

Immortal?

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(Lights rise on two old men, HUBERT and DUANE, sitting in cushioned lawn chairs. HUBERT is in the middle of a story; DUANE stares ahead, wishing for death. Neither of them moves much.)

HUBERT

...and so he couldn't find his dentures, and had to live off pudding for two weeks. Fuck him. He shouldn't have fucked with me, right? I mean, once a telemarketer, always a telemarketer. I wish I could have taken out all of their teeth.

DUANE

Uh-huh.

HUBERT

I don't think I told you... The woman I lost my virginity to died of cancer a couple of weeks ago.

DUANE

We're old.

HUBERT

That's not the point, Duane. The point is that I win. I outlasted her. I outlast everyone. I'm an iron man... my kids all died before me. The only grandchild they gave me? Crib death, over thirty years ago. And this place? I've been here ten years... they come, they go, but I am always here. I'm the Colossus of Rhodes, watching as time comes and goes by me... all these trivial people, with their trivial lives. I don't even get sick.

DUANE

Just lucky, I guess.

HUBERT

It's not luck. It's willpower. I have it. Other people don't. I'll outlast you, too, Duane. You think you've been here a long time? Ha. You're a drop in the pan compared to me. You're a spec of time in the hourglass of my perspective...

(For the first time, DUANE moves. He wheezes, then uses gravity and momentum in a rocky motion to rise. He teeters, winded.)

Where the hell do you think you're going? I haven't heard that much wheezing since I was fucking your great grandmother.

(DUANE picks up a cushion from his chair and puts it over HUBERT's face.)

Hey...

(HUBERT dies without much struggle. DUANE puts his pillow back on his seat and repositions himself, staring out.)

DUANE

How'd you get that old without learning to shut the fuck up?

(Blackout. End of play.)