

**Can't Stop**

by Addison Heimann

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## Characters

<b>Kate</b>	28. Former U.S. soldier. Reserved. Quick whitted. Dry sense of humor. Hasn't cried in years.
<b>Amber</b>	27. Pothead. Loud. Doesn't let her weight get in the way of fuckin' a lot of dudes. YOLO is her motto unironically.
<b>Riley</b>	24. Active U.S. soldier. On leave from his third tour. Charming. A jackass in all the right ways. Tough. Caring.
<b>Doug</b>	28. Pothead and next-door neighbor of Kate and Ambers. Intelligent and neurotic. Earnest to a fault.
<b>Josh</b>	27. Kate's boyfriend. Nurturing and caring with a bit of a jealousy problem.
<b>Miley Cyrus</b>	21. She comes in like a wrecking ball and she doesn't stop. Played by the actress who plays Amber

## Time

2014

## Place

Amber and Kate's apartment in Uptown, Chicago, IL.

## Set

Amber and Kate's kitchen and living room. Simple. Shitty. But not too shitty.

## Notes

A / indicates overlapping dialogue.

A ... is a beat of sorts. Kind of like the thought bubble in comic books. They are quick. More ... indicate longer pauses.

The subject matter is dark, but don't let it stay there too long.

**Prologue**

*In darkness, loud metal music plays.  
Lights up on Kate and Riley, sparring.*

**Riley** You're full of shit. There's no/ way.

**Kate** I am not...full...of...shit. They're good movies. Even better books—

**Riley** They're awful.

**Kate** How are they awful?

**Riley** Well for one: there is no way Bella would've chosen Edward.

**Kate** Are you kidding me?

**Riley** Team Jacob all the way man.

**Kate** I can't...I don't even know how to respond.

**Riley** Cuz you know I'm right. That pussy—lower your shoulders—that pussy dude, what's his name—

**Kate** Who?

**Riley** The guy who plays the vampire dude in the movie—

**Kate** Robert Pattin/son

**Riley** That's it! Robert Pattinson. Who the hell would choose Robert Pattinson over...over...oh that fuckin' werewolf you know, Native American fucker—

**Kate** Taylor Laut/ner

**Riley** Taylor fuckin' Lautner yeah...yeah...I mean I'm not gay— Kate I said lower your shoulders—but that is one good lookin' dude right there.

**Kate** You know...those are the movie versions. The book characters are way better—

**Riley** There is no fuckin' way in hell I will ever read that poor excuse for literature—

**Kate** But you'll watch the movies.

**Riley** I can't help it if I'm into dark scifi romances featuring a strong female lead.

**Kate** Kristen Stewart is the WORST part of that movie.

**Riley** You're just being a hater.

**Kate** She's not even pretty! And she just...bites...her...lip! If I knew that's how people became movie stars—

**Riley** You're definitely being a hater.

**Kate** Whatever!

*She accidentally punches him in the face.*

**Riley** Jesus you really hate Kristen Stewart.

**Kate** Can we talk about something else?

*They resume sparring.*

**Riley** You're the one who started fuckin' talkin' about this gay tween shit—

**Kate** Twilight is NOT gay tween shit—

**Riley** Oh come on. A vampire, werewolf love story set in some stupid dreary town—

**Kate** Forkes, Washington—

**Riley** FORKES WASHINGTON, where vampires glow like diamonds and no one has sex until they're married and in the end the werewolf falls in the love with the vampire baby and everything turns out OKAY? Damn it Kate if I have to tell you to lower your shoulders one more/ time

**Kate** I AM lowering my shoulders—

*He puts his hands on her hips.*

**Riley** Here. Square your hips.

*Kate freaks out and punches Riley in the nose.*

**Riley** Ah fuck!

**Kate** Oh shit. Riley I am so sorry.

**Riley** What's up your ass?

**Kate** Nothing's up my ass...I just have a weird thing with my stomach.

**Riley** That's weird.

**Kate** I got tickled a lot when I was younger...everyone thought it was funny back then...stupid parents. I should've warned you.

