

COST OF LIVING  
by Martyna Majok

*About the play (from the playwright):*

What is the road that brought us here? Unemployed truck driver Eddie sits at a bar alone, recalling his final moments with wife, Ani Luz, when a car accident turned the focus of their relationship from divorcing to caregiving. Overworked and underpaid, Jess takes on another job to make ends meet—this time, as a personal caregiver for a wealthy and beautiful graduate student named John, who has cerebral palsy. *Cost of Living* is a play that delves into the chasm between abundance and need and explores the space where bodies—abled and disabled, rich and poor—meet each other.

*NOTE: This excerpt is made available for Playwrights' Center auditions ONLY. Any other sharing, copying, distributing, or other use is prohibited.*

EDDIE TORRES—male, 40-50s

*About the scene:*

At the top of the play, EDDIE is drinking at St. Mazie's bar in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. He drinks a seltzer and speaks to someone.

EDDIE

Signs are real.

This I know cuz I used to drive trucks. Cross-country. Loved it. Loved every aspect of the job. The scenery. Every aspect. The fuckin scenery. Utah? Jesus H, man. Utah's gorgeous and no one even know!

But then I got popped for a DUI. In a car. Blocks from home.  
Lost my CDL.  
Shit's Creek.  
So I got the memories. And some unemployment.

That life is good for people. I was thankful for every day they ain't invented yet the trucker robots.

That life is good. The road. Sky. The scenery.

Except the loneliness.

Except in the case of all the, y'know, loneliness.

This was what my wife was good for.

Not that this was the only thing.

But everyone what's married there's, y'know, the *fuuuuck* days Like, *fuuuuck* what did I do. What did I actually fuckin do here.

Cuz, y'know, you married a *person*. And a person's gonna be a person even if they're married. That's a lesson. That's a lesson for yer LIFE right there.

But still I

I still

still loved her.

She would text me. On the road.

At night.

In motels.

Which, alone, can be, can drum up certain feelings.  
This is why there's Bibles in motels.  
We're all of us, in motels, on the road to somewhere we ain't at yet and that makes  
us feel feelings.  
Roads are dark and America's long.

And I mean this wasn't *poetry*, these texts.

This wasn't like, y'know ...

*(tries to remember a verse of a poem, can't)*

... *poetry*.

"Thinkin of You."

"How's Things."

"Yer check came today."

"Off to bed."

"Goodnight."

That little buzz in my pocket or on the nightstand, that's the rope gets tossed down  
to you at the bottom of that well. When the thoughts come. Y'know. The Thoughts.  
That loneliness. The texts, they're like, climb on up outta there, y'know. Get up  
outta those thoughts, y'know, cuz "Thinkin of You."