**Soap Story**by Dave Carley  
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**Synopsis**

Four people find themselves caught in a La Ronde-like web of deception and discovery that starts with an innocent bar of soap. Be careful what you wash for…

**Cast**(in order of appearance)

Adrian

Brock

Chantal

Dru

**Set**

No set required. Just one bar of soap, two coffees, two glasses of wine, four actors.

**Staging**

Just that if there’s a slash bar (/) the next speaker should come in over. It’s usually BROCK.

**Production History**

*Soap Story* premiered at Schreiber’s Shorts, Schreiber Theatre, NYC in 2014.

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**1.**

*Play opens with Adrian and Brock. Adrian is in a towel, post shower.*

BROCK: *(Just figuring it out.)* You’re married.

ADRIAN: Huh/

BROCK: You’re married!

ADRIAN: What are you talking about/

BROCK: God, what a sucker I am/

ADRIAN: Where’s this coming from/

BROCK: You’re married!

ADRIAN: I’m not/

BROCK: It just hit me.

ADRIAN: What just happened here?/

BROCK: It’s the third time we’ve had sex. Third time you’ve taken a shower after.

ADRIAN: How does that make me married?/

BROCK: I had a guest bar of soap in there, did you see it?

ADRIAN: Yes/

BROCK: I bought it specially for guests/

ADRIAN: I didn’t want to/

BROCK: You didn’t use it! You’ve never used it! Three showers. You’ve never used the guest soap. You’ve never used ANY soap. Or my shampoo or the body wash or the/

ADRIAN: No/

BROCK: Why not?

ADRIAN: I dunno – I just – I just like water/

BROCK: You don’t use my soap because you don’t want the scent on you. Because you are going home to someone else you’d have to explain the scent to. You are so married.

ADRIAN: I am not/

ADRIAN: Don’t lie to me/

ADRIAN: You’re jumping to conclusions on no evidence, what if I’m allergic to soap or maybe the bar just looked too nice sitting there unued/

BROCK: Why won’t you stay over?

ADRIAN: I told you, I snore, it’s embarrassing.

BROCK: Just be honest. Please. Respect. Please.

*(Pause.)*

ADRIAN: OK.

BROCK: I knew it. I knew it.

ADRIAN: You must’ve been with married men before.

BROCK: Not knowingly. It’s against my principles. And it’s a woman? Am I right it’s a woman?

ADRIAN: Does it matter?

BROCK: It’s not so bad if it’s a man.

ADRIAN: What’s the difference?/

BROCK: Too many issues if it’s a woman. I’m sorry, Adrian. This is it.

ADRIAN: What do you mean ‘this is it’/

BROCK: We’re done. I thought we – I thought this was the real thing but God, was I blind, I mean, I’m standing here and now I think of all the clues, once again I’m blind to the clues that are being strewn about/

ADRIAN: There were other clues?

BROCK: Dozens, now that I think of it. Classic ones.

ADRIAN: Classic?/

BROCK: I ignored them all.

ADRIAN: What. Tell me.

BROCK: That would be letting down my team.

ADRIAN: Seriously, what other clues/

BROCK: Forget it. Someone else is going to need to see those clues and make up his mind about you. You have to go. I need to be alone.

ADRIAN: Aw man/

BROCK: Oh, I’ll get over you. It was just three dates, that works out to three days mourning, if precedent holds.

ADRIAN: But I really like you.

BROCK: Words.

ADRIAN: No, I really like you.

BROCK: I really liked you too. Now I really don’t. You started something that could have been good but it turns out you began it with a lie.

ADRIAN: I was going to tell you.

BROCK: And like I haven’t heard that before. Get dressed and go. Let me grieve.

***2.***

*BROCK immediately turns to CHANTAL, who has arrived and holds out a coffee.*

BROCK: Men are such fools. They think they can hide the truth but they forget the details.

CHANTAL: It’s sad because you thought he was The One.

BROCK: I never thought he was The One.

CHANTAL: Just yesterday you said he was The One.

BROCK: Just yesterday I was an idiot.

CHANTAL: Yesterday you were an optimist. And you said he was funny and smart and *(indicates hung)*

BROCK: (Pah)

CHANTAL: You said -

BROCK: Things get smaller the wider your eyes get opened. Dumber, less funny, much smaller.

CHANTAL: I don’t believe you.

BROCK: I just can’t be the other man if there’s a woman in the picture. With men, you expect it and there are rules. There’s a whole unwritten code. But when the wife is a wife, things get very, very heavy. The level of hurt is on a completely different plane and I don’t want to ever be the cause of that. But yeah, OK, he was smart. And funny. And ardent.

CHANTAL: Ardent?

BROCK: Like he’d been crawling across a sexual Sahara and I was the oasis.

CHANTAL: That’s/

BROCK: Wait. I’m trying to decide if I like the metaphor. Yeah, I like it.

CHANTAL: So you won’t call him.

BROCK: Never.

*(BROCK’s phone sounds.)*

Speak of the devil. What.

CHANTAL: You just said/

BROCK: He sent me a selfie. *(Looks and smiles)*

CHANTAL: What.

BROCK: It’s sort of funny. *(Shows CHANTAL)*

CHANTAL: He’s covered in lather?

BROCK: Yeah.

