

REBECCA'S ROOMMATE
by Amanda Petefish-Schrag

CHARACTERS

REBECCA – a woman in her early-mid 30s.

BILL – Rebecca’s significant other.

SASQUATCH – a sasquatch.

SETTING

A living room.

TIME

The present.

(A dark living room. We hear a key turning in the door. BILL opens the door, carrying a bag of groceries. He turns on the lights. As he does so, REBECCA enters from the other room wearing a very fuzzy sweater. She sees BILL.)

REBECCA

Hello.

BILL

(Dropping groceries)

AHHHHHHH!!!

(Beat.)

Oh my god, Rebecca! This is –What are you doing here?

REBECCA

I live here, remember?

BILL

(Running up to her)

Are you alright?

REBECCA

I'm well, thank you. And you?

BILL

What? Are you - are you aware the police have been searching for you?

REBECCA

That's ridiculous. Why would the police be looking for me?

BILL

Oh, I don't know . . . Maybe because you've been missing for *six months*.

REBECCA

Oh. (She counts on her fingers.) I guess it has been awhile.

BILL

I've been worried sick.

REBECCA

(Beat.) I'm sorry.

BILL

That's it? Sorry? Where have you been? What have you been doing all this time?

REBECCA

It's personal.

BILL

Excuse me? You don't get to leave me for six months and suddenly show up one day saying, "It's personal."

REBECCA

I left you?

(Beat.)

BILL

(He takes a breath) Let's start again. Are you ok?

REBECCA

I'm great. How are you?

BILL

Fine. (Beat.) You're not hurt or anything? Nobody - nobody took you, or anything, right?

REBECCA

Nope.

(Beat.)

BILL

Ok. Did you get amnesia, or black out or something? Is that why you didn't call?

REBECCA

Nope.

BILL

Then what? Damn it, Bec. You don't get to run off with no word and then –

(BILL stops and watches a SASQUATCH enter from another part of the house, pass through the living room and head into the kitchen.)

BILL

(Still looking toward the kitchen.)

What was that?

REBECCA

What?

BILL

That - that hairy thing that just walked through here!

REBECCA

Oh. Sasquatch.

BILL

What?

REBECCA

(Slowly repeating) Saaas-quaaatch. You know - Yeti, Big Foot, the Himalayan Beast, the -

BILL

I know what a Sasquatch is! What's it doing in our living room?

REBECCA

She's my new roommate.

(Beat.)

BILL

Is this some kind of a joke?

REBECCA

No.

BILL

Then who the hell is that?! And why is he dressed up like a giant ape-man?

REBECCA

Shhhhh! (Quietly) She's not an ape and she's not a man. She gets very offended when people refer to her as either.

BILL

What the hell is going on here?!!

(Beat. BILL takes a deep breath.)

BILL (cont.)

Ok. I get it. You're mad because I left. So you're playing a little joke on me. A very reckless, foolish joke. But I understand. You wanted me to miss you, so you leave for parts unknown; you want me to be jealous, so you get some . . . hairy guy to pretend to be your boyfriend.

REBECCA

She's not some hairy guy! She's an elusive and mysterious Sasquatch. And she's my friend and confidant!

BILL

Oh, come on!

(SASQUATCH peers in from the kitchen to check on REBECCA. She looks at her.)

REBECCA

(To SASQUATCH)

No, no. It's ok. He just does this. I'll be fine.

(SASQUATCH looks at BILL again, then goes back into the kitchen.)

BILL

Is this your way of telling me you think you're a lesbian?

REBECCA

What? Of course not. You're acting very rude.

BILL

You're acting insane.

REBECCA

Maybe you should leave.

BILL

I live here! I've had enough of this game. Enough with this "it's personal" and "she's a Sasquatch." Now tell me where you've been!

REBECCA

I was looking for you.

BILL

What?

REBECCA

One morning I woke up and realized I had lost you. So I went to find you. To bring you back. But everywhere I went, you weren't there. And I realized I couldn't remember where you were.

BILL

I was at work! I told you that.

REBECCA

But that wasn't the you I lost.

BILL

Listen, I know we were having some problems, but -

REBECCA

I figured if I just kept looking, you'd turn up again. Kind of like a lost penny. Problem was, the more I looked for you, the more lost I got. I probably should have taken a map or an atlas or something. I just figured I'd know the way, I guess. Obviously I didn't, because the next thing I knew I was in the Himalayas.

BILL

Wait. How could you end up in - ? That's geographically impossible.