**Riley** You think?

**Kate** I'm so sorry. Is it bleeding?

**Riley** No it's fine.

**Kate** ...

**Riley** I didn't know I made you so nervous.

**Kate** What? Why why would you make me/ nervous?

**Riley** Cuz you're sparring with the sexiest man alive, c'mon—

**Kate** Ryan Gosling is the sexiest man alive.

**Riley** Please. That little pussy—

**Kate** He is not a pussy. He's rough! Haven't you seen that movie? You know...where he drives...

**Riley** He's an actor. He's a pussy through and through. Not like me.

**Kate** A soldier.

**Riley** Yeah.

**Kate** Cuz you've killed people.

**Riley** Yeah that's right.

**Kate** So are you talking about that goat you shot because you thought it was a terrorist or that bird you shot because you thought it was a terrorist?

**Riley** I/

**Kate** Or that other goat you shot because you thought it was a different terrorist with a goatee. You do know that the Taliban are human right?

**Riley** ...

**Kate** ...

**Riley** I wrote you a poem.

**Kate** I...*another* one?

**Riley** Fine if you don't want it—

**Kate** I didn't say that.

**Riley** A lot of people like my poems.

**Kate** I know.

**Riley** People *know* about my poems.

**Kate** What people?

**Riley** You know...people. Here, there. People.

**Kate** I don't think I've ever/ heard

**Riley** People are excited to receive them. They know when they get one they should be really appreciative cuz they know how much time I spent on them and that receiving one should literally be like getting a letter from Nelson Mandela—

**Kate** All right give me the damn poem.

**Riley** ...

**Kate** What?

**Riley** Well now I'm not sure you deserve it.

**Kate** Oh come on.

**Riley** Fine.

*He goes to his bag and pulls out a piece of paper.*

**Riley** Here.

**Kate** Thanks.

**Riley** ...

**Kate** ...

**Riley** ...

**Kate** Do you want me to read it in front of you or—

**Riley** What? No. I mean. Whatever. Read it when you, you know, want.

**Kate** I can read it now—

**Riley** No read it later. Or not. I'm...I'm gonna go now. You read it when I leave. Or don't. Whatever.

**Kate** Are you blushing?

**Riley** I'm...leaving.

*He hurries out.*

*Kate is alone.*

*She looks at the poem, folds it up and puts it in her pocket.*

*She goes to the punching bag.*

*She begins her routine.*

*She hears something.*

*She stops.*

**Kate** Riley?

*Nothing.*

*She resumes her workout.*

*Another noise.*

**Kate** Riley I'm sorry I embarrassed you, I will read the poem after I'm done okay?

*She resumes her workout.  
The lights shut off.  
Darkness.*

**Kate**                      Shit.

*The sound of quiet footsteps.*

**Kate**                      Okay whoever is there I'm really not in the mood to be fucked  
with okay? Okay?

*Kate senses she is surrounded.*

**Kate**                      Hello? Hell—

*A hand covers her mouth.  
A muffled scream.  
Then...  
The sounds of explosions in the sky.  
The sounds of war propaganda.  
The sounds of news reports.  
The sounds of military music.  
The sounds of a hospital.  
Everything builds into a cacophony of war.  
It builds to a climax...and then...  
What is left is a song not unlike the beginning of "Wrecking Ball" by Miley Cyrus.*

**Scene 1**

*Lights up.*

*Kate and Amber's apartment in Uptown.*

*Kate and Amber are on the couch.*

*Amber holds a pipe.*

*A slew of pill bottles are on the coffee table.*

*"Wrecking Ball" plays from Amber's computer*

*As the scene rises, the girls are in a fit of giggles.*

**Amber** —so anyway I'm on all fours right? And he's just rammin me from behind you know totally normal rough sex, and he's pulling my hair, smacking my ass, totally hot and I'm totally down...and after a while he's getting close and he goes "mm baby I wanna come all over chest."

