

CONSIDER THE FICUS  
by  
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#### SYNOPSIS

On the day of the 2015 SCOTUS decision, Garrison, an environmental lobbyist, and his partner Nate, an editor, are working through a critical turning point of their own.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Garrison - 30s-40s - an environmental lobbyist

Nate - 30s-40s - an editor

Alexa - the voice of Amazon's Alexa

#### SETTING

Present day. A Washington, D.C. apartment.

A crash. Sound of broken glass. Lights up on Garrison and Nate in their DC loft apartment. Garrison looks down at the glass and back up at Nate.

GARRISON

Are you being a little dramatic? It's not like I'm moving to the North Pole, or Jupiter, or some place that's like, really fucking far away, like, fucking...

NATE

Africa.

GARRISON

Like Africa. I'm not moving to Africa.

NATE

Why didn't you tell me?

GARRISON

This. Because *this*.  
(Beat.)

They do important work, OK? And it's... it's a lot to process, I have to keep my emotions out of it.

NATE

How's that working out?

GARRISON

(an obvious lie)

Good.

NATE

(digging in now)

Such control.

GARRISON

There's something else.

NATE

Oh, good.

GARRISON

I won't be asking you to come with me.  
(Beat.)

NATE

There's glass everywhere...

GARRISON

Did you hear me?

NATE  
 No bare feet...

GARRISON  
 Nate?

NATE  
 I heard you.

NATE begins to sweep up the glass.

GARRISON  
 Nate... leave it.

NATE  
 When do you leave?

GARRISON  
 Two weeks.

NATE  
*Excellent.*

GARRISON  
 They're lobbying for a big environmental bill in August.

NATE  
 Oh?

GARRISON  
 Yeah. I need to get there.

NATE  
 They'll love you.

GARRISON gets a text message.

NATE CONT'D  
 (sing-songy "Avon calling")  
*Cleveland calling.*

GARRISON  
 It's Jack.

NATE  
 Where is he?

GARRISON  
 (reading the text message)  
 He's waiting for us at the steps with Ben and Lisa. They're making up drag queen names for Scalia.

NATE  
 We should make a new sign for today. Oh I know... *Gay Marriage Leads to Gay Divorce*. And then our *ripped-in-half* Fire Island picture, ya know, underneath.

Get it? (Beat.)

GARRISON  
(sarcastically)  
I guess it's a good thing we never got married, then.

NATE  
I know, right?

GARRISON  
You're such a bitch.

NATE  
(looking at the layout of the  
room)  
Hmn. Well, this won't work. You change one thing and it all  
goes to shit.

GARRISON  
What are you talking about?

NATE  
Well, you can't leave your things here.

GARRISON  
What?

NATE  
Oh, no, no, no, no, you can't leave your things, I'll go  
crazy.

GARRISON  
Seriously?

NATE  
Deadly, look at this, right, without the futon, the console  
is a nightmare, there's no decent light on this side of the  
room.

GARRISON  
It's good for the ficus. Don't. Move. The ficus.

NATE  
Oh. I'm moving it.

GARRISON  
No, you're not.

NATE  
It's going on the porch.

GARRISON  
NO. It's *not*.

NATE

I'm sorry, did you say something?

GARRISON

It'll die on the porch.

NATE

It's dead already! Every time I come home, it's sadder than before. I get stressed out just looking at it.

GARRISON

The *figus* is stressed, Nate. You're not stressed; you're just annoyed from sweeping up after it, something I told you I would take care of, but you'd rather do it yourself and complain. And the reason the *figus* is *stressed* is because you KEEP MOVING IT!

NATE

Look, I wasn't the one who brought that thing home from Eastern Market.

GARRISON

We have this fight every-- right, right, Eastern Market.

NATE

You never water it.

GARRISON

I water it.

NATE

How can that be?

GARRISON

I do! I watched the fucking video, Nate, I hate you so much right now.

NATE

How can that be, Garrison? It has three leaves - wait, let me count - oh, I'm sorry, *six* leaves left!

GARRISON

That is because you HOVER! Just like you hover over me and everything else that we're about. The tree can't breathe, Nate. You're like poison, there's no air left in the room.

NATE

I'm moving it.

GARRISON

Leave it *alone*.

NATE

It's going on the porch.

GARRISON

No.

Tell me why not. NATE

You know why not. GARRISON

I don't! NATE

Because it's been our Christmas tree for ten straight years! GARRISON

I know and every goddamn year I want to shove it back up the fucking chimney. NATE

WE DON'T HAVE A CHIMNEY! GARRISON

NATE pulls out his cellphone.

Alexa. You up? NATE  
(talking into iPhone)

What are you doing? GARRISON

(to Garrison) NATE  
Shh-shh, it's fine.

Oh, my god. GARRISON

Siri here, how can I help you? ALEXAS

You're up late. Hey, NATE  
listen... long shot, but can  
you tell me one good thing  
about Cleveland?

Really, Nate? Really? GARRISON

Let me think. ALEXA  
(Long Pause.)

Nope, can't think of one.

Wow... GARRISON

Thank you, Siri. NATE

Just doing my job. ALEXA