see me? No, thank you. I'm not in the market for a hot head.

SANDRIDGE. He got what he had coming.

KINNON. I should call the cops.

SANDRIDGE. Wanna get me killed off, huh?

DARLA. Kinnon, please. That's not necessary.

KINNON. I want an apology.

ROSALYN. Go on, Sandridge. Let's see what kind of man you are.

SANDRIDGE. I ain't wrong for feeling how I do.

ROSALYN. --

SANDRIDGE. Sorry I jumped on you.

ROSALYN. Without your fingers crossed...

SANDRIDGE. (*Uncrosses his fingers.*) Sorry.

DARLA. Kinnon, is that okay?

KINNON. Fine.

MR. BOBBY. Darla, why don't you put a little extra on his account for the trouble?

DARLA. Great idea. Kinnon, you got a bonus coming.

KINNON. Well, thank you. Thank you too, Mr. Bobby.

MR. BOBBY. You earned it.

SANDRIDGE. No justice.

KINNON. I don't want any problems. Alright with you? Mr. Sandridge.

SANDRIDGE. Fine by me.

DARLA. We need to talk. In my office.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SANDRIDGE. Why you 'gon put me out? This ain't the only train runnin'.

MR. BOBBY. Don't be a fool.

SANDRIDGE. She don't want me, I don't want to be here.

DARLA. Can we talk?

SANDRIDGE. You got my plasma. I got my little bit of money.

DARLA. Mr. Sandridge, wait! *(He crashes out of the reception door.)*
That man... *(She goes out after him.)*

ROSALYN. Kinnon, you ready?

KINNON. You're still paying?

ROSALYN. Twenty-five dollars first donation of the week. Thirty for the second. The usual.

LINDY. You know the center down on Van Nuys pays thirty-five and forty.

ROSALYN. And that place is too wild.

LINDY. Shoot, you saw what I just saw?

KINNON. I'm fine, really.

LINDY. Man, you can rumble. I didn't know you could go like that.

KINNON. ...Thanks. *(They lock eyes for an awkward moment. Seeing each other in a new way.)* I'm ready, Ros.

ROSALYN. Kinnon in for twenty-five with a bonus. Order up!
(Kinnon hops on the donation bed.)

SCENE 4

Later that evening. After closing. Darla floats through the reception area and the donor area straightening equipment, wiping down beds. She moves to her office, pulls out a compact mirror. Checks her hair, her make-up.

At the front door, Tino stares at his reflection in the glass: hair? Clothes? He's satisfied. He rings the door buzzer. Darla takes a deep breath and answers. They stare at each other for several moments.

TINO. I don't know what to say.

DARLA. Hello?

TINO. Right. Hello.

DARLA. Long time.

TINO. Five years long... Tell me about your place.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

DARLA. Really? Okay. Well, this is our reception area. Our donors make their first point of contact with our staff here. They fill out any paperwork here. We check blood pressure, temperature, and blood iron. At the kiosks over there they answer questions.

TINO. What type of questions?

DARLA. Come on. You know the ropes.

TINO. I need to confirm.

DARLA. I don't need a test.

TINO. It's just proper business.

DARLA. ...Any piercings or tattoos in the past year? Do they use drugs? Have they been to Europe in the pasty twenty years? Is there a history of trading sex for money? Any symptoms of AIDS that they're aware of? Things like that.

TINO. Standard stuff.

DARLA. As I said. Over here is our donor area. *(She leads him into the donation area.)*

TINO. How many beds?

DARLA. We can service fifty donors at a time.

TINO. How often do you get that much traffic at one time?

DARLA. Varies. Depends on the day. Time of day. Promotions.

TINO. Promotions?

DARLA. We have a raffle every week.

TINO. Why?

DARLA. To thank our regulars.

TINO. Buying donors? Not a great look, Darla.

DARLA. They're family.

TINO. They're clients.

DARLA. You would twist it.

TINO. Quotient doesn't do raffles.

DARLA. Then pay rates go up then?

TINO. Possibly.

DARLA. Rates go up.

TINO. I'll recommend it, okay?

DARLA. Good.

TINO. ...This is a good place. You've done pretty good.

DARLA. I've done great.

TINO. Of course. That's what I meant.

DARLA. That's not what it sounded like.

TINO. We've both made a lot of people proud.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

DARLA. I imagine you have.

TINO. You *should* be proud of yourself.

DARLA. Well, we don't pick our parents, right?

TINO. No.

DARLA. We pick our friends. Pick our lovers.

TINO. Yeah.

