

Rump Pah Pah Pah

True, a sexy but rolled in the gutter girl is checking her Blackberry. After a few moments, Skye, an attractive, doe-eyed, woman rushes over with her coffee and plops down, bumping the table. "Little Drummer Boy" plays on repeat.

SKYE

Oops. Sorry.

True just looks at her. And then goes back to texting.

TRUE

Hold on. Sorry. I just have to finish this text. Fuck! He's really bugging me. He's sent me like 600 texts today.

SKYE

(trying to connect)

Wow. That's a lot. You mean Kyle or- was it Logan?

TRUE

(loud)

Oh my God, no. That was over like-

SKYE

Well, I guess about six months ago cause we haven't really talked in about-

TRUE

(still texting)

He's fucking loaded, I know it and he needs to get his shit out of my house and his fucking broken percussion set.

SKYE

Who is this? Is this your new boyfriend?

TRUE

I don't know what he is. We met at Spaceland after his band played one night. I fucked him in the back of his Mazda - just to shut him up - like a shut up fuck- like SHUT THE FUCK UP! But then I had to bring him home cause he was hungry and he wanted microwave pancakes and then he just never left. (beat) He fucking held my sweet landlord, Bobby, at gun point last week. I mean how do you move on from that? I had to get rid of him. (back to texting) What are you doing for Christmas?

SKYE

Oh my God. Who is this? What's his name?

TRUE

Sebastian. I've always wanted to fuck a guy named Sebastian. He's really hot but *obsessive*.

SKYE

You always date the hottest guys.

TRUE

(boastful)

I know... He came into the salon this week - even though I told him. *Never bother me at work-*

SKYE

(trying harder to connect)

I agree! You work really hard and he shouldn't-

TRUE

Yeah. It's not appropriate to just come to somebody's work *unannounced!* But he brought me this pair of Gucci boots-

True puts her entire boot on the table.

SKYE

Wow. (beat) Are those the boots?

True yanks her foot away.

TRUE

Ew. No. These are a piece a shit Steve Madden's from *the 80's*.

SKYE

They're nice. You look really- you look great.

TRUE

(texting again)

What's going on with you?

SKYE

Fine. I'm good- everything's- so I wanted to get together just to like clear-

TRUE

(still texting)

Are you going home for Christmas?

SKYE

Yeah, I think Ted and I- you know, Teddy's my-

TRUE

(irritated)

I know, I remember.

SKYE

Is Sebastian still texting you?

TRUE

Yeah- I broke up with him this morning so he's going insane!
So- you're going back to Connecticut for Christmas?

SKYE

Yeah, till I think January 2nd - you know, I have to get back to clients and stuff. So are you going back to Orange County to be with your family?

TRUE

God no! I'm probably gonna have to help Sebastian stop tweaking and now he's got these open sores all over his body.

SKYE

(quickly)

So I think we're gonna try to see the Nutcracker this year and maybe do some ice skating at Rockefeller Center.

TRUE

That's cool...

SKYE

(can't let it go)

Why does he get sores?

A Starbucks Elf waltzes in with a tray of samples.

STARBUCKS ELF

(very upbeat)

I have a jolly ginger mint frappuccino! Any takers?

TRUE

(pointing to her coffee)

No, we have coffee.

STARBUCKS ELF

(hurt)

Ohhh. Well, okay then. Merry Christmas.

TRUE

Yeah- bye skippy.

The Elf leaves, a little sad.

TRUE

So yeah, sometimes he tears at his skin for hours in the middle of the night and then I have to dump his naked pus-y body in a bathtub and shake him and scream at him. (beat) So, how do you like *Jessica*?

SKYE

She's fine- that's why I wanted to talk- actually I wanted to buy you that little holiday coffee-

TRUE

I don't need you to buy me "holiday coffee".

SKYE

Jessica's fine. She's obviously not as FUN or-*whatever* as you. But I want to tell you why I switched-it really wasn't like this-

TRUE

(cutting her off)

Whatever. You wanna go to Jessica, then go to Jessica. She's a stupid brown mousy cow who has no business being a *genital stylist!*

SKYE

No, listen- I agree, she's not a good *genital stylist* but-

True looks at her newest text.

TRUE

(loud)

Go fuck yourself... Sebastian. Get the key from under the dead ficus and get your shit outta my house!

SKYE

Is he dangerous?

TRUE

(piercing)

Why, do you wanna fuck him?

SKYE

(quickly)

I miss you- you don't understand- you were off that day and then-

TRUE

(with derision)

I know you didn't go to *Jessica* right away after me- so who did you go to in between me and Jess-

SKYE

No nobody.

TRUE

So you were like *Snufalafagus pussy?*

SKYE

Well, yeah, I was, um overgrown... and then Ted made this kinda mean comment that my underwear looked "poofy".

TRUE

(matter-a-fact)

Of course. You weren't getting trimmed and your pussy responds very well to a trim.

SKYE

So. I really am sorry. It wasn't ANYTHING about something you did or didn't-

TRUE

You just kept going to her- it's fine- we didn't need to meet up and have like a '*Christmas coffee*' at Camp David. I thought it was really rude and you didn't say anything to me - I just look at the books one day and it says- Skye for Jessica for half leg and bikini and I'm like-no problem - it's not like I don't have a million clients who suck my dick on Yelp and City Search!

SKYE

You're an amazing waxer. I LOVED what you-

TRUE

(indignant)

I'm taking makeup courses now on Robertson! Whatever. I should go.

SKYE

Where are you going?

TRUE

Rite Aid. I just got my clit pierced, and I think it's infected.

The Elf returns with another tray of samples.

STARBUCKS ELF

I have a Snowy Sleigh Bell macchiato for two pretty ladies!

SKYE

(really excited)

That sounds yummy.

