

Lithman Hall

Or
Para-Dorm-al
Activity. A short skit..
By Tim Pullen

Cast

Eric Lithman: The resident of the dorm room, with the appearance of a freshman in college. Dressed as a 1960's student would dress.

Jerry Gross: Freshman in college -just moving in. Dressed in modern attire.

Chelsea Pasht: Jerry's girlfriend, also dressed in modern clothes.

(Lights go up on a dorm room. Very simple, very plain. Two beds both made, a night stand with a lamp and two small desks with chairs are all that's really necessary. Jerry walks in carrying suit cases or bags and a cardboard box filled with junk -barely able to hold it all. Eric sits at the desk and calmly turns to watch him enter.)

Jerry: Oh -um -hey, how are you.

Eric: No one told me I was getting a roommate.

Jerry: Yeah, I didn't hear anything about you either. Don't get up. I got this. (He plopps his stuff on the bed.)

Eric: Good. Now can you handle hauling it back out?

Jerry: No.

Eric: No?

Jerry: This is room 206, right? (He takes out a paper and reads it.)

Eric: Right.

Jerry: Lithman Hall? (He pronounces it Lye-th -man.)

Eric: Yes, but it's Lithman. (He pronounces it Li-th-man)

Jerry: Then I'm in the right spot. Maybe you're in the wrong room? Or roam- however you wanna say it. (He holds the paper out for Eric to take, Eric looks but does not touch it.)

Eric: I don't think so.

Jerry: Then that makes us roomeys. Did I take your bed? I'll respect first dibs on it.

Eric: No, this ones mine (indicating the clear bed.)

Jerry: Name's Jerry. (He holds out his hand to shake, but Eric does not take it.)

Eric: Eric. (Light quickly flickers)

Jerry: Real friendly school ya got here. It took me hours just to find this room. Nobody on campus wanted to give me any directions. They heard I was in Lithman hall -excuse me Lithman -and gave me the silent treatment.

Eric: I don't think you want to stay here.

Jerry: In this school?

Eric: In this room.

Jerry: This time of night, I don't think I have a lot of choice. You want me to go sleep in my car?

Eric: You may be more comfortable. (Light flickers.)

Jerry: That lights a little annoying, but I don't think so, my car is four hundred and some miles away at home. Freshmen cant park on campus- remember?

Eric: That's a shame.

Jerry: I know, you'd think they'd want you to be able to get to a job or something so you could start paying off the loans.

Eric: It's a shame you don't have a car to sleep in.

Jerry: Why? You an axe murderer or something?

Eric: No, but not many people like this room.

Jerry: You got bad gas?

Eric: Not usually.

Jerry: Yeah? Then maybe you'd like the car. I had fast food burritoos for dinner. Look, I'm sorry if I'm cramping your style or something here, but I really need a place to crash. I'll go talk to the housing people in the morning if you hate me that much.

Eric: I didn't say I hated you. I don't know you.

Jerry: Well, take some time, get to know me, then hate me.

Eric: Okay.

Jerry: I was kidding- that was suppose to be a joke.

Eric: I gathered.

Jerry: What did I do? Get into a school where the tuition was too high? Are you all a bunch of snobs?

Eric: I can't imagine anyone is treating you badly based on social status -you are in the same school.

Jerry: I'm here on a baseball scholarship, just two years -so if I don't keep up my grades or my game I'm getting the boot. So I don't want to make any waves if I can help it, you know -but- look -I'll have them put me in another room tomorrow.

Eric: I got in on a scholarship too.

Jerry: Then you know what I'm saying -you don't wanna cause a scene either.

Eric: I don't know about that.

Jerry: You know, you don't wanna be kicked out.

Eric: I don't think they can.

Jerry: Oh yeah they can, my older brother got caught boozin and usin on you tube and got sent straight home, he's workin at Walmart now -for minimum wage.

Eric: I was an only child.

Jerry: Sorry about that.

Eric: So were my parents.

Jerry: You're missin out. My older brother is great, he's such a bum I can get straight Cs and still be the good one.

Eric: You seem like a nice enough guy.

Jerry: You too, other than that whole "get outta my room " thing ya got going.

Eric: It's a warning of concern. For your own good, not mine. This room is haunted.

Jerry: A haunted dorm room?

Eric: That lamp flickers off and on all by itself. (The lamp does so)

Jerry: It always does that? Just a lose wire, I'm sure.

Eric: Perhaps I'd agree with you.(light goes off then comes back on. When it comes on Eric is now standing behind Jerry.) But that lamp has been changed three times.

Jerry: Holy shit! Don't do that.

Eric: It usually freaks people out when I say that.

Jerry: It wasn't what you said, it's popping up behind me that scared the crap outta me. You know the outlet you're plugging the lamp into could just have faulty wiring. My dad is a contractor -he builds houses -he built ours -and there's faulty wiring everywhere.

Eric: The water turns on in the bathroom, the toilet flushes randomly, the doors lock and unlock without anyone being any where near them.

Jerry: You don't seem to mind.

Eric: I'm used to it. I've been here a while.

Jerry: I thought this place was just for freshmen.

Eric: It is.