DARLA. You backed out on me.

TINO. Wow.

DARLA. We were going to do this together.

TINO. I remember.

DARLA. You abandoned me.

TINO. Not true.

DARLA. I don't know what abandonment looks like?

TINO. I think we both do.

DARLA. You're the victim?

TINO. I'm not your father.

DARLA. He left. You left.

TINO. My folks gave everything for me to do better than they did. I couldn't risk that on a start-up. Even one with you. Then Quotient offered me a spot. A salary. A path.

DARLA. Are you the CEO of Quotient yet?

TINO. Not yet--

DARLA. Well, I am a CEO--

TINO. Great for you--

DARLA. I don't like your tone--

TINO. Such a big shot. Why'd you call me then--

DARLA. Last name on my list--

TINO. So, you're desperate?

DARLA. ...Can you help me or not?

TINO. I think so. You're bringing a lot to the table.

DARLA. Good.

TINO. Listen, I didn't come here to fight. Let me make up for my rough edges. Take you to dinner?

DARLA. I work late.

TINO. I can bring you dinner.

DARLA. You can just call me with the news.

TINO. I'd like to see you. Really catch up.

DARLA. Tino.... Just dinner.

TINO. Exactly. And a little business.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SCENE 5

The reception area, next day. Ros finishes wiping down the desk. Puts on her coat, grabs her purse and head toward the front door. Sandridge rushes past her, holding a bouquet of roses.

ROSALYN. Who are you running from?

SANDRIDGE. Nobody.

ROSALYN. We're closed.

SANDRIDGE. No. I made it here before you left. That's why I was running.

ROSALYN. Too bad for you. We're closed.

SANDRIDGE. What kind of reception is that? You ain't seen me in a week. No hug. No kiss.

ROSALYN. Have I given you any of that before?

SANDRIDGE. Cold in here. I should've worn a jacket.

ROSALYN. I've been working all day. Darla left early. What do you want?

SANDRIDGE. What you think of these flowers? *(She inhales their scent.)*

ROSALYN. They're pretty.

SANDRIDGE. Just like you. You fine.

ROSALYN. Well, isn't your mouth just full of sugar?

SANDRIDGE. You 'gon have to tell me how to take that one.

ROSALYN. I appreciate what you said.

SANDRIDGE. That's what I'm talking 'bout!

ROSALYN. Plenty of fine women out here for you to romance.

SANDRIDGE. They ain't you.

ROSALYN. Why me? *(He shifts nervously before looking into her eyes.)*

SANDRIDGE. You smart. I like how you carry yourself.

ROSALYN. Do you?

SANDRIDGE. You step around here like a queen. What man don't want a queen?

ROSALYN. Sandridge...

SANDRIDGE. I want to spend time with you. *(He presents the flowers to her.)*

ROSALYN. I swear you remind me of my Granddaddy.

SANDRIDGE. You love your Granddaddy?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

ROSALYN. He was my first love.

SANDRIDGE. Tell me about him.

ROSALYN. Big Rio? Always wrestling with life. Proudful. Sweet. Angry. *(Sandridge smiles for her. A genuine smile full of the best in him.)*

SANDRIDGE. I'm not always angry.

ROSALYN. Can you stay sweet?

SANDRIDGE. ...I'll try.

ROSALYN. Thought you had big plans at some other center?

SANDRIDGE. Have to wait thirty days before they'll let me donate. *(Ros shoves the flowers back into his hands.)* What you doing?!

ROSALYN. That's why you brought me flowers.

SANDRIDGE. I brought flowers for you--

ROSALYN. I'm smart remember--

SANDRIDGE. At the same time, I could use your help--

ROSALYN. Right.

SANDRIDGE. I just can't wait thirty days. My damn super would love to put me out in the street. I don't bring that rent money, I'm homeless.

ROSALYN. I can get you back in or you can take me out. One or the other.

SANDRIDGE. Don't be like that.

ROSALYN. Your choice, brotha...

SANDRIDGE. ...I choose you. *(She takes him in carefully, discerning his sincerity.)*

ROSALYN. You don't even remember what you like.

SANDRIDGE. Smart. Fine. Damn royalty.

ROSALYN. Sweet Sandridge might be worth dinner time.

SANDRIDGE. I'll come get you.

ROSALYN. Is that right?

SANDRIDGE. I got an old car, but it runs good. *(She scribbles her number on a piece of paper and gives it to him.)*

ROSALYN. Saturday night?

SANDRIDGE. Yes ma'am. *(She takes the flowers back from him.)*

ROSALYN. I'll make sure Darla gets these.

