

BASTILLE CAFE  
By Lukas Pomerville

(Characters:

REALITY- 33, dressed in all orange and/or simple clothes

DELUSION- 33, dressed in nice clothes

WAITER- 45, dressed in a button up and nice pants

TOM- 34, dressed in business casual)

(Setting: A nice restaurant)

(At Rise: REALITY is sitting and waiting impatiently at a table with one other chair. DELUSION casually strolls on stage, eventually joining REALITY sitting at the table. REALITY keeps her hands concealed and out of sight of the audience until stage directions say otherwise.)

REALITY

There you are- it's taken you long enough! You know that this is the last night the restaurant is open- if we don't order soon they'll close before we even get the chance to get our food!

DELUSION

Oh you and your nitpicking- relax! We've got all the time in the world!

REALITY (under her breath)

Of course *you* would think that.

(WAITER approaches table, talking to DELUSION and completely ignoring REALITY.)

WAITER

Hello, and welcome to Bastille Cafe. My name is Arden W. and I'll be your server today.

DELUSION

Excuse me, is this place really closing? My friend here says it is, but you can't believe everything you hear!

(At this comment, REALITY rolls her eyes.)

WAITER

Unfortunately, it is. The local government mandated that the owner shuts down the restaurant after a big legal battle that occurred with another restaurant in the area. Tonight is the last night we'll be open.

DELUSION

Oh that's such a shame! I love this place- I come here every day, sometimes even more than once a day! Well, I guess I'll just have to make my last meal here count, then, won't I?

REALITY (annoyed both with the small talk and with being left out of the conversation)

What specials do you have on the menu tonight?

WAITER (Still completely ignoring REALITY)

Oh, miss, before you order, I should let you know that we have some specials tonight. Tonight the specials are a lobster bisque served with a side salad with house dressing and, on the heartier side, a lemon caper calamari steak served with a side of mashed sweet potatoes and green beans.

(REALITY visibly becomes more annoyed as she continues to be ignored.)

DELUSION

Oh, those both just sound so good! You know what, I'll take one of each of the specials. Oh, and a glass of your best chardonnay too please.

WAITER

Excellent choice! Those dishes are both delightful!

(Turns to REALITY, speaking in a monotone and visibly disinterested.)

And you?

REALITY

I'll have the calamari steak and a glass of chardonnay as well.

WAITER

I'm sorry, we don't have calamari steak or chardonnay tonight.

REALITY

But she just ordered it!

WAITER

Let me rephrase that. We don't have any calamari steak or chardonnay for *you*. What do you think this is, a restaurant? *You* don't get calamari or wine.

REALITY (indignant)

You know what, I-

(REALITY hesitates, sighs, then continues.)

-really don't have the energy right now to try and argue with you. Fine. You win. I guess I'll just have a burger, medium rare, and a lemonade.

WAITER

Medium rare? Oh yeah, *sure*. You're lucky you're getting a burger at all.

(Turns to DELUSION.)

Anything else I can do for you, ma'am.

DELUSION

No thanks, I'm all set for now!

WAITER

I'll be back with your food as soon as it's ready.

(WAITER exits.)

REALITY

That waiter was so-

DELUSION

Nice, wasn't he?

(REALITY gives DELUSION an incredulous look, shakes her head, sighs.)

Anyway, why did you ask me here? I know it wasn't to talk about the wait staff- you never were any good at small talk.

REALITY

I came to talk about us.

DELUSION

Us? What about us?

(Pause. REALITY collects herself, face determined.)

REALITY

You need to leave.

DELUSION

What do you mean? I just got here. Our food will be-

REALITY

You know what I mean. You're toxic. You're no good for me. I need you to leave.

DELUSION (while laughing hysterically)

Leave? Leave? Out of all of your attempts to get me to go, this one has got to be the most pathetic. "I'm toxic." "You want me to leave." You're a riot.

REALITY

I'm serious this time.

DELUSION

Sure you are.

REALITY

I am! I really-

DELUSION

SHH! Do you hear that?

(Long pause, REALITY listens to hear something and doesn't.)

REALITY

Hear what?

DELUSION

I heard someone talking!

REALITY

Well maybe that's because I was trying to-

(REALITY stops, face pale, as she hears these words. Spotlight on REALITY. DELUSION is frozen for this entire exchange.)

TOM (offstage)

Please don't do this!

REALITY

No.

(Additional spotlight on TOM, who starts out center stage. TOM sees REALITY, and slowly starts backing away towards offstage, away from REALITY. TOM does not acknowledge what REALITY is saying throughout the entire scene.)

TOM

Please! Just think about what you're doing for a second.

REALITY (pained)

This is not happening.

TOM

Listen to me Gracie-

REALITY (shutting eyes tightly)

Go away.

TOM

You know I would never hurt you- or her- on purpose.

REALITY:

GO AWAY!

WAITER (offstage, accompanied by knocking)

Hey! What's going on in there?

TOM :

Gracie. I know she wasn't here yet, but I loved her. Please. I didn't mean to crash the car-you know I would never kill anyone on purpose not to mention our-

TOM:

Own little girl-

REALITY:

LEAVE! I TOLD YOU TO-

( By this point, TOM has backed all of the way offstage. TOM and REALITY both scream simultaneously. REALITY screams a second time on her own. The lights go back up. WAITER rushes on stage.)

