

# *Siriously*

A Ten-Minute play

By: Sharon E. Cooper

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Contact Info:  
Sharon E. Cooper  
[sharoncooperwrites@gmail.com](mailto:sharoncooperwrites@gmail.com)  
[www.sharonecooper.com](http://www.sharonecooper.com)

## CHARACTERS

DARYL, M. early 30s

Teacher, Jackie's boyfriend,  
African-American

RON, M. late 30s / early 40s

Daryl's friend, Jewish

JACKIE, F. 20s

Daryl's girlfriend, White, loves  
the holidays

## SETTING

A bar in midtown, Manhattan.

## TIME

New Year's Eve, the present

## Notes:

*Siriously* was written for The CRY HAVOC Company's Holiday Plays. There was a reading of the play at CRY HAVOC. The play had its world premiere as part of *Sharon's Shorts* at Planet Connections Festival. Joanna Strange was the director. The original cast was as follows: Kerry Flanagan played "Jackie," Will Clark played "Ron" and Will Shaw played "Daryl."

*Siriously* is taught on college campuses and published in *Reading Literature and Writing Argument*.

*On New Year's Eve, near midnight, RON sits at the bar, scrolling through his phone. There are sounds of New Year's Eve merriment in the background. DARYL enters, shakes Ron's hand, and they give each other a quick pat on the back.*

DARYL

*(rubbing his hands together to warm up)* How long do you think idiots have been standing outside waiting for a freakin' ball to drop? Jeez Louise, sugar, is it cold.

RON

Dude, you're not at school—you can swear. So, where's Jackie?

DARYL

On her way. What do you wanna drink?

*DARYL heads towards the bar.*

RON

Ah, whatever. Budweiser, I guess.

DARYL

This round's on me.

RON

Johnnie Walker Blue Label.

*DARYL gives Ron a look and walks away. Ron takes out his phone and talks to it.*

RON

Siri, in what year--

*The noise from the bar increases, and Ron leans into his phone. Daryl returns with drinks; Ron is still engrossed in his phone. Daryl holds out a bottle of water for Ron.*

DARYL

Helllooo?

RON

*(referring to the drink)* What the hell?

*Daryl points to a blue label on the water bottle.*

DARYL

Blue Label.

RON

Ass—it's 1907, by the way.

*Daryl hands Ron a beer.*

DARYL

What is?

RON

You asked how long the ball's been going down in Times Square.

DARYL

No I didn't. I asked how long have people been standing outside *today*.

RON

Oh. *(into the phone)* Siri, how long--

DARYL

Please don't. Whose stupid idea was it to meet spitting distance from this madness?

RON

I didn't feel like venturing far away from home tonight.

DARYL

Oh, sorry. Right. I heard about you and Lili. That sucks. Sorry I didn't call. You know, holidays. Busy.

RON

I don't want to talk about it.

DARYL

I understand.

RON

It's just the little things, you know? Like she'd ask me if I wanted coffee and I'd say "no" and then she'd ask again. Like didn't I say *no* the first time?

DARYL

Oh, well—don't feel like you have to share--

RON

And she doesn't like my dog. Says he barks too much. He's a dog. That's his job.

*Daryl nods his head.*

RON

I mean, what's not to like about Rufus? And last weekend, she was at my place and was helping me fold. (*Daryl looks confused.*) My socks. She rolls them together like this—(*demonstrates*)—even though she knows I fold them like this (*demonstrates*). How could I be with someone like that? She's clearly sending a message that she wants to change me. Whatever. How did you find out anyway? Did Lili tell Dana and Dana tell Jackie and Jackie tell you?

DARYL

No. Lili changed her Facebook status.

RON

Oh. Really?

DARYL

I'm sorry it's so hard--

RON

It's—not—hard. You know what? I'm going to "like" that right now.

*A moment, as Ron is looking on his phone.*

RON (cont.)

Huh. She's in a relationship. Wow, that was fast.

DARYL

No kidding.

*Ron looks back at his phone and then at Daryl.*

RON

**Jackie** posted on Lili's comment: "Maybe you'll end up walking down the aisle like I'll be **NEXT YEAR**. I knew you could do better."

*JACKIE enters, more dressed up than the guys. She's brought New Year's Eve noisemakers, hats, etc.*

DARYL

Jackie!

Jackie leans past Daryl to show off her ring to Ron.

JACKIE

Look, look, look, look, look, look! (*Ron does. Finally.*) I had to show my mother first. That's where I was. At my mom's. I had to show her before I tweeted and posted. Thirteen people have already liked me, us, me. Aahhh!