SANDRIDGE. Thanks, queen.

ROSALYN. ...Sweet Sandridge.

SANDRIDGE. Soon! *(He's out the door. Ros places the flowers in a vase and writes a note that she attaches to the flower stems. She takes the vase to Darla's office and leaves it on her desk. Lights out.)*

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SCENE 6

The next day. Darla enters the center and goes to her office. She spots the vase on the desk. She reads the note attached.

DARLA. ‘Darla, I’m sorry. If you don’t mind, I would like to come home...’ Oh, who wrote this for you Mr. Sandridge? *(Off her laughter, lights out.)*

SCENE 7

The next Monday, in the donor area. Kinnon reads from his iPhone. Mr. Bobby reads from a city newspaper.

KINNON. What’s interesting, Mr. Bobby?

MR. BOBBY. Interesting? Disgusting.

KINNON. What happened?

MR. BOBBY. Black church. Burned down in the south.

KINNON. Another one?

MR. BOBBY. And two cases of police brutality back east. One in the Midwest.

KINNON. It’s rough out there. *(Sandridge enters the center. Approaches the reception desk where Ros stands behind the counter. Tension.)*

ROSALYN. --

SANDRIDGE. --

ROSALYN. --

SANDRIDGE. I’m here for my eight o’clock.

ROSALYN. Arm. *(Sandridge pulls up his shirt sleeve. Ros places a blood pressure wrap on his arm. Moments later it beeps.)*

SANDRIDGE. Pressure alright?

ROSALYN. Bit high. Good enough. *(She puts on a rubber gloves, takes his finger and cleans it with an alcohol wipe. Pricks his finger. She places the stick into a small machine. It beeps.)*

SANDRIDGE. Iron good?

ROSALYN. Good enough. *(She dumps the prick-stick into a medical waste basket.)* Go on and answer your questions. *(Ros leads Sandridge to the kiosks. Sandridge begins to complete his donor survey. Ros*

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

stands there watching.) Saturday night I was there for my eight o'clock. Appointment got cancelled.

SANDRIDGE. That wasn't my plan.

ROSALYN. And?

SANDRIDGE. I had circumstances beyond my control.

ROSALYN. I *paid* a babysitter.

SANDRIDGE. I'll pay you back for the sitter.

ROSALYN. It's not all about the money.

SANDRIDGE. The hell it ain't. That's why I come here.

ROSALYN. Why didn't you call?

SANDRIDGE. Come on, Ros.

ROSALYN. Come on, nothing.

SANDRIDGE. I planned on being there.

ROSALYN. Buggin' me for weeks, get your chance, and this?

SANDRIDGE. Life don't always cooperate.

ROSALYN. I have a child.

SANDRIDGE. I know.

ROSALYN. Explain. I deserve that.

SANDRIDGE. --

ROSALYN. I said yes. Because I saw the man in you. I could trust what you say, even if I don't always take to how you say it. Truth. That's no small thing. Especially for a single mother. Hot-headed. Gruff. But truthful. Now you can't even give me that? I saw the man in you, but now you're showing me the little boy. I already have one of those.

SANDRIDGE. Aw, Ros you too beautiful to be mean.

ROSALYN. Mean is coming if you don't explain yourself.

SANDRIDGE. Just let it go. Please?

ROSALYN. Another woman turn head?

SANDRIDGE. Nah--

ROSALYN. You out drunk somewhere?

SANDRIDGE. Nah--

ROSALYN. Were you sick in the hospital?

SANDRIDGE. Wasn't in no hospital--

ROSALYN. Where were you?

SANDRIDGE. Ros--

ROSALYN. Out making a fool of a good woman. *(She pushes past him, finishes the last couple questions for him.)* You're done. Go on to a bed.

SANDRIDGE. ...I'll make it up to you, Ros.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

ROSALYN. Stop. I'm getting embarrassed for you. *(She goes behind the counter to finish logging him into the computer. Shamed, Sandridge steps into the donor area and hops on an empty bed.)*

MR. BOBBY. Well, look who's back.

SANDRIDGE. Hey, Mr. B. Kinnon.

KINNON. Hello.

MR. BOBBY. How you feeling?

SANDRIDGE. --

KINNON. Mr. Bobby, I read about that Oklahoma case. The article said the man was an ex-con.

MR. BOBBY. Does that make it right? No coming back from death.

KINNON. I'm just saying the guy wasn't a saint. *(He catches Sandridge staring him down.)* Can I help you, Mr. Sandridge?

