

## **BOBBY HEBERT**



(a short play)

-written by-

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**CHARACTERS**

NED.....male, twenties, Caucasian.

BOB.....male, twenties, African American.

**TIME**

September 2005.

**PLACE**

Two guys sitting in lawn chairs.

*(Lights rise on NED and BOB. Both sitting in lawn chairs. Both looking through binoculars. Both wearing New Orleans Saints paraphernalia.)*

I got one for ya', Bob. NED:

Bring it. BOB:

If we're ever in prison...together...I want you to...you know. NED:

What? BOB:

You know. NED:

Know what? BOB:

*(NED hits fist to palm.)*

*You know.* NED:

I don't- BOB:

Rape me. NED:

*(BOB drops his binoculars. Looks at NED.)*

What the hell are you talking about? BOB:

I'd rather it be you than someone I don't know. NED:

*(BOB shakes his head. Looks through his binoculars once more.)*

NED:

It would keep us both from being raped. Just act like we're strangers. Come up to me—slap me around—talk a little jive, and then do some deep ditch digging.

*(BOB tries to ignore NED; can't. Takes his binoculars down again.)*

BOB:

Deep ditch digging? Jive? I don't know how to speak jive. I don't even know what jive means. And what about when we're done? What's gonna keep people from raping you then, Ned?

NED:

At that point I'll be your bitch, so you'll have to protect me.

BOB:

Oh, so you want me to be the one who has to fight? No way. Fuck that. I want you to rape me.

*(They go back to their binoculars. Pause.)*

NED:

I guess we could take turns-

BOB:

You haven't shut up for three days. Three fucking days, Ned. Seventy-two hours and counting. I hate you.

NED:

*(Beat)*

Whoever is attracted to the other person the least—that's the one who should do the raping.

BOB:

Fine, Ned. I'll rape you. Okay? But don't think it's gonna be anything other than a hate-fuck.

NED:

I don't know. I suppose you can rape me. It's just...

BOB:

*(Annoyed)*

What?

NED:

I think you kind of like me. So, I don't know if you would last that-

BOB:

Shut the fuck up.

NED:

It's cool, dude—according to the Kinsey reports we're all a little gay.

*(BOB tries to be quiet; can't.)*

BOB:

You think you're better looking than me. That's what this is all about, isn't it?

NED:

In all fairness, if we were both gay, I don't know if you could pull me.

BOB:

That's bullshit. I'm so far out of your league—I don't know if I want to settle with you.

*(Beat)*

If we ever go to prison that is.

NED:

Let me get this straight. You think you're gonna find someone better than me in prison?

BOB:

Who knows?

NED:

Don't be ridiculous. I have my GED. I took some classes at LSU. I am a successful bartender.

*(Realization)*

*Was.* Was a successful bartender.

BOB:

I'm not saying you wouldn't have a shot...

NED:

You're just trying to piss me off.

BOB:

People in prison are in great shape.

NED:

You're implying I'm fat?

BOB:

All you've eaten for three days is *Twinkies*.

NED:

That's all we have!

BOB:

Why'd you have three days worth of *Twinkies* to begin with?

*(NED turns his chair away from BOB.)*

NED:

I don't want to talk to you anymore.

BOB:

You started this one. Big baby.

NED:

You're not gonna have the last word. Not this time.

BOB:

Fine with me.

NED:

Good.

BOB:

Okay.

NED:

Great.

BOB:

Yep.

NED:

Uh-huh.

BOB:

Definitely.

NED:

Hey—look it's a Channel Four helicopter!

*(BOB looks where NED is looking.)*

BOB:

*(Yelling at the helicopter)*

Hey! Hey! Over here!

NED:

He sees us! He sees us! He fuckin' sees us!

BOB:

Praise God in Heaven! Thank you, Lord! Thank you for life!

NED:

Glory to God in the highest!

BOB:

*(Quietly)*

He's leaving.

NED:

No, wait, stop! Come here, Goddamn it!

BOB:

Jesus Christ.

NED:

Shit.

*(Silence. Disappointment.)*

NED:

*(Finally)*

I'm never watching Channel Four again. Ever. Channel Four is now dead to me. I'm gonna program my television to not even pick it up. From now until the day I die my television goes two, three, five, six...

