

Not Rachel

---

A short play by  
Rodrigo Baumgartner Ayres  
rodrigo@directorayres.com  
directorayres.com

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DAVE: mid thirties, depressed, drunkard.

RACHEL: mid twenties, sexy.

SETTING

A disheveled living room.

A thunderstorm raging outside. (Play with lights and sound)

At least two doors. (The third door (Heaven) can be the audience.)

TIME

The present.

A dream.

SYNOPSIS

Dave stumbles drunk into his apartment and is astonished to encounter his ex-girlfriend Rachel waiting there. When he questions her she denies being Rachel and reveals that Rachel is dead. She also reveals that Dave might be the culprit behind the death. The play progresses into a state of suspended reality when Rachel presents to Dave his options which are materialized in the form of three doors: Purgatory, Hell and Heaven.

NOT RACHEL

*The sound of rain. A soft light reveals the figure of DAVE as he enters the dark stage through a door. DAVE's disheveled attire is dripping wet from the rain. He hits a light switch several times but the electricity is out.*

*The sound of thunder. Lights blink. The figure of RACHEL is revealed in that split second before the lights go off again. RACHEL sits atop a desk in a sexy position.*

DAVE

Rach?

(Dave stumbles in the dark. A soft light slowly reveals the figure of RACHEL.)

DAVE

What the hell? What are you doing here? How did you get in?

RACHEL

I let myself in.

DAVE

Ok... You freaked me out 'dollface'. Why are you here? Why are you sitting in the dark?

RACHEL

Because that's where you left me.

DAVE

All right, weirdo. Are you gonna make me kick your fat ass out? I'm tired as fuck, but don't you doubt it, I'll punch you in the face and drag you out by the hair.

RACHEL

You're not tired, you're drunk. You're shit faced.

DAVE

Oh yeah?

RACHEL

Come here Dave, I want to talk to you. I have a secret to tell you.

(DAVE approaches RACHEL. She tries to touch his face but he pulls away.)

DAVE

It's three in the freaking morning, I'm going to sleep. I mean, you're welcome to hangout, I don't know what the fuck you're doing here after all you did. But I'm going to sleep. All right, 'lady'?

RACHEL

That's not all right, I was waiting for you, Dave.

(RACHEL pulls her skirt up a little revealing her thighs.)

DAVE

Good night Rachel.

(Thunder strikes. Lights go off and on again. The messy apartment is revealed. There's a couch (C.S) with scattered pillows; a short table with bottles of beer, liquor and empty glasses; a mirror; and three doors (U.S.R - C - L).

RACHEL

It's not going to be a good night Dave. And I'm not Rachel. And you're not going anywhere.

(DAVE shows his middle finger.)

DAVE

Good night, 'Not Rachel'.

(DAVE tries to open the door of his bedroom but it's locked. Dave bangs on the door.)

RACHEL

Have a seat. Here, would you like some water? Would you like another drink?

DAVE

Listen you whore. Do you want me to fuck you? Because if I do, you're not gonna like it.

RACHEL

Oh, I'm gonna love it. But we need to have a drink first, I'm not that easy.

DAVE

Ha! Little Rach, darling, I didn't know you had it in you. Is there where you hid my key? Up in your asshole? (Laughs)

RACHEL

(Laughs) I like you Dave. I've always liked you. But I told you already, I'm not Rachel. Rachel is dead. You killed her, don't you remember?

(DAVE is silent.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You do. I know you do. You can feel it. How do you feel Dave?

DAVE

Yeah, I feel like I want to kill you. That's how I feel.

RACHEL

Well you did that already! Well, not me though. You killed Rachel. You drugged her, you abused her and when she tried to get away from you, you killed her.

(DAVE feels sick.)

DAVE

Who the fuck are you?

RACHEL

You know who I am. I'm your best friend.

DAVE

No, you died. You're dead.

RACHEL

Rachel is dead, yes.

DAVE

But I didn't kill you.

RACHEL

No? So tell me Dave, what happened then?

DAVE

Shut up. Just shut up, ok? Give me my key.

(RACHEL looks in the mirror.)

RACHEL

You thought... How could a girl like this possibly be with a guy like you. You knew it wouldn't last. She was too young and beautiful. Eventually she would be back on her track and leave you behind. Isn't that true, Dave? You didn't love her. You didn't even like her. You were just jealous that she had a better life than you.

DAVE

You're wrong.

RACHEL

Unlike you, Rach was going places. So you made sure she stayed exactly where she was. That's how you killed her. You poisoned her mind with your malice and intoxicated her body with alcohol and drugs.

