

THE 2 QUEERS A LESBIAN MEETS AT THE HOME DEPOT

(WHEN SHE GOES TO FIND A GOOD GAY GREEN PAINT FOR HER GIRLFRIEND'S KITCHEN) 🌈

By Savannah Hankinson

Who's Who:

NEAVH (they/them)

CHESA (she/her)

LAURIE (she/her)

PROLOGUE:

*The customer service counter at Home Depot. In the suburbs. In the South. South Carolina, to be exact.*

*NEAVH stands behind the desk, straight-backed, attentive, ready for anything.*

*They pick up a wipe and start cleaning the desk.*

*They tidy the desk and make sure it's in tip-top condition.*

*Satisfied with their work, they look around and sneakily reach under the desk to pull out a large Slurpee. They suck it down.*

*CHESA enters, with a very stuffed tote bag.*

*She approaches the desk.*

*Neavh hides the slurpee.*

NEAVH

Hi! Welcome to Home Depot, I'm Neavh. How may I help you?

*Chesa comfortably leans on the desk, like she owns the place.*

*She runs her eyes over Neavh.*

CHESA

How long's your break? Do you have time to leave the building and... go somewhere...

NEAVH

I beg your pardon?

CHESA

What? I wanna know how long our break is. I work here now.

*She takes her crumpled up home depot apron out of her bag and tosses it on the desk.*

NEAVH

Oh. Oh! Hi! You're my trainee today. I thought you were a no-show.

*They look at their watch.*

CHESA

Nah, I'm not a no-show, I'm Chesa.

NEAVH

Chesa?

CHESA

Chesa.

NEAVH

Cool. I'm Neavh. So, first things first... we have, well I have, an iron in the breakroom that you can use to straighten out your vest.

CHESA

Oh, no it's ok. I'll just...

*Chesa throws the apron on and presses it against her body to try to iron out the creases a bit. It doesn't work. She throws her body against the desk to try to smooth it out. She glides her body against the desk for a while. It doesn't look any better.*

CHESA

See. All good.

NEAVH

Yeah... umm...Ok!

*Chesa's phone dings in her pocket. She takes it out. Laughs, responds to the text.*

NEAVH

Did you have a chance to review the employee handbook.

CHESA

No.

NEAVH

Oh, do you want to take time to look it over now.

CHESA

Not really.

NEAVH

Umm...

CHESA

I'm more of a hands-on learner.

*Chesa starts touching things around the desk.*

NEAVH

Uh... Well, a few things: we're not allowed to use cellphones while we're on the floor--

*Chesa's phone dings again. She looks at it. Laughs harder than last time.*

CHESA

Shit. She's funny. I interrupted you, go on.

NEAVH

Ok, so no cellphones. No food and drink at the desk. Except water. Water is allowed now.

NEAVH

I don't know if—

*Chesa's phone dings again. She looks at it and laughs.*

CHESA

Ok, with you now. Let's go.

NEAVH

I don't know if this is gonna work.

CHESA  
What? No. No Cellphones?

*She tucks her phone into her pants.*

CHESA  
See, all good.

NEAVH  
I just don't think/

CHESA  
/And no food and drink you said? But... slurpees are allowed.

*Chesa eyes Neavh's slurpee.  
They clutch it.*

CHESA  
Look, I'm here, I'm queer, I'm desperate for a paycheck.

NEAVH  
You're queer?

CHESA  
Oh yeah. Lesbian, nice to meet you.

NEAVH  
Lesbian! In South Carolina? Rare! Fun!

CHESA  
Kinda rare, but very fun! And you are...

NEAVH  
Neavh.

CHESA  
Yeah, Neavh, I know. But I mean, are you... ya know... I don't mean to assume but are you.. ya know...—

NEAVH  
Oh, oh my god, sweetie, yes yes yes yes yesssss, please. Thank god.

CHESA  
Thank god!

Thank god! Right?

NEAVH

Right.

CHESA

*They start getting unsure.*

Right?

NEAVH

Right...Yeah. It's fun.

CHESA

It's the best!

NEAVH

*They think for a moment.*

It's really good.

NEAVH

It's a life.

CHESA

Yeah.

NEAVH

I mean life kinda sucks.

CHESA

Yeah. That's just life right.

NEAVH

*Beat.*

I'm really glad you're gay.

CHESA

I'm really glad you're gay!

NEAVH

*They lean in.*

NEAVH

There aren't that many of us here... at The Home Depot.

CHESA

You think there'd be more lesbians who work here.

NEAVH

Oh, no, they all work at the Carharrrt 20 miles away.

CHESA

There's a Carharrrt nearby?