SANDRIDGE. You speaking on that crooked cop?

KINNON. In Oklahoma? Yes.

SANDRIDGE. --

KINNON. Seems like you have something to say.

SANDRIDGE. Maybe I do. *(Rosalyn enters with the medical cart. As the scene plays she puts on a new pair of rubber gloves, hands Sandridge a Squeezie. He pumps it in his fist as she swabs his arm with alcohol.)*

ROSALYN. Sandridge, why don't you just quiet down?

SANDRIDGE. I got a right to speak.

ROSALYN. You pick and choose when to man up, huh? *(Mr. Bobby breaks into a coughing fit.)* You aren't getting sick?

MR. BOBBY. No. Every now and then those Menthols I used to know come and talk to me. Sandridge, right now is always a good time to quit.

SANDRIDGE. I know. Good smoke helps me thing though.

MR. BOBBY. You're grown.

KINNON. You keep staring at me.

SANDRIDGE. A look ain't a punch.

MR. BOBBY. Just say what you need to say.

SANDRIDGE. It's ironic, you being here, that's all.

KINNON. What are you talking about?

SANDRIDGE. You know so much about saints and sinners.

KINNON. --

ROSALYN. Don't move. *(She slides the needle into his arm.)* You okay?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SANDRIDGE. You always do it right... *(Ignoring his compliment, she dials up a code on the plasma machine beside his bed, then exits back into the reception area, where Lindy enters. As the scene plays, Ros takes Lindy through the steps we saw Sandridge take earlier.)*

SANDRIDGE. Kinnon, you know we in the ghetto?

KINNON. What's your point?

SANDRIDGE. When's the last time you came to the ghetto and it didn't have to do with money?

KINNON. I don't even know what you're talking about.

SANDRIDGE. White man used to come to the ghetto for sex, drugs and entertainment. And of course, the white man had a hand in the money that came from all that sex, drugs and entertainment.

KINNON. What the hell does that have to do with me?

MR. BOBBY. Sandridge, you had to beg your way back in here, remember?

SANDRIDGE. You know it's true, Mr. B.

MR. BOBBY. Yes, it's true.

SANDRIDGE. See?

MR. BOBBY. Why you bothering Kinnon about it?

SANDRIDGE. He's here.

MR. BOBBY. He's one may laying over there, not two hundred million.

SANDRIDGE. I just figure we could learn from each other is all.

MR. BOBBY. You have to be quiet to learn something.

KINNON. I'm not taking him seriously. Too early in the day.

SANDRIDGE. White man come in and have his way in the ghetto.

KINNON. Listen--

SANDRIDGE. Mr. Sandridge.

KINNON. Mr. Sandridge. Let's call of this learning experience, okay. I'm not interested.

SANDRIDGE. So, I'm wrong,

MR. BOBBY. History's been on repeat since the garden. Nothing stays old for long.

SANDRIDGE. Answer me a question, Kinnon.

KINNON. More questions.

SANDRIDGE. Somebody ask if drugs a problem in the ghetto what would you say?

KINNON. Yes.

SANDRIDGE. Somebody ask if violence a problem in the ghetto what would you say?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

KINNON. Of course.

SANDRIDGE. Used to be a time the white man--

KINNON. The wicked white man--

SANDRIDGE. Used to bleed the ghetto dry. Sex, drugs and entertainment. Cops taking payouts for letting ladies of the evening operate or using local talent to sell the drugs he brung in or letting us dance and sing in clubs the average people couldn't even sit in.

KINNON. History. (*Rosalyn return to the donor area with Lindy who hops on an open bed. Ros brings the medical cart.*)

LINDY. Hey, Kinnon.

KINNON. Morning. Good to see you.

LINDY. Air thick up in here ain't it?

KINNON. Maybe you can call of the dog over there.

SANDRIDGE. Call me off?

KINNON. *Please.*

SANDRIDGE. You the one said drugs a problem in the ghetto. Violence an issue in the ghetto. I didn't make that up--

LINDY. God help us, I wish it was made up--

KINNON. Yes, I said that--

SANDRIDGE. Now, tell me where the drugs come from. And the guns?

KINNON. A conspiracy theorist in our in midst.

SANDRIDGE. Conspiracy?

KINNON. Are you going to illuminate us on the presence of UFO's next?

SANDRIDGE. Can't speak on that.

KINNON. Shocking.

SANDRIDGE. I do know those ghetto boys get in line with a supplier. Supplier get in line behind a bigger supplier. Bigger supplier get in line behind the kingpin who flies his drugs into America. Under the FBI's nose? I don't think so. I think the white man's no saint. I bet you a Republican ain't you?

