

**SUNSET AND SEBASTIAN'S HAPPY ENDING**

a five-minute play  
by Tom Baum

©Tom Baum 2017

SUNSET, 40s, a massage therapist

SEBASTIAN, 30s-40s, her customer

The setting is a massage room. The time is the present.

*(Panflute music. In darkness:)*

SUNSET: *(over)* OK, you can turn over now.

*(Lights up on SUNSET and SEBASTIAN. SEBASTIAN is getting a massage. He's turning over on his back. SUNSET rearranges the towel. Either they're voiced by offstage actors, or they address the audience as they speak.)*

SEBASTIAN: She finally said something. I always thought they were big talkers.

SUNSET: He wants to talk.

SEBASTIAN: She asked if I had any sensitive areas. Yeah, girls who won't talk to me.

SUNSET: Can't talk today, too bummed.

SEBASTIAN: I could be anybody. She doesn't care..

SUNSET: How can they evict me? What happened to rent control?

SEBASTIAN: I should have said this was my first time.

SUNSET: Where am I going to get the cash?

SEBASTIAN: Please don't touch my hair.

SUNSET: Is that a Rolex in his shoe?

SEBASTIAN: Did I use product this morning?

SUNSET: He's hating this.

SEBASTIAN: I wish this was over.

SUNSET: I'm going to get a measly tip.

SEBASTIAN: Why does she look so unhappy?

SUNSET: You're too old for this job.

SEBASTIAN: God, now my ass is itching.

SUNSET: Yeah, what are you fit for besides massage?

SEBASTIAN: Is it wrong to scratch my ass?

SUNSET: Ohmigod, what is he doing?

SEBASTIAN: Maybe if I squirm a little.

SUNSET: Why is he writhing?

SEBASTIAN: There, that's better.

SUNSET: Did that mean what I think it means?

SEBASTIAN: Did she take that the wrong way?

SUNSET: You promised you'd never do it.

SEBASTIAN: I didn't ask for a happy ending.

SUNSET: So would you rather live in your Hyundai?

SEBASTIAN: Oh God, she's zeroing in.

SUNSET: What if they repossess your car?

SEBASTIAN: I don't even like handjobs.

SUNSET: I wonder if he'll bolt.

SEBASTIAN: I wonder how much she charges.

SUNSET: Maybe he'll turn out to be a regular.

SEBASTIAN: What if I don't come.

SUNSET: What if it takes all night.

SEBASTIAN: What if I come too soon?

SUNSET: What if he's a cop.

SEBASTIAN: What if we're raided.

SUNSET: OK, here comes wood.

SEBASTIAN: I can't help it!

SUNSET: Sunset, don't do it!

*(SUNSET stops massaging SEBASTIAN and lurches away from the table.)*

SEBASTIAN: Whoa, thank God.

SUNSET: That was really close.

SEBASTIAN: Why is she trembling?

SUNSET: Sunset, get a grip.

*(SUNSET places a crystal in the hollow of SEBASTIAN's chest.)*

SEBASTIAN: What is she doing now.

SUNSET: No more touching.

SEBASTIAN: Oh God, it's a crystal.

SUNSET: Ohmigod, he's still freaked.

SEBASTIAN: She probably believes in telepathy.

SUNSET: I bet he's a Republican.

SEBASTIAN: God, I hate this mumbo-jumbo.

SUNSET: He must be pro-life.

SEBASTIAN: I bet she's a vegan.

SUNSET: Probably hates Muslims.

SEBASTIAN: Don't be judgmental, just relax.

*(SUNSET starts moving her hands an inch above SEBASTIAN's body.)*

SUNSET: He's relaxing!

SEBASTIAN: Oh God, she's magic.

SUNSET: He's responding!

SEBASTIAN: I'm getting gooseflesh.

SUNSET: He's smiling!

SEBASTIAN: Don't stop.

SUNSET: Send him vibes of peace.

SEBASTIAN: Do that again.

SUNSET: He loves it!

SEBASTIAN: She is telepathic!

SUNSET: I was born to do this!

SEBASTIAN: How much should I tip her?

SUNSET: He'd better not stiff me.

SEBASTIAN: Should I try to make a date?

SUNSET: Should I give him my card?

SEBASTIAN: She'll think I'm hoping for a freebie.

SUNSET: I hope he knows I don't give freebies.

SEBASTIAN: Ask her out for drinks.

SUNSET: Could I ever date a Republican?

SEBASTIAN: What time does she get off?

*(Pause. SUNSET backs away from the table.)*

SUNSET: *(aloud to SEBASTIAN)* I'll let you get dressed.

*(SUNSET starts to exit.)*

SEBASTIAN: *(aloud)* I voted for Obama!

*(SUNSET turns. Pause.)*

SUNSET: *(aloud)* I get off at five!

*(Blackout. END OF PLAY.)*