DAVE

But I didn't kill her.

RACHEL

Are you sure Dave? No, you wouldn't be here if you were. So tell me, right at that moment, did you know what could happen?

DAVE

I was not myself.

RACHEL

Oh, but you were. That's how you have always been Dave. High and wasted.

DAVE

No. She betrayed me. She was a whore.

RACHEL

And that's why you punished her. You KNEW what could happen if you let her go into that car, drunk and in rage right after you had abused her. Deep down you wanted her to die, because she deserved it, and it wouldn't be your fault... (Beat) And as she stumbled drunk into the car, you said:

DAVE & RACHEL

Have a safe trip.

RACHEL

(Laughs) You're funny Dave. You're so deep and so shallow all at the same time. Do you ever mean what you say?

(Rachel turns to the audience and imitates DAVE's voice.)

RACHEL

Life is a shit show! It's drinking that makes us wise and sober! I jerk off at the face of pain.

(DAVE also speaks to the audience.)

DAVE

I always mean what I say.

RACHEL

I agree! We shouldn't take life so seriously. It's like a ride in a roller coaster. You can hold on real tight and wish the whole time for it to be over. Or you can just let go and enjoy the ride, but that's just as safe, you have bars that hold you in place. But you Dave, you drank a pack of beers and ate an entire burrito just before your ride so you could puke on everyone. (Laughs) Still you're trapped, restrained by the bars that hold you back. But I'm here to help you set yourself free.

DAVE

God damn it, all right, I'll take the drink.

RACHEL

Great, I'll take one too.

(They sit on the couch. She pours whisky for them and they toast.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

To you Dave.

DAVE

To me.

(They drink.)

RACHEL

Good, isn't it? Straight from Purgatory.

DAVE

Excellent. Is Purgatory where you come from, Mrs. Ghost?

RACHEL

Nope, Purgatory is where you can go if you want to. That door you were trying to open before? Will eventually take you there. But you must really want it, otherwise the door is just gonna stay shut. Would you like me to explain?

(RACHEL sips on her whisky.)

DAVE

Hurry up, please?

RACHEL

If you go through that door...

(The door to the bedroom (U.S.Left) is illuminated by a purple light.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

...Then things will be back to how they used to be. Rach will be dead, yes, but not because of you. In fact, there will be no guilt. After all, it's not your fault Rach chose to be around you and allowed herself to be dragged down by you. It's not your fault that you are who you are, Dave. So if you want, you can go back, and you can cheat, and you can steal, and you can even kill, and I promise you, your conscience will be wiped clean of remorse. And when there is no remorse there is no acknowledgement of sin, and because of that, when you finally die, you will go to Purgatory, where you can do everything that you love the most.



DAVE

All right, that sounds promising.

RACHEL

Indeed. Well, you do get raped here and there in Purgatory, take on some severe beatings. But eventually all your sins will be repented and at that point you will ascend to the Havens. So, that's good huh?

DAVE

As long as those damn angels have this good whisky up there.

RACHEL

They have other stuff. But when that time comes I'm pretty sure you'll be all sick and done with this 'good whisky'.

DAVE

I really doubt that. All right, this is getting interesting. What does THAT door do?

RACHEL

The door you came from?

(The front door (U.S.Right) is illuminated by a red light.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It also leads you back to your life... this apartment, and drinking and... Rach will be dead, but this time her memory will haunt you forever. Remorse and regret will consume you and when you die you will go to Hell.

DAVE

Hmmmm. Humhum, good...

RACHEL

Yes, yes... Hell, the place where you die over and over, burned, stabbed, shot, tortured... and you are always suffering... You see? Remorse leads to self pity, and depression, and anger, and to sin... and killing, and suicide, and rage-

DAVE

Fuck off! God. Demon. Shut up!

RACHEL

You get the picture, I'm sorry.

DAVE

It wasn't my fault, you know?

RACHEL

It has never been your fault Dave. You are but a 'tool' of no choice of your own.

DAVE

No, I mean, I do make my own choices.

RACHEL

But are they the right choices? Or do you wish things had been different?

DAVE

Listen, if I could bring her back, I would. The bitch didn't deserve to die.

RACHEL

There is no 'deserve', Dave. Death is just part of it. Do you deserve to be born? Do you deserve to exist? Do you deserve to be alive?

DAVE

Yes, I deserve to be alive, just like everybody else. I'm important. I'm the most important motherfucker in the world. If I don't take care of me, who will?

(RACHEL guides DAVE to the mirror.)