KINNON. What if I were.

SANDRIDGE. That'd tell me a lot.

KINNON. I bet you're a Democrat.

SANDRIDGE. No. Democrats and Republicans just different punchlines to the same joke.

KINNON. You know what the problem is? In the ghetto? People who think like you.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SANDRIDGE. Like me?

KINNON. Always looking for a boogie man.

SANDRIDGE. Go, Kinnon!

KINNON. A Black kid in the city gets killed the person who did it looks just like him. And what if I did bring a plane full of drugs and set it down in the middle of Martin Luther King Boulevard? I'm not making anyone touch it. You seem to think more of white people than most white people think of white people.

SANDRIDGE. I doubt that. Look around. Black, brown, yellow. Mostly Black--

KINNON. I'm here too.

SANDRIDGE. You the only white person I seen in here.

KINNON. So?

SANDRIDGE. Wonder how that is. Yeah, I bet you a Republican.

KINNON. --

SANDRIDGE. You hate to be in here, don't you? In your nice clothes, looking like you got places to go when you leave here.

KINNON. I'm a corporate consultant.

SANDRIDGE. You are or you were?

KINNON. Am-- was—Will be again. Soon. I have prospects.

(Sandridge cackles.)

SANDRIDGE. Prospects? Everybody in here got prospects. Prospects to show up here in another couple days and sell more of that liquid gold.

KINNON. And a fortune teller among your other talents.

MR. BOBBY. Sandridge, you don't know everything about everybody.

SANDRIDGE. Kinnon's so much more important than me--

KINNON. I didn't say that--

SANDRIDGE. He got prospects.

KINNON. I do. And just so you know, I am a Republican.

SANDRIDGE. Even after *everything*?

KINNON. Those aren't real Republicans.

SANDRIDGE. They are now. History 'gon say so.

KINNON. Things will get back to normal.

SANDRIDGE. Normal, huh? See, that's what I don't get.

LINDY. What?

KINNON. Yeah, what?

SANDRIDGE. Here you are, don't have a steady job, selling yourself, and you vote for people who don't care about poor people. That's their normal.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

MR. BOBBY. Bible say rulers are appointed by God.

SANDRIDGE. The almighty need to pick better people then.

MR. BOBBY. You don't know the Lord's plan.

SANDRIDGE. Damn sure don't.

MR. BOBBY. Easy, Sandridge.

SANDRIDGE. How Kinnon vote for a person he know 'gon black the help he needs? You say 'help' they say 'entitlement.' Treat corporations better.

KINNON. Why do you care?

SANDRIDGE. Folks like you don't ever think you 'gon need help.

KINNON. I don't need a handout.

LINDY. Sometimes you have to pull yourself up, that's true.

KINNON. Yes! Thank you, Lindy.

LINDY. 'Welcome, baby.

KINNON. (*Blushing.*) --

SANDRIDGE. All you white dudes are funny.

MR. BOBBY. All or some?

SANDRIDGE. Right, Mr. B. Right-right-right. Some. So, Kinnon, what is it with most of you white dudes? Always thinking you some kinda cowboy-super-hero. Bad ass. Love to hunt and kill and talk tough. Jump off shit. Jump out shit. Go in the back woods for days on end just to survive. Wrestle alligators. Climb big ass mountains to see if you can beat it to the top before it kills you. Pretending you don't need nothing, but out here stealing people's vote. Out here trying to take up all the money. All the chances. Make all the decisions. So tough but can't stand nobody standing next to you. Always got to be a step up.

KINNON. I don't look down on you.

SANDRIDGE. You ain't asked about my prospects.

KINNON. It's none of my business.

SANDRIDGE. Yeah, right.

KINNON. And just so you know, I hate guns.

MR. BOBBY. Both of y'all need Jesus. Caught up in man-made ways.

SANDRIDGE. That should do Kinnon good. Republicans love talking 'bout some Jesus.

KINNON. I'm an Atheist.

LINDY. Atheist?!

KINNON. That makes me a bad guy too?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

MR. BOBBY. Sandridge, I voted Democrat every election since FDR. Republicans don't own the Lord.

SANDRIDGE. Don't matter.

MR. BOBBY. Lord has plans bigger than politics.

SANDRIDGE. His plans ain't done nothing for me. Republicans ain't done nothing for me. Democrats either. Take everything up and don't leave nothing. They can all go to hell.

