

SUBDIVISION a play by Ruben Carbajal
Five page sample: Act One, Scene Six
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DOUG (22), a small-time drug dealer and community college drop out, has been up all-night on a speed binge. He visits JAMES (16) with a manipulative plan to help him deflower ALLISON (16), his reluctant girlfriend.

DOUG

Yes. I've thought this through, all right? Now, there are three main points. One, you've got to tell her about your father. Something really significant and touching. You understand? Like a memory. Something you can't get out of your head.

JAMES

What?

DOUG

Surely you have some memories of your father.

JAMES

Yeah.

DOUG

Well?

JAMES

Well what?

DOUG

Let's hear something.

JAMES

Right.

DOUG

I'm serious.

JAMES

You're kidding.

DOUG

No.

JAMES

(Takes a deep breath.) I don't know. My father used to drink. A lot, sometimes. He gambled all our money away. He bitched a lot. He'd bitch about my mother, the house, us, about his rotten childhood. But most of all, he used to drink.

DOUG

Listen to the anger. Man, I'm not even kidding. Three words: Primal Scream Therapy. Soon.

JAMES

How about I rip you a new asshole?

DOUG

Take it easy, Schwarzenegger. Don't you have any happy memories of your father?

JAMES

I don't know.

DOUG

Just try.

JAMES

I said I don't know.

DOUG

Christ. Well then, let's make one up.

JAMES

Make one up?

DOUG

Yes. You need to reveal something warm and fuzzy. Something you miss about your dad. Something you long for but that you'll never have again. See, it'll melt her little eleventh grade heart. And once you've melted her heart, it won't be long before her panties are at her ankles. Let's see...you miss...you miss shooting hoops with him.

JAMES

Shooting hoops?

DOUG

Yes.

JAMES

I miss shooting hoops with my father.

DOUG

I like it. It's so basic. So red-blooded. A boy and his father, one-on-one in the driveway. Tie loosened after work.

JAMES

My father didn't play basketball.

DOUG

Beside the point. You used to play...horse, no: 21. 21 every day after work. A ritual. Yeah. He was on the college team...back in the day...Coulda went pro. He was nearly an all-American, could even do a reverse slam, before his back went out.

JAMES

A reverse slam?

DOUG

Oh yeah. You'd been playing him ever since you were in diapers. And you'd never beat him, ever. He was merciless. He wasn't one of those fathers who'd give you a fake win. Nope. He played to win. And you got your ass whooped, humiliated for years, your entire life.

But it made you strong.

In the last couple of years, you were starting to get close. Your inside game was getting better. He'd have trouble staying with you. You could start to find weakness. And you exploited it.

But see, it was his free throws.

JAMES

What?

DOUG

His free throws. Yes. His free throws saved him. Kept him alive. You see, he was like the best free-throw shooter ever.

JAMES

(Incredulous:) Ever?

DOUG

(Dead serious:) Ever. In college, his nickname was Clutch.

JAMES

Clutch.

DOUG

Clutch. Now Clutch had the highest free throw percentage the school had ever seen. Which school? Uh. Illinois? No. Rutgers. Yeah. In fact, the record, his, the Clutch, his free throw record still stands to this day.

He'd blindfold himself in the driveway, and just throw one in after the other—all net, every time. Swoosh. Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, **like a machine**. Anyway, in the last year, you were starting to come close to beating him. You and Clutch.

Finally, one fateful day, after years, YEARS of humiliating defeat. You did the unthinkable. You were tied. 19 to 20.

You and your dad, in your driveway, both covered in sweat. His workshirt drenched. Your heart pounding.

He's on the free throw line, it's do or die. He's...upset. You can tell.

He's fighting for his youth, and you...you're fighting for your manhood.

He tries psyching you out. He removes his tie and confidently blindfolds it under his eyes. He bounces the ball two or three times for luck—he always did that—and then, (*DOUG mimes shooting the ball*) he releases it: the ball hangs in the air for what seems like, forever.

It hangs in the air like it's in slow motion...it rolls...around the rim...two...three times...

And falls right into your hands.

You lay it up for an easy two points and the win.

You can't believe it. It's the proudest moment of your life.

You look over to your dad, and he's removed the blindfold. You can't tell if it's sweat or not, but it looks like a tear has fallen out of his eye.

That was the last game you played together.

Pause

You've been thinking a lot about that game. You miss those days. Those hot weather days, after school, out on the driveway.

And you know what?

They'll never happen again.
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Pause

Holy Shit!

That's incredible. Where do I come up with this shit? I'm spinning pure gold here. I'm your goddamned guardian angel. You realize that?

JAMES

You want me to tell Allison **that**?

DOUG

I'm sorry; you can take it or leave it. I don't care. But that story is pure Spanish fly. Allison hears that, she's sure to do one of two things: One: cry her eyes out. Two: she's going to want to fuck you so bad, you won't know what to do with yourself. That kind of vulnerability is irresistible to a woman.

JAMES

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

DOUG

I'm telling you, you can't afford to pass this up. There are industries in this country that would pay top dollar for a story like that. It's complete, plain and simple genius. Do you realize the kind of potential a story like this has got? A story like that has **power**. You could use it to sell anything: soda pop, hallmark cards, Christ, you could get a man **elected** with a tale like that. But me, stand up bro that I am, offer up this piece of pure narrative gold to you, not for money, or power, or influence...I'm **giving** it to you. Giving it away so you can get laid. Something you should be able to do on your own in the first place.

JAMES

I'm going to Allison's.

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