TRUE

I don't need your bullshit sample.

STARBUCKS ELF

But I just made them myself and they're really frothy and-

TRUE

Ding-a-ling-a-ling! Santa's workshop's calling. Go get Vixen and Dasher and Prancer.

The Elf leaves again, crestfallen.

Silence.

SKYE

How's your sister?

TRUE

(quickly)

Fine.

Skye slides an envelope onto the table with stickers on it.

SKYE

This is for you. You don't have to open it now- I just wanted to-

TRUE

Why is it covered with reindeer stickers?

True rudely tosses the card on the table.

SKYE

It's a Christmas card but, don't lose it cause there's something inside.

True quickly picks it up again.

TRUE

Money?

SKYE

Well, yeah.

TRUE

Why?

SKYE

Just open it later.

True rips open the card and finds a \$50 bill inside.

SKYE

(quickly)

It's a gift for the *first* six months of the year when I was seeing you. It's just, the right thing to do...

TRUE

I have *money*.

SKYE

It's your... tip.

TRUE

Keep your money and buy yourself a decent lip gloss. Your lips look like a cheese grater.

Skye claps her hand over her mouth.

SKYE

Oh! I'm sorry. My lips get really dry this time of year.

TRUE

My clit's really starting to hurt so I'm gonna go.

SKYE

Um, so I have to tell you one more thing.

TRUE

Oh My God! Didn't they just play this song?

SKYE

It's a different version - it's the Miles Davis version of 'Rump Pah Pah Pah.'

TRUE

You mean "Little Drummer Boy"?

SKYE

I kinda like saying rum pah pah pah.

TRUE

So, what is it? You're gonna leave Jessica too now and go to Marina who really sucks and leaves people's pussies looking like little hairy sliders.

SKYE

(squirming)

No, I *totally* agree! The thing is, you're just so hot. You're *really hot* and you- had an effect on me "down there".

TRUE

Yeah, I know.

SKYE

You did? (beat) Anyway, I kinda couldn't keep going to you anymore cause I was *really*- I felt like-

TRUE

(cutting her off)

A lot of my clients are attracted to me but we just work through it.

SKYE

(impassioned)

I couldn't handle it! I mean, it was really hard to lie there and have you put-

TRUE

What? Doing my job? I heat the wax, I pat you down, I powder the outside area- have you ever had an ingrown?

SKYE
(very impassioned)

No!

True makes an 'I told you so' face.

SKYE
But you wear those little Dolce and Gabbana jumpsuits and your breasts poke out and then you just like *drape them* in my face and I can't handle it!

TRUE
They get in the way sometimes. (beat) Are you gonna come back to me?

SKYE
I can't! I can't concentrate- you play *Sade* and you talk to me about how *you like to be eaten out* and I can't do it.
(beat) You know, I've never let anybody see my-

The Elf makes his way back towards the table.

TRUE
Asshole?

The Elf runs away upon hearing this.

SKYE
Yeah, I let you do that. Ted's never been near forty miles of my *tushy area*-

TRUE
I considered you a friend. We texted!

SKYE
We are friends!

TRUE
I'm sorry if you're getting *wet* while I'm doing my job. But that wasn't my intention. And I had breast implants when I was a stripper and sometimes they just get in the way.

True's Blackberry lights up.

TRUE
Why is he calling me!?

SKYE
Maybe he's in jail?

TRUE
Shut up. Hold on.

True answers her cell reluctantly.

TRUE

What?? Why are you calling me? Texting was fine! I don't- I'm in a meeting right now I can't- I'm sorry I twittered your cock! I really wanted to see if *other people* thought your crookedness was weird too. Please don't get rid of me. Nobody is ever gonna love you the way, I loved you. I'll pay your rent. (beat) Yeah, well fuck you and your fake fucking British accent!

True hangs up. She collects herself.
Skye hands her a Starbucks napkin.

TRUE

Thank you.

SKYE

Are you okay?

TRUE

(vulnerable)

Yeah, I'm just so tired of people thinking I'm too much.
(beat) I'm just so tired of it...

SKYE

No, you're like a month long Hailey's Comet or the Northern Lights in human form.

TRUE

(matter-a-fact)

That's a very good assessment of me...

The Elf skips back over with another tray.

STARBUCKS ELF

I have a Rudolph mochacchino with a cinnamon swirl.

TRUE

(she snaps again)

What is with you?

True takes a sample cup and throws it in the Elf's face.

STARBUCKS ELF

Owww!

SKYE

Oh my God.

TRUE

What is your problem? How old are you?

STARBUCKS ELF

43...

TRUE

And you're an *elf*? How do you live with yourself?

SKYE

(upset)

He's just doing his job. He's a really sweet elf.

STARBUCKS ELF

You think I woke up one morning and said, 'You know what? I think I'm meant to be an Elf?' (beat) I went to Wharton. I have an MBA in public policy and I was on the Morgan Stanley trading desk for six years until this *depression*. But people don't ask me about Wharton or my business segment on MSNBC, do they? No! They don't! I get asked, "Hey Elf can I take TWO samples? Or hey Elf, where can I get the key to the bathroom? Or hey, Mr Elf? Somebody took a big *dump* in the bathroom and wiped it everywhere, can you clean it up?" (beat) I have DREAMS. And I don't need to take shit from some washed up *waxer* and her little *J Crew lover*!

TRUE

Are you done?

STARBUCKS ELF

Yes... I think so.

True hands Skye back the card and then thrusts her big breasts in her face.

TRUE

(to Skye)

Keep the card and the tip. You should come by the salon sometime. Merry Christmas...

True exits. Skye hands the card to the Elf.

SKYE

Would you like some Christmas money?

STARBUCKS ELF

(quickly)

I love you.

The End.