

# HYPER

By Robert Knight

## Characters

**Soupy** - a young man who is diagnosed with obsessive compulsive behavior, attention disorder and hyperactive disorder.

**Wella** - The sister to Soupy. She is fighting the addiction to the drug Methamphetamine.

**Glenny** - The boyfriend to Wella. He deals in the Methamphetamines.

## Setting

A filthy studio apartment.

**[knighty@theatre194.com](mailto:knighty@theatre194.com)**

*Soupy enters with an over stuffed binder. He flicks the light switch several times. He goes to the table and places the binder down. He goes back to the door, locks it and checks it more than once. Going back to the table he opens the binder. Separating clean paper from paper he has written on. Then takes out six sharpened pencils, lines them between the two piles of paper. He observes the table, making sure it is right. He goes back to the door, unlocks it, only to re-lock it. Soupy then flicks the light switch again. Wella enters. She has awakened from a sedated sleep.*

WELLA

Soupy is that you?

SOUPY

Yes.

WELLA

What are you doing? It's three in the morning.

*Soupy sits at table.*

SOUPY

I'm sorry.

WELLA

You have to stay home. Tomorrow the woman is coming from Social Services. We have to be on our best behavior.

SOUPY

I know, tomorrow.

WELLA

Do you remember the last time she came here?

SOUPY

She was nice and smiled a lot.

WELLA

That's right. So we have to make sure she smiles a lot this time. Okay?

SOUPY

Okay.

WELLA

Have you eaten?

SOUPY

Yeah.

WELLA

When?

SOUPY

Sunday morning.

WELLA

That can't be right it's Tuesday.

SOUPY

You were busy. You have been sleeping a lot.

WELLA

What do you want?

SOUPY

Tuesday is tomato.

*Wella goes to the kitchen area and looks for a clean pan. Soupy chooses a pencil and begins to write slowly. Wella opens a can of soup, pour it into a pan and places it on a hot plate.*

WELLA

Have you written any more in your book?

SOUPY

It's not a book it's a letter.

*Wella stirs the soup, then retrieves her party tray from the cupboard. She then pulls out a length of tin foil and puts what's left of her speed on it. She places a straw in her mouth and lights her lighter underneath to cook the speed. Soupy goes to the door. He unlocks it then re-locks it. He flicks the lights again.*

WELLA

Will you stop with the lights!

*(Soupy goes back to his seat. He uses a new pencil on a new sheet of paper)*

Our electricity bill is too much as it is.

*Wella looks at Soupy.*

SOUPY

You are sick, aren't you?

*She puts down lighter and rolls the tin foil into a ball, throwing it away.*

WELLA

I'm sorry. I am not going to yell at you anymore. Things are going to change. Okay?

SOUPY

Okay.

*Wella finds a dirty bowl and wipes it clean with a dishtowel. She then pours the soup into it.*

WELLA

Okay. Soups on then.

SOUPY

Soups on. Mama said.

WELLA

Soups on. Mama said.

SOUPY

Soups on.

*Wella tucks a towel around Soupy's neck.*

WELLA

Okay. Are you ready?

SOUPY

Ready.

WELLA

*(placing bowl in front of him)*

Okay, go ahead but slow. You remember what Mama told you about fast.

SOUPY

Soups on.

*Soupy picks up the bowl with hands and drinks like a beverage.*

WELLA

Soupy slow down. You're gonna swallow it down your windpipe or something.

*Soupy finishes the soup.*

SOUPY

Soups gone.

WELLA

All right sit still.

*Wella takes away the towel and bowl wiping his mouth. Soupy goes back to pencil and paper routine.*

WELLA

What's the letter for?

SOUPY

So when we move away we will have a place to go...

WELLA

Move? Away from here? That would be a dream. Who are you mailing it to?

SOUPY

It's to Uncle Billy.

WELLA

Uncle Billy? He is somewhere in Texas. I don't even know his address.

SOUPY

The lady will help.

WELLA

Not the kind of help that would get us in trouble, is it?

SOUPY

No trouble.

WELLA

This place is a mess. Are you gonna still help me clean? I'll go start on the bathroom. You can start out here.

SOUPY

HHummmmmmm.

WELLA

I am serious. Once that Social woman comes and goes then you can write all the letters you want in whatever mess you like to live in.

SOUPY

It's not my mess.

WELLA

I don't care whose mess it is. Your check should be here on Thursday. Then we will start over. I'm changing things around here. You'll see.

*Wella exits to bathroom. Soupy begins to tackle mess. He folds up a dirty blanket and places neatly somewhere. There is a knock at the door. Soupy hears the knock and recognizes it.*

SOUPY

Go away!

GLENNY

Come on buddy. Open up it is dangerous out here.

SOUPY

Go away.

*Wella enters.*

WELLA

Who is it?

