

AT THE CLIFF by Dawson Moore (dawsonguy@juno.com; 907.255.5325)

*(JACOB, a middle-aged accountant wearing shorts and a t-shirt, runs to the lip of the stage and looks out over the audience with a pair of binoculars.)*

JACOB: Come on... come on...

*(His wife LISA enters behind him at a more leisurely pace. She carries a parasol and impractical purse, and wears a light summer dress.)*

LISA: Anything, Jacob?

JACOB: Not yet.

LISA: All right. *(She sits down and opens her purse.)* Come have lunch.

JACOB: *(still scanning the horizon)* Not right now.

LISA: The ocean's not going anywhere, Jacob. *(She pulls a half-eaten candy bar from her purse.)* You're going to get hungry, and I am just not going to feel sorry for you. We only have so much food, and if you don't want to eat your share, then I'm not going to force you, but there's no telling how long we're going to be here, and I'll— *(JACOB puts down the binoculars, grabs the candy bar, and takes a vicious bite out of it. He goes back to scanning the horizon.)* What is wrong with you? You... you... brute! You could take the time to sit down with me, to have a proper meal. There's nothing to see out there!

*(She calms down a little and settles into her feast. She unwraps the candy bar and uses the wrapper as a table cloth for the meal. When she picks it up, she takes small, dainty bites. JACOB turns and stares at her through the binoculars.)*

JACOB: I'm worried about you.

LISA: I'm fine.

JACOB: Not from where I'm sitting.

LISA: Well, you not sitting, you're standing, and you're staring at me through binoculars from five feet away. You're the one who's got problems.

JACOB: *(lowering the binoculars)* You can't even accept what's happened to us.

LISA: No, I think I'm the one who IS accepting it. Middle of nowhere, on an island with nothing but bark and sand to eat, and no reason to think that anyone will come within five hundred miles of us. So, Mr. Binoculars, why don't you go fuck yourself?

JACOB: What? You're being completely irrational—

LISA: Wait. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

JACOB: You'd better be sorry!

LISA: I'll take a turn looking for rescuers. Give me the binoculars.

JACOB: What? But— *(LISA takes his binoculars from him and throws them out over the cliff. JACOB stares out after them as she goes back to her dinner.)* But... that was my...

LISA: Might as well settle in, Jacob. You're not going anywhere.

*(He looks out desperately over the cliff as the lights fade. End of play.)*