REBECCA

Plate tectonics. The world is constantly shifting, Bill. That's how the Himalayas. I'd never been there before. National Geographic always said the Himalayas are a resplendent, but perilous terrain. That's very true. Especially because I forgot to bring a sweater. Or a toothbrush. But suddenly, there I am, lost in the Himalayas. Very cold, very lonely, and very smelly. And at that moment, it hit me - like an avalanche. Not a real avalanche, that came later. I realized I was going to die. And part of me didn't care. But some other part of me thought, "Well, as long as I'm here, might as well climb Mt. Everest."

BILL

You decided to climb Mt. Everest.

REBECCA

That's what you do when you're in the Himalayas, isn't it? Most people are better prepared for it though. I didn't get very far before the frostbite overtook me.

BILL

Frostbite?

(REBECCA holds up her hand. She is missing two fingers.)

REBECCA

But as I was all huddled up on the mountain, waiting to die, this Sasquatch came down from the mountain.

(BILL points to the kitchen.)

Yup. She curled up next to me and kept me warm all night. She let me make a sweater from her fur, and together we started climbing to the peak. Of course, Sasquatch and I did a lot of talking and bonding while dodging avalanches. At the midway point we came across this camp full of climbers. Frozen solid. Nothing warm left in them. Sasquatch says that can happen, even when you think you're completely prepared. And that's when I knew. I would never find you again. Not even in the darkest reaches of the Himalayas. And it made me very sad. But I had things to do, like reaching the summit. It was beautiful, Bill. National Geographic didn't do it justice. I wish I had thought to bring my camera. Oh well.

When we got back to base camp I asked Sasquatch to come be my roommate.

(Beat. SASQUATCH enters from the kitchen with a bag of microwave popcorn and sits down in the living room to watch TV. BILL watches her. Long pause.)

BILL

I have no idea what to say right now.

REBECCA

That's probably best.

(Beat. REBECCA begins to pick up BILL's spilled groceries.)

BILL

Listen, I was thinking – while you were away – that if we ever found you, I mean, before you left I said a lot of things . . . But that's all in the past now. We can start fresh –

REBECCA

No.

BILL

But –

REBECCA

No. When I was at the summit I learned something. I learned that I'm not lost anymore, and you're not either. So maybe we should just stay found.

BILL

You're talking about her, aren't you? Becca look, I don't know how you found out about her, but it was only that once. I swear. I never saw her again. Even after you left.

REBECCA

We both left.

BILL

(A beat as he realizes.) You too?

REBECCA

Finnish sailor. Very dapper fellow. Said he liked my sweater. He'd never seen real Sasquatch fur. We held hands on an oil frigate as the sun set over the Baltic Sea.

BILL

That doesn't sound like you.

REBECCA

Not like the me you remember. But I'm not her. Not anymore. And you're not the man I lost.

BILL

Maybe we could still -

REBECCA

We can't. We can never go back. Plate tectonics and all. The world shifts.

(REBECCA hands BILL the bag of groceries.)

Life is full of adventure, Bill. It's your turn now.

BILL

What? Wait. I mean . . . (Beat.) I wouldn't even know where to start.

REBECCA

I suggest someplace resplendent, but perilous.

(SASQUATCH crosses to REBECCA, whispers something in her ear. REBECCA lights up, agreeing it is an excellent idea.)

REBECCA

Sasquatch would like you to have this.

(SASQUATCH holds out a sweater made of her fur.)

BILL

A Sasquatch sweater? For me?

REBECCA

It's ok. Take it. It'll come in handy.

(BILL slowly takes the sweater, looks at it, and carefully puts it on. SASQUATCH, satisfied, returns to the couch.)

BILL

I don't know if this –

REBECCA

Don't worry about us.

BILL

Oh. Ok. . . Well . . . I'll see you around I guess. (Beat.) I'll miss you. A lot.

REBECCA

The first steps are always the hardest.

BILL

Right.

(He turns and starts to go, then stops to look back at REBECCA.)
I'm glad you got found.

REBECCA

Me too, Bill. Goodnight.

(REBECCA watches him go and then closes the door. She turns and moves toward SASQUATCH and the couch.)
Discovery channel?

(She settles in next to SASQUATCH. They begin to eat popcorn and watch TV together.)

-END-

Rebecca's Roommate first premiered at the Indie Boots Theatre Festival, Chicago, IL in May 2013. It has since been produced as part of Acme Theater's New Works Winter Festival, Acton, MA in January 2014 and the Theatre Westminster 10-Minute New (And Nearly New) Play Festival, New Wilmington, PA in October 2015.

Amanda Petefish-Schrag is an Assistant Professor of Theatre at Iowa State University. Her professional credits include work as a director, playwright, puppeteer, (and mom to Celia and Eli). Her playwriting has been produced at festivals in Chicago, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New York, Madison, and Iowa City, and has been published by Playscripts, Inc. and Smith and Kraus. Amanda is a member of the Dramatists Guild.