

THE FIVE STAGES OF REEF

by

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SETTING — A “party.”

CHARACTERS — NARRATOR and TEST SUBJECT.

AT RISE — TEST SUBJECT, clearly on something strong, is interacting with an unseen group of party people. NARRATOR, downstage, addresses the audience directly.

NARRATOR

Ah yes. We see here a young female of the species “under the influence,” as they say, embarking upon what I call the “Five Stages of Reef.”

(quick beat)

Rhymes with “grief” and is short for “reefer,” which is antiquated slang for— Anyway, she’s on stronger shit than that but just go with it, okay?

TEST SUBJECT is speaking
emphatically to an unseen person.

NARRATOR (cont.)

Stage One: Philosophical. Our lady is feeling thoughtful, loquacious.

TEST SUBJECT

Maybe it was the drugs, or maybe it was her enormous knit scarf, but either way reality felt a little less real. You know...?

NARRATOR

Oh, we know. Stage Two is what I like to call “The Giggles.” She still has control of her verbal faculties but is, perhaps, far too easily amused.

TEST SUBJECT

(leaning against a wall)

“Deleterious.” Oooooooooo... Deleterious llamas!

NARRATOR

Sometimes even at her own jests. Stage Three soon follows: The Stupor.

TEST SUBJECT

(on the floor)

Llamas... llamas everywhere...

NARRATOR

Our subject is no longer making sense, and is, quite possibly, delusional. This only worsens in Stage Four: Persecution.

TEST SUBJECT

(sits bolt upright; a conspiratorial whisper)

I think that ambulance is following me.

NARRATOR

You are at a party—there is no ambulance.

TEST SUBJECT

(springs to feet)

FUCK YOU THERE ISN'T.

NARRATOR

Very good. And this brings us to the fifth and final stage:

TEST SUBJECT

I'm 100% done and ready to cut a bitch.

NARRATOR opens a switchblade knife
with deadly flourish.

NARRATOR

(moving away)

Indeed. Well then! You can work out for yourselves what the
final—... ahhh! Nooo!

TEST SUBJECT stabs NARRATOR to
death.

TEST SUBJECT

The hallucinations are the worst part. But, uh, if you confront
them they... they usually go away.

Distance siren of an ambulance begins
to wail.

TEST SUBJECT

Sweet merciful llama I fuckin' knew it was following me!

TEST SUBJECT runs for it.

END OF PLAY.