MR. BOBBY. Hear this, Sandridge. Sometimes you catch more flies with honey. Vinegar is too hard. I hear a lot of vinegar. Maybe you could use some honey. *(Darla enters through the front door. She steps into the donor area.)*

DARLA. Good morning.

MR. BOBBY. Morning.

DARLA. How is everything?

SANDRIDGE. Same ole.

KINNON. Wonderful.

MR. BOBBY. We're getting through the day.

SANDRIDGE. Darla, you think we ever getting raises in here?

DARLA. --

LINDY. That's an honest question right there.

SANDRIDGE. We been making the same money the past year and half.

KINNON. I like it here.

SANDRIDGE. Who said I didn't?

KINNON. Complainers aren't happy right.

SANDRIDGE. Neither are people who got a need.

DARLA. 25 and 30 is fair.

SANDRIDGE. I went to the library a few days ago.

KINNON. You checked out 'How to Win Friends and Influence People.' *(Everyone shares a laugh. Except Sandridge.)*

SANDRIDGE. Actually, I went online. You know these plasma centers sell these bottles of plasma here for two or three hundred bucks a pop?

KINNON. What?

SANDRIDGE. Still want that 25 or 30 dollars?

LINDY. They pay 40 and 45 down at Biocell.

DARLA. I don't get two or three hundred.

SANDRIDGE. How much you get?

DARLA. That's my business.

MR. BOBBY. Sandridge, you can to Biocell or wherever you want.

SANDRIDGE. --

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

MR. BOBBY. You come here for a reason.

DARLA. Maybe the people, huh?

SANDRIDGE. We should be getting more.

DARLA. Mr. Sandridge, we all want more.

SCENE 8

Later that night. Ros exits the bathroom, grabs her jacket off the counter. Tino approaches the front door, a bag of takeout in his hand.

ROSALYN. Can I help you?

TINO. Darla's expecting me.

ROSALYN. She is?

TINO. Is she here?

ROSALYN. Why are you here?

TINO. So, you got a beef with me too? (She steps aside. Tino enters.)

ROSALYN. She's my friend.

TINO. Awesome. By the way, I've known her longer.

ROSALYN. Is that good for her?

TINO. I'm not here to meet with you.

ROSALYN. Obviously. You didn't ask what I wanted for dinner.

TINO. She called me for help.

ROSALYN. Business or personal?

TINO. --

ROSALYN. She's in her office.

TINO. Thank you.

ROSALYN. If you're her friend help her do better.... Lock the door, please. (*She exits. Tino locks the door and steps to Darla's office. Lights up.*)

DARLA. Hey. Where's Ros?

TINO. She left. (*Displays the bag of takeout.*) News.

DARLA. Well?

TINO. They like what I had to say.

DARLA. For real?

TINO. For real. (*They unpack cartons of Chinese food, paper plates, plastic utensils. She reaches into her drawer and pulls out a bottle of wine. Tino notices.*)

DARLA. You actually showed up.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

TINO. I told you I would.

DARLA. What's the next step?

TINO. Patience.

DARLA. But--

TINO. They're interested. They want to look into the numbers. Getting to the numbers is a damn good sign, though. Means they're serious. And you have me on your side.

DARLA. I need you to be.

TINO. Are you okay?

DARLA. Yes. Of course.

TINO. Why are you selling?

DARLA. I appreciate your help.

TINO. I'm serious.

DARLA. I'm not needed here anymore.

TINO. Why would you think that?

DARLA. Things are good here. Business is good.

TINO. What are you going to do?

DARLA. There're some opportunities with the Red Cross. Overseas.

TINO. Doing what?

DARLA. Building water wells. Schools. People need help.

TINO. Are you coming back.

DARLA. Of course.

TINO. You sure?

DARLA. Yes. But first, I want to get this sale right.

TINO. What's your perfect deal look like?

DARLA. I sell a controlling interest. Quotient runs things.

TINO. Darla...

DARLA. I stay for a couple months to ease the transition. My donor family get bumps in pay. Bonuses.

TINO. Make sure your attorney is on it. I'll mention it on my end.

DARLA. Thank you.

TINO. My mother asked me to tell you hello.

DARLA. How is Mrs. Garcia?

TINO. She's feisty as ever.

DARLA. I miss your family.

TINO. You can always drop by...

DARLA. This is crazy.

TINO. What?