NEAVH

THEY'RE NOT HIRING!

*Neavh slurps their slurpee out of anxiety.*

CHESA

Ok...

NEAVH

So, just know that not everyone is... ok, with us. So, I'll show you how to get by without... issue.

CHESA

I'm not really into hiding who I am/

*Neavh catches sight of someone who walks past the desk, unseen by the audience but seen by Neavh and Chesa.*

NEAVH

/Shhh! SH!!! SHH!!

*Neavh straightens up suddenly and puffs out their chest. Starts acting very "straight".*

CHESA

Uh, what?

NEAVH

Hey, Carl. Good to see ya. Keep it tough out there in Lawn Equipment.

*Carl exits. Neavh lets all the air out of their chest.*

CHESA

Why'd you do—

NEAVH

Pitchforks, Chesa. Lit-ral pitchforks. In Lawn Equipment. If Carl saw my faggotry, he'd murder me. But he stays outside. And we are here at the desk.

LOUD SPEAKER

Customer service needed in Lawn Equipment. Customer Service needed in Lawn Equipment.

NEAVH

Except when that happens. And then we just...

*Neavh adjust themselves, spits on the floor, and walks like John Wayne going off to battle.*

*Chesa stares in confusion and awe.*

*Neavh almost exits, but turns, and breaks character.*

NEAVH

Well, Bitch, come with me!

*Chesa catches up with them.*

NEAVH

You're kinda a shit trainee.

CHESA

I'm setting your expectations. It's all about expectations, Neavh.

*Chesa grabs her metaphorical junk and swaggers with Neavh.*

*They exit.*



ACT 1:

*2 months later.*

*Chesa stands behind the counter.*

*Neavh enters, exhausted.*

NEAVH

If that lil fucker comes back one more time saying he can't start his chain saw, I'm going to murder him.

CHESA

Neavh, he wants to have homosexual sex with you.

NEAVH

(feigns collapse)

My darling, my sweet, my angel of music—, you are the homosexual here, I am...(they gesture, mystically) sexual. And that is the straightest 55 year old boi I have ever seen—

*They think for a second.*

NEAVH

--and even if he wasn't, if he can't use a power tool, his tool has no power!

*Neavh takes a long pull from a melted Slurpee they keep hidden at the desk.*

NEAVH

He does have a nice butt though...

CHESA

Did you find out if you can cover me on Sunday morning yet?

NEAVH

I can't—I have church.

*Beat.*

*They both burst out laughing.*

NEAVH

Nah, nah, I gotta see if I can get out of my grandmother's post church brunch—lunch—sinner's guilt-trip.

*Chesa stares.*

NEAVH

And the best biscuits a girl could dream of... If I do cover for you, you'll owe me some biscuits, bitch.

CHESA

I don't cook—will you accept my love, undying support, and gratitude?

NEAVH

No.

CHESA

Pancake breakfast at Denny's next weekend?

NEAVH

You can call my agent and make the offer.

CHESA

I'll cover for you twice, anytime you ask, and I won't tell Management you've been stealing Rat Poison from the Garden Center.

NEAVH

Bitch, I don't steal. There was some extra and... Grandma's church has an invasion and I--

CHESA

FINE, The next time that dickwad building a wall around his property comes in... I'll help him.

NEAVH

Oh, you really need this covered, huh? What ya got goin' on?

CHESA

I mean, it's—

NEAVH

What are you up to, you sneaky bitch?

CHESA

—it's... My dad. Uh. He's, he needs to—move into, a, uh, Nevermind, it's fine, I'll figure it out--

NEAVH

I got you. But Denny's. Next week, or else. Oof, I'm gonna miss those biscuits. And Grandmother will be disappointed, but that's nothing new. She's probably gonna die soon.

CHESA

I'm sorry.

NEAVH

No, it might be a good thing. People in the family might start living their lives a bit more. I have to pee—man, the desk! Oh, is that OK to say still?

CHESA

No, you're cancelled, fag.

NEAVH

Queer the desk!

*Neavh exits.*

*Chesa stands at the desk exactly as she has been the entire time. Nothing changes.*

*Time passes.*

*Chesa takes her phone out and pokes around on it. She gets bored. She takes out some bubbles and blows them. They bore her. She empties a puzzle onto the counter and starts playing it.*

*LAURIE walks in.*

LAURIE

Hi! Um, is this where I can get some help choosing paint colors?

*Chesa doesn't look up from her puzzle.*

CHESA

Nope, aisle 9, paint supplies, ask for Partha, she knows her shit.

LAURIE

Um, ok! Thanks so much!

*Beat.*