Jerry: Then how have you? Oh, you retaking classes?

Eric: No, I just like this room.

Jerry: But you said it was haunted.

Eric: Can't I like a haunted room? I just want to warn you most people don't enjoy it.

Jerry: How could a dorm room get haunted? Theres nothing scary in a dorm room you can't fix with Fabreeze. The only thing that happens bad in dorm rooms is sex and booze.

Eric: Or suicide.

Jerry: Someone killed themselves? Here? (Eric shakes his head.)

Jerry: Here here? Like a college kid? Like our age?

Eric: Do you have to be a certain age?

Jerry: No, I guess not. This just doesn't seem like the place for -you know -stuff like that to happen.

Eric: They put new carpet down, they couldn't get rid of the blood stains. They painted the wall where the bullet splattered the brain. Changed all the furniture. But they couldn't change the fact that it happened here. Couldn't do anything about the kid that wanted so much to die.

Jerry: If he wanted to die so much he wouldn't be haunting the place.

Eric: What do you mean?

Jerry: If he really wanted to die, he wouldn't still be hanging around in a place of the living now would he?

Eric: No, I guess he wouldn't.

Jerry: So theres gotta be some other explanation. Leaky pipes, toilet bowl problems, some random pranks on freshman. Or you just really hate company. (Light flickers -long enough for Eric to move to a different location.)

Eric: You won't like me.

Jerry: Shit, would you stop that. You must be very optimistic.

Eric: I'm gay.

Jerry: Okay. So?

Eric: Doesn't that bother you?

Jerry: Why should it? Are you hitting on me or something? I'm flattered and all, but I've got a girl freind. She's suppose to stop by and visit me tonight or tomorrow.

Eric: I'm not hitting on you.

Jerry: Oh are you having some guy over? Is that why you want me out? You know we can work out a hanger on the door knob or something. I won't interrupt your fun if you don't mess with mine.

Eric: That doesn't repulse you?

Jerry: Why should it? I like some stuff that might repulse you. You ever had circus peanuts? I'm one of the only people on earth that likes those.

Eric: No, I like those too.

Jerry: See? We got stuff in common. People can do what they want. It's none of my business. Jeeze man, nobody cares about that stuff anymore. Well, I don't.

Eric: Really?

Jerry: Of course. I don't mind if you wanna paint the room pink, but no naked boy pictures on the wall -that would be a little weird,for me. But you don't have to go making up ghost stories to scare me off. We can work it out, fair and square.

Eric: I like you, you can stay here as long as you want. (Knock at the door)

Jerry: Thanks, That's gotta be Chelsea -she's my girlfriend (the light goes out then back up, but this time Eric is gone.) I'd like you to meet-? (He looks around.) Her? Where'd you go this time? Eric? (Another knock at the door) coming! (He opens the door- Chelsea enters.)

Chelsea: I thought you said Letterman hall, not Lithman hall.

Jerry: It's pronounced Lithman, but it doesn't matter. Better late than never. (He looks around the room and under the beds) we still have an hour till curfew.

Chelsea: Did you lose something?

Jerry: Maybe my mind. I wanted you to meet my roommate -

Chelsea: Good, you have a roommate? I thought you said you didn't have a roommate.

Jerry: I didn't think I did, but he was here. Now I lost him.

Chelsea: Where's your paper? (He hands it to her.)

Jerry: I'm sure I read it wrong, he was right here. His butt imprint is still on the bedsheet.

Chelsea: No, its marked up here with your roommates name- if you have one. And you don't. You can't stay in this room!

Jerry: You too?

Chelsea: I can't believe anyone assigned you to this room. Come on.

Jerry: What? Are you going to tell me this room is haunted?

Chelsea: This is 206 Lithman hall!

Jerry: Yeah, I know, it took me two hours to find it. No one wanted to help me.

Chelsea: Do you know what happened here?

Jerry: A suicide?

Chelsea: The suicide! The one that almost shut this school down.

Jerry: I've never heard of it before tonight.

Chelsea: Don't you research anything? When they accepted me, I looked this school up, I learned all about it. (She pulls a laptop out of a box and opens it.)

Jerry: That's very throughout of you.

Chelsea: It was like nineteen sixty-two or something, this guy gets in on a football scholarship, but he's a closet homosexual. The team somehow finds out about it, and beats the crap outta him -then the coach kicks him off the football team, but without the scholarship they kick him outta college. He leaves the deans office and comes up to this room to pack his bags -and right in front of the dean and his parents and everything he pulls a revolver outta his pocket and blows his brains out! In this very room.

Jerry: (looking at a picture on the computer.) Hey! That's Eric! (He smiles as he recognizes his new friend.)

Chelsea: Exactly Eric Lithman, they re-named the building after him. This is the guy that-

Jerry: Killed himself? (His smile fades) it's pronounced Lithman.

Chelsea: I always heard it pronounced Lithman.

Jerry: It's not.

Chelsea: Back in nineteen sixty two in this -

Jerry: Very room -yeah, I got all that. (Light flickers. Chelsea holds Jerry, Jerry looks out to audience -very freaked out -lights out) I got that.

End scene.

(I hope this gets an F, for Freaked out.)

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