

GOT IT MADE

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P O Box 15141
Chevy Chase, MD
20825
phone: 301 933 2294
email: cognitivel@webtv.net

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Synopsis

Lover-boy is describing his new-found, idealized sexual arrangement when reality strikes home.

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Cast of Characters

JOE.....male; 25-45
JIMMY.....male; 25-45

Scene

The living room of a nondescript apartment.

Time

The present; early evening.

SETTING

We are in a typical bachelor pad. (Laz-E-Boy would be nice but an easy chair would do. Miscellaneous furniture.)

AT RISE

Discover JOE, sitting; he's asleep. Knock on door; JOE rouses and answers it.

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JOE

Jimmy. Long time, no see. Come on in.

JIMMY

Thanks. I was just driving by; thought I'd stop; see your new place. But, are you OK? You look a little tired.

JOE

Tired? I'm pooped. But, hey; come on in. How about a beer? Coke?

JIMMY

A beer'd be good.

(JOE goes off stage; gets two beers as JIMMY continues.)

Julie told me you'd moved out. Really sorry to hear about your bust up. How are you doing? Aside from being pooped?

JOE

(Enters with beer.)

Bust up? Bust up? Did we bust up? Yeah; maybe I remember something like that.

JIMMY

Come on; you don't have to pretend with me. Hey, you two were together, what, over a year? Don't tell me you're over it already.

JOE

Over it? I'm so over it you wouldn't believe.

JIMMY

That sounds like you've met someone?

JOE

Met isn't the half of it. Would you believe; she lives right next door?

JIMMY

Dynamite! What's she like?

JOE

She's a real hottie, Jim. Good lookin'; really built. And sex-y! We went out last night. When we came home; she invited me in. And then...invited me IN. Un'erstand me, bro? What a night! God, it was fun but I'm totally wrecked. Gotta get some sleep or I'll just pass out. But, just think of

it, Jim-bo. Right next door! I've got every man's dream, just next door. All I got to do, I get feelin' horny, is reach out and pound on the wall.

(JOE mimes pounding but does not touch wall.)

I told her that'd be our signal. I pound on the wall and she comes over. Ten minutes later, I'm in heaven.

JIMMY

It sounds like you've got it made, having great stuff only inches away.

JOE

You're right; I've really got it made. I just reach out and I pound on the wall and she comes over.

(JOE sits down, relaxing. Then we hear, from the other side of the wall, pounding. JOE's look of satisfaction changes to one of horrified dismay.)

BLACKOUT