RACHEL

(Showing DAVE his reflection)

Indeed. You are the center of the universe. To you, everything has ever revolved around you. It's the other people is the problem. They do you wrong everyday, right? But do they ever say they're sorry?

DAVE

You got a big mouth, I give you that. But since I don't think I can get hard for you tonight baby, maybe you want to try swallowing me up to the balls?

RACHEL

(Laughs) Thank you. That's very flattering. Although, a little bit concerning. Has that been happening to you frequently?

DAVE

Only when I remember your face in front of me.

RACHEL

Would you like to know where she is?

DAVE

Not particularly.

RACHEL

She is in Purgatory. She's agonizing, you see? Repenting from one's sins is not like going to Heaven... She is being raped, and doing the raping too. And drinking the 'good whisky'.

DAVE

Well, I had nothing to do with it.

RACHEL

Maybe you have, maybe you haven't. Whatever makes you happy Dave. Yet, you can still be the hero of the story if you want to. But there's one thing that is required for one to become a hero. And that is 'the sacrifice'. You must choose another rather than yourself. You must die so you can be reborn in Heaven. Is that who you are Dave? The hero? If you go through that door-

DAVE

That's the bathroom.

RACHEL

If you go through that door...

(The door on the center (U.S) is illuminated by a blue light.)

RACHEL

... Rachel will be saved and you'll take her place in death. You'll abdicate life, recognize your guilt and beg for forgiveness. So you see? You can bring her back after all. But will you, Dave?

DAVE

No. Why should I give my life for hers? She betrayed me. She cheated on me. And I know people, if you do it once you'll do it again. She ruined it. She hurt me. And I don't allow anybody to hurt me.

RACHEL

You're trying to escape from your feelings and even from having feelings. Regret is a horrible thing so you try to keep yourself busy, and drink. But with death is different. It will keep coming back to haunt you unless you make your peace with it. It defines who you are. Who are you Dave?

DAVE

I'm the bad guy.

RACHEL

So it was your fault?

DAVE

No. She was a slut. She broke my heart.

RACHEL

Ok. Did you tie her up inside the car and pushed her down the hill?

DAVE

No.

RACHEL

She decided by herself to enter the car and drive away. Right? That was all her. She betrayed you. She felt regret and now she is dead. People can be very stupid Dave, but you don't have to be.

DAVE

She wasn't herself. And I wasn't myself either.

RACHEL

Then who were you?

DAVE

I was possessed

RACHEL

By whom?

DAVE

By you!

RACHEL

I am a part of you Dave. I'm the part of you that will never go away, so I think you should befriend me. Because I'm always going to be there for you. I'm your best friend.

DAVE

Then what should I do?

RACHEL

Whatever makes you happy.

DAVE

Pfff...

(The sound of thunder striking.  
Lights go off and on again.)

RACHEL

Listen, right now you're driving your car through this thunderstorm. You're very drunk and in your heart you have that same feeling you had that night with Rachel. You knew what could happen to you when you got in the car, and part of you wishes for it to happen. You fell asleep at the wheel, and here we are. Every hour in this place is only one second outside in the real world. But how many more seconds until you crash, Dave?

DAVE

And if I crash?

RACHEL

Straight to Hell, of course.

DAVE

Nice... So many good options. Let me think about it.

(DAVE sits and ponders.)

RACHEL

Tic-toc, tic-toc, tic-toc.

(DAVE points at the bottle of  
whisky.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Sure

(RACHEL is about to pour but DAVE snatches it from her hand and drinks straight from the bottle.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Choose happiness. Choose yourself. Who are you Dave?

(DAVE walks from one door to the other as their lights go on and off.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You like to suffer Dave. You enjoy self pity, you are full of hate and jealousy. If you just wait you will go straight to Hell where you can have all of that and live eternity to it's fullest.

(DAVE keeps drinking and pacing.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Although it is funny how the people you love the most are also the ones who hurt you the most... Just forget her Dave, she betrayed you. You should go live your life free of guilt and be who you were meant to be!

(RACHEL makes DAVE stop by grabbing his hand. They look deep into each other's eyes.)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Save her. Be a hero. Ask for forgiveness. Give her a chance to be that person you didn't allow her to be.

DAVE

I'm sorry. It was my fault. But I can't save you. The Devil was once an angel, right? And like him, I would fall. I must do what makes me happy. I'm sorry for what I did to you. I betrayed you and ruined us both. I'm sorry I never told you I loved you. That's my biggest regret.

(DAVE is about to kiss RACHEL.  
Instead, DAVE strangles her to her  
death. Dave grabs a bottle of  
whisky and enters the red door.)

(End play)