DARLA. This.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

TINO. Working with an old friend?
DARLA. We were more than friends.
TINO. You broke it off with me.
DARLA. You backed out--
TINO. Perception.
DARLA. What's that mean?
TINO. I made a business decision. Just like you are now.
DARLA. Selfish.
TINO. Partly. Yes. But I wasn't leaving you.
DARLA. That's not. How it felt.
TINO. You threw a tantrum.
DARLA. I had to protect myself.
TINO. So sensitive.
DARLA. That's right. Tread lightly.
TINO. That wine in your desk protect you?
DARLA. Sometimes. *(She picks up the bottle of wine. Shakes it.)* What do you hear?
TINO. Sounds full.
DARLA. Okay?
TINO. I thought you might be--
DARLA. Turning into my mother?
TINO. Do you see her?
DARLA. As much as I can stand. Mean as ever.
TINO. You're an awesome person, Darla. *(They lock eyes, but Darla quickly breaks the connection as she places the wine bottle back in her desk.)*
DARLA. So, you think Quotient would do it?
TINO. Good chance.
DARLA. I'm serious.
TINO. I am too. I want to help you.
DARLA. Why?
TINO. I owe you.
DARLA. Uh, yeah.
TINO. I've worked hard.
DARLA. I know. I'm glad.
TINO. Thank you.
DARLA. You wouldn't be able to help otherwise.
TINO. Oh, jokes.
DARLA. I'm happy for you, really.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

TINO. So, we can let go of the past?

DARLA. Easy for you to say.

TINO. No. It was hard for me to move on...

DARLA. ...Me too.

TINO. I'm glad you called. I'll do my best.

DARLA. You have to show me.

TINO. You? Cash-out. Heal the world. Me? Show you. Seems we both have our marching orders.

DARLA. I guess we do.

TINO. If we're fighting the same war this thing might just work out.

DARLA. Show me. *(He takes her hands in his and guides her into an embrace filled with the familiarity of their past.)*

SCENE 9

A new day. Sandridge is hooked to a plasma machine. He's fallen asleep. Ros steps into the donor area, arm-in-arm with a hobbling Mr. Bobby as he sips from a bottled water. She leads him to a donor bed.

ROSALYN. Sandridge? Sandridge, wake up! *(Sandridge stirs awake.)*
No sleeping during donation. You know that. I don't know if you're sleeping, or unconscious. Keep those eyes open, please.

SANDRIDGE. Yeah, right... Morning, Mr. B. *(Mr. Bobby steps slowly over to Sandridge. He douses him with water.)*

ROSALYN. Mr. Bobby!

MR. BOBBY. Who you going to mess with today?!

SANDRIDGE. Nobody!

MR. BOBBY. Too angry for your own good.

SANDRIDGE. Maybe I am, Mr. B. Don't make me wrong.

ROSALYN. He's a fool, but you can't throw water on him.

MR. BOBBY. I'm sorry. PTSD.

ROSALYN. Sounds familiar.

SANDRIDGE. Everybody walking this earth should be angry.
Everybody.

ROSALYN. I should've left you sleeping.

SANDRIDGE. I was up early. Went down to the Army office.

ROSALYN. Army? Why?

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

SANDRIDGE. Went to sign up.

ROSALYN. How old are you?

SANDRIDGE. That's what they said. Laughed at me... Getting old is a sin in this country. It's like I don't have any meaning if some middle manager can't use me up and throw me in the street during the next lay-off. Well, I'm in good shape.

MR. BOBBY. Army doesn't need a middle-aged man.

SANDRIDGE. I can handle myself.

ROSALYN. What's going on with you?

SANDRIDGE. I'm alright.

ROSALYN. Why'd I ask.

MR. BOBBY. How about going to school?

SANDRIDGE. I don't have college money.

MR. BOBBY. I can get you the money.

SANDRIDGE. Daddy Warbucks!

MR. BOBBY. I'm offering.

SANDRIDGE. Can I get a new car too? A condo?

ROSALYN. Don't be disrespectful, Sandridge.

SANDRIDGE. I ain't.

MR. BOBBY. Fine. I offered.

SANDRIDGE. We all here selling plasma. I'm not taking your money.

MR. BOBBY. I'm not here for the money. I'm here to help people.

SANDRIDGE. We're here to survive.

MR. BOBBY. Don't speak for me!

SANDRIDGE. My bad, Mr. B.

ROSALYN. School might be good for you.

SANDRIDGE. The army pays good.

ROSALYN. You aren't in the Army.

MR. BOBBY. If you need help just say so.

SANDRIDGE. I can look out for myself.

MR. BOBBY. You need money?

SANDRIDGE. Yeah, but none of us 'gon make money here much longer.

MR. BOBBY. What are you talking about?