**Kate** Of course.

**Amber** Eh, better than letting him cum inside ma cooch. Or on my face. Amiright?

**Kate** You're not wrong.

**Amber** I hate when guys wanna cum on my face. It's like...I get it. But it just takes forever to get out of my eyelashes ya know?

**Kate** ...

**Amber** So anyway...he's cumming all over my chest right? And I mean all over...it'd apparently been a while ya know...and just as we starts cumming he...he...

**Kate** What?

**Amber** He...he...

**Kate** He what!?

**Amber** Okay okay...he...he moos.

**Kate** Moos?

**Amber** Moos. Like actually moos. Like a fucking cow. He moos while cumming on my chest.

**Kate** You're kidding?

**Amber** That shit is way to fucking strange to make up dude. Oh God and his O face! I mean like I've seen some strange ones and I know no one actually looks good when you're about to shoot your load, but seriously I've never seen someone look so in pain. I swear he got molested by his uncle or something.

**Kate** ...

**Amber** God I love this song. It'll never get old. Although I swear whenever I hear that song I always think she's saying rape instead of wreck.

**Kate** Mhm.

**Amber** This one dude I boned Brock had the biggest boner for Miley it was borderline creepy.

**Kate** You hooked up with a guy named Brock?

**Amber** I know right? His name was Brock AND he was a total Jesus freak. He would be right in the middle of fucking me and then stop half way through and be like "we have to stop. Jesus is here."

**Kate** Oh God.

**Amber** Literally right!? And he'd get all freaked out and have to revirginize himself, whatever that means. And then the next day he'd come knocking on my door completely naked and be like "do you want me?" I would've turned him away but...oh my God those pecs. I was thanking God too. He made me cum...so...hard—

**Kate** TOO MUCH INFORMATION.

**Amber** (laughing) The Jesus freaks are always the weirdest man. I don't know what it is about men in this city but they just love the confident fat chick thing—

**Kate** You're not fat—

**Amber** I'm not saying that as a derogatory term ya skinny bitch. I love it. I eat what I want and those fuckers get to hear the sweet sweet sound of their pelvises smashing against ma cushion—

**Kate** Amber!

**Amber**                   What? It's not my fault I'm such a slut. My parents named me Amber. I mean...what did they expect?

**Kate**                     Are you gonna hit the bowl or what?

**Amber**                   Oh shit. Right! I forgot I was holding this. I. Am. STOOOONED.

*She hits it.  
Then hands the bowl to Kate.  
Kate takes a hit.  
Amber feels something under her butt.  
She pulls out a knife from under the couch.*

**Kate**                     ...

**Amber**                   Kate we talked about this.

**Kate**                     I know.

**Amber**                   I thought we got rid of everything.

**Kate**                     Just...I know, I know you said no weapons but...just give me the couch knife.

**Amber**                   Kate...you're never going to get over this if you don't—

**Kate**                     It makes me feel safe okay?

**Amber**                   Okay I don't want to sound like...insensitive or whatever about the...you know...

**Kate**                     You can say it.

**Amber**                   Okay...about the...rape or whatever, and I know that what happened to you over in Afghanistan was like super traumatic...but you told me that I should tell you when you were being crazy and well...you're being crazy. I mean I know you never really get over stuff like that but it's been two years—

**Kate**                     Two years three months four days.

**Amber**                   Yes that long. But, we agreed no hidden weapons in the house—

**Kate**                     I know—

**Amber** We live on the second floor. We have a double bolt on the front door. Nothing can happen here girl. You're safe.

**Kate** ...

*Amber's phone starts ringing.*

*It's the intro to "Get Low" by Lil John, or something similar.*

**Amber** (Picking up) What Doug? ... Yeah ... Yeah ... Yeah ... UGH Fiiiiiiiiine...I'll be right up ... Yeah ... Literally right now ... I'm literally getting up right now ... Yeah...Yeah Doug I'll literally be there in two seconds. Doug it was an expression. Doug I'm not going to argue with you about the definition of the word literally right now okay? Okay...Okay...Okay...I'm coming now. Yes Doug. Right now. Bye Doug. Doug. Good bye. Bye. Bye.