BOB:

*(Beat)*

What about *Lost*?

NED:

Huh?

BOB:

The television show *Lost*. It comes on Channel Four.

NED:

Fuck.

BOB:

Good show.

NED:

Great show.

*(Beat)*

From now until the day I die, I refuse to watch Channel Four News.

BOB:

At five or ten? 'Cuz at ten they have that hot weather girl.

NED:

*(Thinks for a beat)*

Five. Definitely. That's, like, a peak hour, ya' know?

BOB:

That'll show 'em.

NED:

Fuckers.

BOB:

Yeah. Fuckers.

*(Silence. They both continue to look through their binoculars.)*

NED:

Hey, look! It's another helicopter!

BOB:

*(Excited/Standing up)*

Really?!

NED:

*(Laughing)*

No.

BOB:

*(Beat)*

That hotdog guy from *Confederacy of Dunces*... what was his name?

NED:

Ignatius?

BOB:

You're fatter than him.

NED:

*(Hurt)*

Shut up.

*(Silence. BOB sits down. They both go back to their binoculars.)*

BOB:

Is that Carl across the street?

NED:

No, that's Jeb. Carl loaded up his Escalade and headed out a week before Katrina hit.

BOB:

I washed an Escalade once. At the station. Good car.

*(Waving and yelling at JEB)*

Hey! What's up, man?

*(Still waving)*

I hate him.

NED:

*(Waving and smiling too)*

Yeah, me too.

BOB:

There are his ugly kids.

NED:

Yeah.

*(Sorrowful)*

I thought he had three.

BOB:

Where's his wife?

*(Long silence. They put their binoculars down. Look at each other.)*

BOB:

*(Finally)*

I got one for you, Ned.

NED:

Bring it.

BOB:

If we ever get lost in the desert...together...and we run out of food, and water, and no one will help us...I want you to...you know.

NED:

Rape you?

BOB:

No. *You know.*

NED:

No, I don't—what?

BOB:

*(Mimes choking)*

I want you to do what Bobby Hebert used to do every year.

NED:

Bobby Hebert? The most overrated Saints quarterback ever? You want me to get on my knees and blow the Saints playoff chances? Is that it?

BOB:

Choke.

NED:

You want me to choke you?

BOB:

Whatever it takes.

*(Long silence.)*

NED:

You've got a big neck and my hands are kind of small. I mean, I could try, but-

BOB:

Just shut the fuck up—alright Ned? I'm so fucking tired of you. I'm asking you to kill me.

*(Silence.)*

NED:

If we're ever lost in the desert. Right?

BOB:

We should have a code.

NED:

For what?

BOB:

For when I want you to choke me. Or rape me for that matter. I don't want us to get pulled over for drunk driving or something one day and you jump my ass in the back of the patrol car.

NED:

How about Bobby Hebert?

BOB:

As the code? What if we're actually talking about Bobby Hebert?

NED:

No one talks about Bobby Hebert anymore.

BOB:

All right. It's settled. Now get me a *Twinkie*.

NED:

We only have three left.

BOB:

Are you serious?

*(NED is. BOB puts down his binoculars. Stands. Walks to the edge of the rooftop—looks down upon the remains of the city.)*

BOB:

I don't know how much more of this bullshit I can take. We've been here for three fucking days talking about raping and killing and Bobby Hebert and whether or not Mr. Belding's baby was born without an umbilical cord. I'm going insane, Ned. I really am.

NED:

All I know is they were stuck in the elevator with Zach Morris and there was nothing to cut it with, but for some reason-

BOB:

*(Sincere/Almost crying)*

Please. Please stop.

*(NED gets up. Walks over to BOB. Puts his hand on his shoulder.)*

BOB:

*(Beat)*

Everything's drifting. *Camry's*, hotdog stands...*people*. I feel like...I feel like we're drifting too...farther and farther away...

*(Beat)*

Do you know who I think the most overrated Saints quarterback of all time was?

NED:

*(Serious)*

Don't tell me. I don't want to know.

*(Pause. NED sits back down. Picks up his binoculars and begins looking for helicopters once more.)*

NED:

I got one for ya', Bob.

BOB:

*(Staring out into the nothingness)*

I don't want to talk anymore, Ned.

*(The lights fade to black.)*

**THE END**