SOUPY

Jerkface!

*Wella goes to the door as Soupy goes back to the table.*

WELLA

Come on Soupy. Be nice.

*Wella unlocks the door. Enter Glenny. Wella relocks the door and gives Glenny a big hug.*

GLENNY

Eeeeasy baby.

WELLA

I'm so glad you are here.

GLENNY

Yeah, yeah, I missed you to. Let me catch my breath.

*(goes to table)*

You should see what I scored tonight.

WELLA

I want to talk.

GLENNY

Talk. Talk. Hold your horses.

WELLA

I am serious.

GLENNY

Where are the baggies?

*Glenny pulls out a sandwich bag with an amount of Speed.*

WELLA

Should be right where you left them.

GLENNY

In the?

WELLA

(going for them)

Counter cabinet.

GLENNY

Check this out.

WELLA

Tomorrow the social service woman is coming by...

GLENNY

Look at this! I'm gonna make a fortune.

WELLA

It looks yellow.

GLENNY

This is rocket fuel.

*Glenny begins to cut up the speed.*

WELLA

How much was this?

GLENNY

More than I had. I got it on the cuff.

WELLA

I need to pay bills this month or the utilities and the phone will be cut. I can't be doing this anymore.

GLENNY

I don't want to stand in your way. You're my number one gal. You know that. If you don't need me around then that's cool.

WELLA

No. But...

GLENNY

But nothing. I will make a killing off this, this weekend.

WELLA

The woman from social services is coming. I need to have a straight head.

GLENNY

Come on baby. Your head is always straight. That's why you are my favorite.

WELLA

I, I, I...I'm sorry.

GLENNY

Sorry nothing. You're my girl. We will make a bundle baby.

WELLA

I need to tell you something.

*Glenny begins to fill baggies from under the counter, quickly and with expertise. Tying each baggie off producing a little gumball shapes. Glenny pulls a length of tin foil and prepares to cook her up a sample of the new stuff.*

GLENNY

Just try this out and you will see what I mean. I need to know.

WELLA

This is the last time. Things are changing around here.

GLENNY

*(holding up foil with a lighter)*

Sure. Sure.

*Wella uses a pen casing and inhales the smoke then coughs.*

GLENNY

Good shit huh?

WELLA

It's strong.

GLENNY

That's what the guy said. Rocket fuel.

*(to Soupy)*

How about you pal?

SOUPY

No.

GLENNY

Come on. Wella likes it.

*Glenny finishes packaging the rest.*

SOUPY

I'm busy.

GLENNY

With what?

SOUPY

I am writing a letter.

GLENNY

Who do you know?

SOUPY

My Uncle Billy!

GLENNY

You two have an Uncle?

WELLA

He is somewhere in Texas.

SOUPY

Mama used to say he was a cowboy.

GLENNY

A cowboy, huh?

SOUPY

I'm going to learn to ride a horse.

*Glenny puts away packaged product and goes to Wella.*

GLENNY

Come here baby. How do you feel?...What's on your mind?

WELLA

I don't feel good.

GLENNY

What do you mean?

WELLA

You are never around. Things are changing.

GLENNY

Come on. Quit thinking about it. What is going to change?

WELLA

I am Glenny.

GLENNY

Only if you want to baby. Now we are in a good position to make some serious money.

WELLA

Will you listen to me?

GLENNY

Listen to what? You worry too much.

WELLA

Glenny, I'm pregnant.

GLENNY

With what?

WELLA

It's yours.

GLENNY

What's mine?

WELLA

It is five weeks old Glenny.

GLENNY

Okay, you know something. You are a real charmer. But it can't be mine. So, why don't you fix that problem and I'll call you in a couple of weeks.

WELLA

Glenny please don't run out.

GLENNY

Nobody is running. I'm walking baby. You just get ready for your big day tomorrow. Okay? We will be in touch.

WELLA

Glenny please stay.

GLENNY

Hey buddy.

WELLA

I feel sick.

GLENNY

*(Glenny unlocks door and flicks the lights as Soupy had before)*

Lock this door behind me.

SOUPY  
HHummmmm.

WELLA  
My heart is racing.

*Glenny exits. Soupy then goes to door and does the lock routine followed by flicking the lights.*

WELLA  
Soupy.

SOUPY  
Yes, Well.

WELLA  
Are you here?

SOUPY  
Okay.

WELLA  
Soupy I am cold.

*(Soupy puts the dirty blanket on top of Wella)*  
Is the place clean enough?

SOUPY  
It will be.

*Soupy begins to pick up best he can.*

WELLA  
Is the place clean enough?

SOUPY  
I'll clean after I finished my letter.

*(Wella goes into shock from the drugs)*

Wella Texas will be warmer for both; I mean all of us.

*Soupy consoles Wella by holding her.*

End of Play