*She hangs up.*

**Amber** Fucking Doug.

**Kate** What did he want?

**Amber** Huh? Oh didn't I tell you? Doug's tryna get clean.

**Kate** From what?

**Amber** Pot.

**Kate** Can your really be addicted to pot?

**Amber** Apparently.

**Kate** I always forget he's pothead. He was such a sober Steve when we were in high school. I miss that Doug.

**Amber** I don't. All that robotics talk. Every time he talked about competing in those events I contemplated vomiting out of boredom.

**Kate** I thought it was interesting—

**Amber** Ugh never.

**Kate** I guess he hasn't changed much.

**Amber** Yeah, now he just gets stoned and dissects Christopher Nolan movies. Much improved.

**Kate** Is it?

**Amber** Anyway we made a deal. Every time he's close to smoking pot or feels a craving, he calls me and I fuck his brains out. I'm kinda like his sponsor.

**Kate** You smoke weed all the time.

**Amber** Who better to make him get clean?

**Kate** ...

**Amber** Anywaaaay, I'm gonna do that real quick. I'll be back in like ten. No probably fifteen. He's gonna want to cuddle. Fuck. Do you mind if I take a couple Xanax?

**Kate** Be my guest.

**Amber** Thanks bitch.

*She looks for the Xanax.*

**Amber** What do you have going on today?

**Kate** Oh...well Josh and I are—

**Amber** Jesus Kate when are you going to break up with that doofus.

**Kate** He's nice.

**Amber** He was a loser in high school who barely deserved the friend zone then and nothing has changed. The only reason you're even with him is cuz of what happened—

**Kate** Don't you need to get to Doug?

**Amber** What? Oh yeah. Sorry...which one is the Xanax?

*Kate hands her the Xanax bottle.*

**Amber** Thanks. Jesus do you really take all these?

**Kate** No. Just different dumbass doctors trying to kill me.

**Amber** Oh my God I had the worst sex with this doctor once—

**Kate** (Distracted) No, really?

**Amber** You would think it's going to be hot right? I mean we're in his office on that wax paper stuff and—

*Amber's cell-phone rings.*

**Amber** JESUS DOUG CALM THE FUCK DOWN I WILL BE THERE IN LIKE TEN SECONDS. DON'T YOU DARE SMOKE THAT HASHISH. YES I KNOW I'M YELLING. BECAUSE I'M ANGRY. EVERYONE KNOWS YOU'RE A POT HEAD DOUG, THIS IS NOT NEW INFORMATION TO ANYONE WITHIN A FIVE HUNDRED FOOT RADIUS. DOUG. I'M HANGING UP. GOODBYE.

*She hangs up the phone.*

**Kate** ...

**Amber** I should go.

**Kate** Have fun.

**Amber** That knife better be gone when I get back okay Kate?

**Kate** Oh yeah okay yeah it'll be gone.

**Amber** Good. Oh by the way this letter came for you in the mail. Who the fuck sends letters anymore? AmIright? Anyway (Sing-Songy) I'll be right back.

*Amber goes out the front door.*

*Kate sits there for a moment, staring at the knife.*

*She goes to the computer and restarts "Wrecking Ball"*

*Humming to herself, she pulls out several pills from different bottles.*

*She puts them on a piece of paper on the coffee table.*

*She carefully crushes them into powder with the knife.*

*She pulls out a card and carefully makes lines.*

*She rolls a dollar bill and snorts the powder.*

*She carefully gathers the powder and siphons the rest into an empty pill bottle.*

*She looks at the letter.*

*She opens the letter with the knife then puts it back under the couch.*

*She unfolds the letter and reads.*

**Kate**                      Shit.

*Miley Cyrus' "Wrecking Ball" swells.  
Miley Cyrus comes barreling in on her wrecking ball.*

**Miley**                      ...

**Kate**                      (Unphased) Hi Miley Cyrus.