

**THE CHASE**

by

Brandon M. Crose

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[www.brandoncrose.com](http://www.brandoncrose.com)  
[brandon.crose@gmail.com](mailto:brandon.crose@gmail.com)

## THE CHASE

SETTING — A room in a home.

CHARACTERS — WRITER and SPOUSE.

AT RISE — WRITER is typing furiously on a laptop. SPOUSE enters during a pause.

WRITER

You did it!

SPOUSE

(resumes typing)

Nope—one more left.

WRITER

Isn't the deadline midnight?!

SPOUSE

You say that as if I don't still have ten minutes...

WRITER

I seeeee. Cutting it as close as we possibly can, are we?

SPOUSE

We sure are!!

WRITER

...Why?

SPOUSE

"Why"? It's fun.

WRITER

Is it?

SPOUSE

Yes. I think.

WRITER

Don't you think that—

SPOUSE

And it makes other stuff possible. The momentum carries forward into other things I do. You know?

WRITER

Yeah but you're all stressed out for a week or so, you don't sleep well, the dishes start to sprout some sort of, I'm going to say "sentient life"...

SPOUSE

I am actually trying to finish this and you're not being very supportive right now.

WRITER

Fortunately I'm just a projection of your own doubts, and not actually your wife.

SPOUSE

Oh, cool.

WRITER

So you value the momentum.

SPOUSE

Maybe I like the chase. Procrastination is impossible when you're racing a deadline—your self-doubt and excuses fall away and all you're left with is an urgent imperative to DO THE THING.

WRITER

Maybe this is the only way you know how to write.

SPOUSE

Maybe I prefer it.

WRITER

Maybe this is exactly like in high school or college, when you left everything to the last minute and had mediocre grades because of all the late penalties.

SPOUSE

Ouch. Maybe I'm an adult now and there are no grades—just the product.

WRITER

Maybe it's never going to be as good as it could have been if you had given it the time and care it deserved?

SPOUSE

Maybe without the crazy deadline rush, it wouldn't exist in the first place.

WRITER

Maybe you're right.

SPOUSE

Yeah well maybe—

SPOUSE looks up, but WRITER has vanished.

I'm done. SPOUSE (cont.)

Hits a few more keys. Closes the laptop.

SPOUSE (cont.)  
(a hollow victory)  
Yaaaaay.

**END OF PLAY.**