RON

Aaahhhhhh! Wow, that's wow. That's so great. I'm so happy for you two.

Jackie plants herself on Daryl's lap.

JACKIE

We are going to Johannesburg!

RON

Oh, okay.

DARYL

For the honeymoon. She's always wanted to go to Africa.

RON

To do a safari or something?

JACKIE

We are going to go to the Apartheid museum.

RON

Really?

JACKIE

You have to walk the walk, you know?

RON

No, I don't know.

JACKIE

*(overlapping)* So here's how he proposed. Daryl wrote, "Will you marry me?" on a parachute. His great uncle did that for his great aunt because he was in World War II and was away and was fighting and stuff and came home with a parachute with a proposal on it. So I wake up on Dec. 28, which is my—*(waiting for them to guess)* favorite day of the year because it's smack between Christmas and New Year's— *(to Ron)* I hope that doesn't offend you because you're Jewish—Happy Hanukkah by the way!

RON

Thanks, it was several weeks ago.

JACKIE

*(in her own world)* And there's a small parachute at the foot of the bed and in big black stalker-like letters, it says, "Will you marry me?" Just like that. "Will—you—marry--me?" And even though Daryl didn't serve in a war, it had the same sentiment, you know? The lighting in here is terrible. I'm going to the girls room to look at my ring.

*And she's gone. A moment.*

DARYL

Oh, sugar, man, I was going to tell you about the engagement and then you just seemed so devastated about Lili.

RON

I'm not--devastated.

DARYL

It's just awkward to be like "Hey, we're engaged" and you're like all alone. Single. By yourself. Without anyone. On New Year's Eve.

RON

I'm good, man. I've got everything I need.

*Jackie returns. Daryl hands her a drink.*

JACKIE

Ooohhhh, isn't he sweet? So, Ron, it hit me while I was trying to look at my ring in bad lighting that *we*, well mostly Daryl, but *we* were being insensitive about you and Lili.

DARYL

Ron was just telling me that things are going well.

JACKIE

Oh yeah? Dating someone new?

RON

Oh, no, better than that--a new upgrade. I can't get out the door without her. She has a great sense of direction. She has a nice voice; she doesn't contradict me, she doesn't control me. She doesn't act like she's my friend and then stab me in the back.

JACKIE

That's because it's a phone.

DARYL

Yeah, right, a phone can't make up for human contact.

RON

Sometimes I'm checking in with her like a dozen times a day.

JACKIE

*(to Daryl)* You used to check in with me more often. *(to Ron)* He used to call me every day during his lunch break until a slutty substitute became his "friend" and he brushed her boobs by mistake while eating cafeteria food.

DARYL

I thought you were over that.

JACKIE

I was until I brought it up.

RON

*(to Daryl)* Why would you volunteer that kind of information?

JACKIE

And ever since then, he wants me to wear these push-up bras—

DARYL

*(overlapping)* It was a gift. You like Victoria's Secret. It didn't have anything--

JACKIE

*(overlapping)* I can't breathe in these things!

DARYL

*(overlapping, to Jackie)* And I told you, I stopped calling because they cut down on part-time staff, and now I have to sit with kids during lunch. I have to work all day at work. I don't just sit around dreaming up riddles and jingles.



JACKIE

**Branding.** This isn't the 1950s. And that's how we're going to buy an apartment, because we're sure as hell not going to do it on a piss-ant teacher's salary.

RON

Daryl, maybe it's time for you to get an upgrade, too. *(leaning into his phone)* Siri, should Daryl--

JACKIE

*(to Ron)* Does your iPhone girlfriend tell you about the thousands of Chinese workers making slave wages and living in squalor so you can spend all day with some simulated female that can help you find the nearest Starbucks?

RON

No, but if I ask her, "Hey, where are over half of the diamonds in the world mined in war zones to finance insurgencies, she'd be like 'Africa.' "

JACKIE

What is wrong with you?

RON

"Lili, I knew you could do better."

JACKIE

That was a private message!

RON

No, apparently, it wasn't!

DARYL

Enough, you two, this is all a bit fudged up.

JACKIE

We are in a bar, for Christ's sakes, not with second graders!

DARYL

You think it's cute that I don't swear.

JACKIE

Don't talk to me.

*And in the background we hear: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1! And "Auld Lange Syne."*

*SIRI says: "Happy New Year."*

*Jackie scrolls through her phone while  
Daryl tries, unsuccessfully, to kiss her.*

*Ron, quite content, kisses his phone and  
continues to scroll through his phone as the  
lights fade.*

*Blackout.*

*End of Play.*

Sharon E. Cooper