SANDRIDGE. I heard Darla selling this place.

MR. BOBBY. Ros?

ROSALYN. She's not selling.

SANDRIDGE. You sure about that?

ROSALYN. That's the best I can say.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

MR. BOBBY. This place is important.

ROSALYN. I know. Sandridge, there's still money to be made. Right here. You don't belong in anybody's Army.

SANDRIDGE. Army pays you what you worth. And more besides.

MR. BOBBY. ...What are you feeling, son?

SANDRIDGE. I can die in L.A. Won't many care. If I died on some battlefield, at least somebody might call me a hero. Maybe then it wouldn't matter how old I am. Poor I am. How Black I am or what I'll never be. (*Lights out.*)

SCENE 10

The reception area, later that day, after closing. Boxes stacked near the counter. Darla and Ros unpack medical supplies.

ROSALYN. People are talking. Sandridge knows.

DARLA. How does he know if nobody's talking?

ROSALYN. You're accusing me?

DARLA. No. Maybe.

ROSALYN. I'm not the only one who works here, remember?

DARLA. I know.

ROSALYN. And this isn't the biggest space in the world. Words travel.

DARLA. --

ROSALYN. I'm not lying for you again. You better give people a heads up.

DARLA. You're worrying for nothing.

ROSALYN. I trust you. It's the people you hang with that give me pause.

DARLA. Tino's been really helpful.

ROSALYN. I bet. (*Knocking echoes at the door. Darla answers.*)

TINO. Hey babe. Hey Ros.

ROSALYN. Rosalyn.

TINO. Hello, Rosalyn. This is for you. (*He gives Darla a bottle of wine.*)

DARLA. What's this for?

TINO. Celebrations go with a drink don't they?

DARLA. Tino--

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

ROSALYN. Celebration?

TINO. Quotient and Plasmatics struck a deal.

DARLA. I was going to tell you.

ROSALYN. It's gone?

DARLA. 80/20 through the transition, then Quotient takes full ownership.

ROSALYN. It's gone.

DARLA. Don't say it like that.

ROSALYN. You mean the truth? You remember what that is?

TINO. Come on, Rosalyn.

DARLA. --

TINO. Why the sour face, chica?

DARLA. How did Mrs. Garcia feel? Her youngest going away to school. She nursed you. Worked two and three jobs for you. Saw you cry. Hurt. Triumph. Knows you better than she knows herself. Gave everything to you. For you. All Knowing she would have to let you go. Raised you to make your own path. Without her. Your mama. You were her life. Then she had to find her own. I Think I understand Mrs. Garcia now, better than I did before.

TINO. You wanted change, didn't you?

ROSALYN. We still having raffles?

TINO. No.

ROSALYN. Pay going up for donations?

TINO. Rosalyn....

ROSALYN. Up or down?

TINO. No. But their bonuses will increase.

ROSALYN. Not up.

TINO. Things will be better.

ROSALYN. Better for profits. Not for those people out there.

TINO. There'll always be new people.

ROSALYN. You hearing this?

DARLA. You're being paranoid.

ROSALYN. It's Viceroy.

TINO. Who?

DARLA. Nothing.

ROSALYN. Nothing?

TINO. We're going to beautify this joint. New furniture. New techs.

ROSALYN. New techs?

DARLA. You still have a job.

SOME TYPE OF ECSTASY

ROSALYN. Darla?

DARLA. Better benefits package too.

ROSALYN. Here we go.

TINO. You don't have to work here.

DARLA. Tino!

ROSALYN. It's not up to you. Or is it?

TINO. It's up to you.

ROSALYN. Change or get out, huh?

DARLA. This doesn't have to be bad.

ROSALYN. What happens to our 'family' out there?

DARLA. --

TINO. Businesses grow or die.

ROSALYN. What about people?

TINO. This is a business.

ROSALYN. We had a good thing.

DARLA. Give it a chance.

ROSALYN. So, we can't tell right from wrong?

DARLA. Can you live with this?

ROSALYN. I can't believe loneliness made you this blind.

DARLA. You're crossing the line.

ROSALYN. Back at ya.

TINO. Do you want to work here?

DARLA. Stop.

ROSALYN. This is a mistake.

DARLA. I made the decision I needed to make.

ROSALYN. Quotient doesn't care about our people.

TINO. Have it your way.

DARLA. We can talk this out--

TINO. Rosalyn, you're fired. (*Off Darla and Ros's shock, and Tino's satisfaction. Blackout.*)

END OF ACT 1

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
ORDER A COPY AT WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM***