

Siren In The Night

by

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Cast of Characters

CRYSTAL:

15

BUD:

49

Place

Gas Station

Time

Evening

2.

Setting: A corner to a large gas station parking lot with a small shopping center attached. It is winter and small mountains of snow are evenly piled up in corners of the parking lot.

At Rise: Crystal stands underneath a light pole in front of a pile of snow, when Bud pulls up in his truck.

BUD: What are you doing out here by yourself?

CRYSTAL: None of your business.

BUD: You know, I drive this way at least two times a week and for the past month it's always the same thing, I drive by and ya standing right here in this very spot. Now I'm just a man concerned for a young'un such as yourself. I've two of my own children about your age.

CRYSTAL: How do you know how old I am?

BUD: You must be anywhere from fourteen to sixteen years old, more or less.

CRYSTAL: Mmm.

BUD: Alright, I'll get going if you want, but it is cold out here young lady. You should at least go back inside the shopping center to stay warm.

CRYSTAL: They kicked me out. Won't let me go inside anymore.

BUD: Right. Here, one moment, I wanna give you, here, I wanna give you some money, not much but something is better than nothing, right? So...it's okay, I ain't gonna grab your arm or anything.

(CRYSTAL takes money from BUD and
steps back)

CRYSTAL: Why you doing this? I don't know you.

BUD: There's a motel not far up the road from here, maybe about a mile walk. I could give you a lift, but I don't have the friendliest face and I don't blame you for being skeptical of me. Story of my life, believe me when I tell you. But if you just walk up to that motel there, it's called---

CRYSTAL: Motel Moses, I know the one.

BUD: Right. They give you a bed for something like five bucks and you can stay warm. I mean, where are you going when the night falls? You can't be standing here twenty-four seven, am I right?

CRYSTAL: I know people.

BUD: People?

CRYSTAL: I have friends.

BUD: You sure about that?

CRYSTAL: Why wouldn't I be sure about it?

BUD: Cause you're out here standing in the cold, you look like you haven't eaten in weeks and I wonder what kind of friend would allow that to happen?

CRYSTAL: The friends I have aren't from the Brady Bunch.

BUD: Brady Bunch? That's an old TV show. What's a young woman like you know about the Brady Bunch?

CRYSTAL: Enough to make my point with a reference.

BUD (to himself): Jeez. Smart, too. (to CRYSTAL) Why you out on the street?

CRYSTAL: Just cause you handed me over some cash, don't mean you have the right to ask me questions.

BUD: You're right, I don't.

(pause.)

Well, I---

CRYSTAL: I don't have parents, unless you count being raised by my Grandparents as parents, so...

BUD: I have a sweater I can give you...(Bud fishes out a sweater from the back seat of his truck) Here, I want you to take this, too.

(CRYSTAL takes the sweater and sniffs it)

CRYSTAL: It smells like ass.

BUD: Ass?

CRYSTAL: Yeah, you can have this man.

BUD: That's Ruffus, my dog.

CRYSTAL: You can have it back.

(CRYSTAL hands BUD sweater)

BUD: Alrighty, no worries. (beat) Can I make a confession?

CRYSTAL: About what?

BUD: ...I know you.

CRYSTAL: How do you know me?

BUD: You used to go to school with my daughter, Tracy. Back in middle school...I knew, I knew you from somewhere when I first saw you standing here weeks ago, and it didn't dawn on me until today, which is why I felt like I had the right to approach you.

CRYSTAL: Tracy Pullman?

BUD: I'm Bud Pullman, her Daddy.

CRYSTAL: Oh my God, I used to cause mayhem with Tracy. (she laughs) I always wondered what High School she went to cause it wasn't mine. (she chuckles) How's Tracy doing these days?

BUD: Better than you.

CRYSTAL: No shit, but how is she, really?

BUD: My daughter is one great pain in the wazoo.

(THEY laugh)

CRYSTAL: Is she now?

BUD: Oh, you betcha. Drives me up the wall *and* over the wall. She got me feeling like Humpty Dumpty most days.

CRYSTAL: Tell Tracy I said hi.

BUD: Will do. Hey, you be safe now, ya hear?

CRYSTAL: I'll try.

BUD: ...Oh hey, hey, I never got your name! How am I gonna give my daughter a message without knowing your name?

CRYSTAL: Oh, right, Crystal, my name is Crystal...Mathers.

BUD: Mathers? Wait a second now, (to himself) oh Lord, it can't be, that would be too coincidental now, wouldn't it?

CRYSTAL: What would?

BUD: Is your Daddy's name Phil? Phil Mathers?

CRYSTAL: This is getting weird.

BUD: I knew your Daddy.

CRYSTAL: My father died, Mister.

BUD: NO, no, I know he did, but this was before, long before the car crash.

CRYSTAL: That's impossible.

BUD: No, I swear it. I knew Phil at the lumber yard. We worked together there one summer as kids, JEEZ you do resemble him now that I look at ya.

CRYSTAL: Well, it was nice meeting you, thanks for the cash and all.

(CRYSTAL motions to walk away)

BUD: Hey Crystal, I don't feel like I've done enough. Would you be open to staying back by my house, until you get on your feet?

CRYSTAL: Hell, no.

BUD: Just a second. I don't mean to alarm you. I'll go back and pick up Tracy and come back here with her. Would that help things? I mean, this way you don't think I'm some strange man or something. I'll go get Tracy and maybe you can come back home with us, until we figure this thing out.

CRYSTAL: Figure what out? There's nothing to figure out, BUD.

BUD: The way you're headed, sleeping in different fellas trucks when you do them favors, is no place to be---

CRYSTAL: What the fuck do you know about it asshole?!

BUD (taken aback): I'm a trucker and some of them fellas got to talking and--

CRYSTAL: Is that why you want to help me? Looking for a blow job?!

BUD: Oh, no, God no, that's-I'm tryin' to stop this from going on.

CRYSTAL: Who the fuck are you?

BUD: I'm just trying to help.

CRYSTAL: Maybe I just got the wrong father, right? RIGHT? Maybe I'm supposed to have this horrible fucking life. You know, some people have yachts and mansions as if it's expected. They drink the finest wine and attend extravagant parties as if it's forever. Maybe living out here on the street, freezing to death is what I should expect, maybe this is *my* forever.

You wanna come here giving me money, like I owe you an explanation. I don't owe you nothin'! Trying to shame me in a nice way. I ain't falling for it. Not one bit, (sarcastic) BUD.

CRYSTAL (cont'd): You go back to your privileged life, with your kids and your house and this fancy truck, and all your cash and forget I even existed. Forget your stupid story about knowing my father at the lumber yard. WHAT LUMBER YARD? Like I knew the man. Who cares? Who freaking cares?! You can stick your lumber yard story where the sun refuses to shine.

(pause.)

(threatening) If you don't put your car in drive mode, I'm a scream till my face turns blue.

BUD: What?

CRYSTAL: You wanna be my Daddy?

BUD: No, I'm saying I can help get you off the streets, considering I knew your dad and you went to school with my daughter.

CRYSTAL: You think you know me?

BUD: Well, I---

CRYSTAL: Cause you don't know shit about me. Best thing for you to do is leave. GO! Drive away and never look back ever again! Get away from me or I'll scream my head off like a siren in the night! I'll have police crawling all over you in seconds.

BUD (sadly): I'm sorry.

CRYSTAL (screaming): LEAVE!!!!!!

(BUD drives away)

END OF PLAY