CHANTAL: Holding a bar of soap?

BROCK: Yes.

CHANTAL: Why’s it so green?

BROCK: It’s a special brand.

CHANTAL: It’s very green.

BROCK: I ‘m not sure what he’s saying with this.

CHANTAL: He’s sorry? *(Gets text herself.)* Just a sec. *(Looks, smiles.)*

BROCK: Ohhhh, now there’s a smile I haven’t seen in a while.

CHANTAL: I met someone.

BROCK: Did we now.

CHANTAL: Yes we did.

BROCK: Were we keeping it a secret?

CHANTAL: No. We’ve just had one date. I really like her. She’s – ardent. You know?

BROCK: Vague memories.

CHANTAL: She wants to meet for a drink. Do you – would you mind?

BROCK: Go, Shoo.

CHANTAL: But we’re in mourning.

BROCK: Be off.

CHANTAL: Are you sure?

BROCK: I’ll survive.

CHANTAL: *(Kisses him.)* Thanks. I’ll call you later.

**3.**

*CHANTAL turns to DRU – who hands her a glass of wine.*

CHANTAL: I’m glad you texted. I wasn’t sure if we were – you know – going to have a – you know, a second – date -

DRU: Oh I hope we are.

CHANTAL: That makes me happy. *(Pause.)* So where’s the U Haul?

DRU: Pardon?

CHANTAL: We’re lesbians. It’s our second date. Where’s the U Haul.

DRU: I don’t get it/

CHANTAL: It’s a dumb joke. Cheers.

DRU: Cheers. I hope I didn’t interrupt anything.

CHANTAL: I was consoling a friend. I’m really glad to see you.

DRU: Me too.

*(Pause.)*

Chantal. There’s something I have to tell you. I have to be – I mean, I know we’ve just - met - once but I would like to see you again and but I want to be I mean right from the start I want us to be, this, to be honest so, I can’t start something, if we’re starting something, not with deception you know *(Deep breath).* I’m married.

CHANTAL: Oh.

DRU: I should have told you right at the start but I thought, just one night, just let me have one night, I want to know what it’s like.

CHANTAL: This is a lot of information. You’re married to a -

DRU: Guy.

CHANTAL: Oh. A guy.

DRU: College sweetheart.

CHANTAL: And he’s a guy.

DRU: Very much so.

CHANTAL: That’s OK then.

DRU: No it’s not!

CHANTAL: Sure it is. If you were married to a woman I’d have problems. Then I’d be the other woman woman. But a guy’s OK. It’s like a different species. Morally, you might as well be married to a boat.

DRU: A boat?

CHANTAL: I have no qualms when it’s a boat.

DRU: I’m not following you.

CHANTAL: I’m just glad you told me.

DRU: I don’t want to hurt him.

CHANTAL: How can he get hurt?

DRU: When I tell him.

CHANTAL: Don’t tell him!

DRU: But.

CHANTAL: Not now. We just met. Don’t spend your life blurting. *(Pause*.) When you said, earlier, you said, “I wanted to know what it’s like”. Does that mean what I think it means?

DRU: Yes.

CHANTAL: Now that, that I wish you had told me. That is a responsibility. *(Pause.)* And kind of an honour.

DRU: Really?

CHANTAL: So look. I respect you want to tell him. Just don’t, not right away. See what happens with us. You’ve told me, that’s enough telling for now. OK?

DRU: OK.

CHANTAL: Why did you ask to meet here?

DRU: Because you live across the road?

CHANTAL: And when do you have to get home to hubby?

DRU: Not for an hour. Is that enough time?

CHANTAL: Yes, and let’s find out.

**4.**

*DRU turns to ADRIAN, who is in his towel and holding his cellphone. He is also holding a bar of green soap. ADRIAN kisses DRU.*

DRU: Sorry I’m late. You smell nice.

ADRIAN: Really?

DRU: Different.

ADRIAN: It’s a new soap I’m trying.

DRU: It smells – healthy.

ADRIAN: It’s got kale.

DRU: Kale. I tried to serve you kale last week and you wouldn’t touch it.

ADRIAN: I uh - A guy at the gym had it, his locker’s next to me and I asked him, I mean it’s not really the kind of thing guys ask guys it’s sort of like standing at the next urinal to them, asking about their soap, but I found I couldn’t get the smell out of my mind so I asked him and – you really like it?

DRU: Yes. Kale?

ADRIAN: Yeah. Kale. I can’t get enough of it now. This is my third shower today.

DRU: Well, your other soap was kind of bland.

ADRIAN: Sorry.

DRU: Oh, I didn’t mind. I’m really sensitive to smell so/

ADRIAN: Is this too strong then?

DRU: No, I like it.

ADRIAN: Then I’ll keep using it.

DRU: Sure.

ADRIAN: Change is good.

DRU: Yeah, change is good.

*(ADRIAN hugs DRU. Sniffs.)*

ADRIAN: You smell different.

DRU: Really?

ADRIAN: *(Pause.)* You switching soaps too?

DRU: *(Pause.)* I – uh – already have.

ADRIAN: Good.

DRU: You – don’t - mind?

ADRIAN: No Dru.

DRU: Good.

ADRIAN: In fact, I couldn’t be happier.

*They kiss. Fast Black.*

**The End.**