WAITER

Excuse me! I'm going to need you to calm down or I am going to have to ask you to leave. You are disturbing the other patrons.

( REALITY stops freaking out, WAITER exits once she does. REALITY catches her breath and calms down. DELUSION becomes unfrozen.)

DELUSION

Hmm. Maybe you were right. I guess I didn't hear anything.

(beat)

So, where were we? Ah, yes. You trying to blame everything bad in your life on me. As usual. Well, continue.

REALITY (drained)

Just get out of here.

DELUSION

We've already established that that's not going to happen.

REALITY

I don't mean forever. I don't care about that anymore right now. I shouldn't have asked you here. I should have known. There has got to be some other way to get rid of you for good. This was a bad idea- a mistake. You made *him* come back.

DELUSION (innocently)

I made who come back?

(WAITER enters, carrying food, puts it down on table.)

WAITER

Here's your food. Would you like anything else tonight?

(REALITY, too caught up in her own emotions, ignores WAITER.)

DELUSION

We're fine.

WAITER

Okay, have a nice meal!

(WAITER exits. DELUSION starts eating her food, REALITY doesn't touch hers.)



## DELUSION

You didn't have to be so rude to that waiter you know- he was just doing his job. Anyway, let us move on from all of this dramatic talk about "leaving". How is your life going? I feel like we haven't caught up in forever! How is your baby?

## REALITY

Baby? What are you talking about? You know that there isn't any-

## DELUSION

Oh and how is Tom? Is he still working at the accounting firm? Did he ever get that promotion? You know, I think he would make a great manager and-

## REALITY (getting visibly upset)

You *know*. I know that you know that Tom is-

## DELUSION

Oh yeah, is his leg healed yet? I heard about the car accident and it sounded pretty-

## REALITY

Why are you asking me these questions? You know exactly how Tom is!

## DELUSION

Well someone didn't take her happy pills this morning. You know I-

(DELUSION freezes. Spotlight on REALITY. Spotlight appears on TOM as he enters and walks over to REALITY, speaking to her. TOM does not acknowledge what REALITY is saying throughout the entire scene.)

## TOM

Honey, I think it's time. We can't keep her bedroom as it was forever- at this point it is only reminding us of what could've been, not helping us heal. We have to accept that we lost her and move on with our lives. Remember? It's like the psychologist said- it's not healthy to live in the past.

REALITY

I'm so sorry.

TOM

I know you put a lot of work and love into it but- I'm not- I'm not being- what are you talking about? I loved her just as much as you did.

REALITY

I know you did. I know.

TOM

What- that's absurd!? I know I didn't want a child at first but I loved- yes I did! Why would-

REALITY (begging)

I was wrong. Please, just-

TOM

-crash the car on purpose? You think that- you think that I'm such a monster that I would kill our unborn child and-

REALITY

You're not! You're not a monster! Just-

TOM

What are you doing?

REALITY

Tom! Run! RUN!

TOM

Please don't do this!

(TOM exits stage as if running from REALITY. Lights go up, DELUSION unfreezes.)

DELUSION

-really don't know what the point of inviting me here was. If you don't want to catch up, why invite me? If you invited me here to get rid of me-you should know by now that I'm not going to leave you. I'm here until the day you die- the end.

(REALITY takes a moment to calm down and then speaks, angry and fed up with DELUSION and the whole situation.)

REALITY

Do you not get it? Do you not understand how soon 'the end' is going to happen? Do you not get that we only have hours left to survive?

DELUSION

*You* only have hours left to survive.

REALITY

We are the same. What happens to me happens to you.

DELUSION

Well now it looks like *you're* the one who doesn't understand how things work. I will live on long after you're gone. When people think of you in the future, who do you think they are going to see- the loving wife, or the crazy bitch who brutally murdered her husband? Nobody will care about the marriage or the love or the almost child. All anyone will see is me.

REALITY (realization dawning on her, angry)

I should've known- you didn't forget about Tom and the baby earlier. All those questions about them-you asked them to bring back bad memories and to try and make me suffer even more than you already have.

(DELUSION is not fazed by REALITY's outburst. Beat.)

What you said though- it's not true. If I get rid of you, I can make it right. People will see that!

DELUSION

What people? The warden who brings you to the chair, or the technician that presses the button? Besides, how many times do I have to tell you? You CAN'T GET RID OF ME. You are me, I am you; together we are one.

REALITY

You're wrong! I can make this right, I have to. You need to leave.

(DELUSION doesn't move.)

Go!! Leave!!

DELUSION (enjoying herself)

What are you going to do- kill me? We both know that's not possible. Although, I bet you'd enjoy that- killing me, that is. I mean seeing the way that you killed Tom- you must find some pleasure in making people bleed.

REALITY ( rocking back and forth in chair)

Stop it, go away!

DELUSION

Did you enjoy it? Did you? The blood dripping from his chest-

REALITY

GO AWAY!

DELUSION

His pleas as he begged you to stop-

REALITY

STOP IT!

DELUSION

Hell, I bet it even got you off.

REALITY

I SAID *STOP IT!!!!*

(REALITY tries to lunge for DELUSION's throat, revealing that REALITY is in handcuffs, stuck to her chair. Flash Blackout. Lights come up. Spotlight is on REALITY. DELUSION is frozen in place as REALITY looks around, confused, and tries to move from chair, which is now facing the audience. WAITER enters.)

WAITER

Any last words?

(End Play.)