

Don't Miss Nothin' Bub
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Characters:

BOBBY — Male 20-50.

ALT — M/F/N 20-50's

Setting: Cab of a truck,
somewhere along Route 95 in
Maine, north of Bangor, in a
snowstorm. "Blue Moon" plays
on the truck radio.

(BOBBY is behind the steering wheel of his truck, driving
slowly through a snowstorm. Pulls over to pick up a
hitchhiker.)

BOBBY

(rolls down window)

The FUCK you doin' out there, bub?

ALT

Portland?

BOBBY

Close enough. Come on.

(Alt gets in the truck, shivering visibly.)

ALT

Thanks.

BOBBY

It ain't nothing.

(long awkward pause as they pretend to listen to the radio)

BOBBY

Where ya headed?

ALT

Portland? Near the bus? You going that way?

BOBBY

Sure, I guess. (long pause)

BOBBY
(casual)

So, you some kinda moron?

ALT

Excuse me?

BOBBY
It's a friggin' snowstorm, bub. Colder'n a witch's tit out there. Ain't nobody on the road tonight.

ALT
(insulted)

What?

BOBBY
You coulda friggin' froze to death, that's all.

ALT
(cold)

I'm fine.

BOBBY
(disgusted)

Shit.

ALT

What?

BOBBY
I'm just makin' friggin' conversation, that's all.

(pause)

ALT
Sorry. (beat) I have to get back.

BOBBY

Portland?

ALT

Virginia.

BOBBY

Oh. (beat) That's south.

(long pause)

BOBBY
I'm headed down' New Bedford.

(long pause)

BOBBY
Goin' fishing.

ALT
You fish?

BOBBY
King of the cod-killers. (beat) That's me.

ALT
Oh.

BOBBY
Good money.

ALT
Is it?

BOBBY
Oh fuck yeah! Gotta keep the old lady happy.

ALT
Who's your old lady?

BOBBY
Friggin', Amanda Gagne. You know her?

ALT
No.

BOBBY
Where were you coming' from?

ALT
Blue hill.

BOBBY
You know anybody in Old Town?

ALT
No.

BOBBY
Amanda's from Old Town.

ALT
Oh.

(long pause)

ALT
I was visiting a friend.

BOBBY
(remembering)
Friggin' a.

ALT
What's wrong?

BOBBY
Amanda threw out my god-damned toothbrush. Ten days out and no toothbrush.

ALT
Your toothbrush...?

BOBBY
The frig if I know, bub. I get home last week, (mean laugh) big friggin' paycheck from the trip, right? I tell the old lady I'm takin' her out to Kostas, we're gonna have a wicked time, smoke a j-bone, drink WHATE-VAH, and she gets all friggin' pissy at me. Says, she's friggin', pregnant, and I gotta quit fishin' and get some shit job at the paper mill. FUCK THAT, I tell her and off she goes. Threw half my shit out the front porch, tells me she don't even know if it's mine. (beat) Bullshit. It friggin' well better be.

(long pause)

BOBBY
What about you?

ALT
I'm in school.

BOBBY
Oh. (beat) For what?

ALT

What?

BOBBY

What for? You gonna be a doctor or some shit?

ALT

No.

BOBBY

Well what?

ALT

Nothing.

BOBBY

Lawyer? Engineer? Some kinda friggin' environmentalist?

ALT

Queer theory.

BOBBY

What?

ALT

Queer. Theory.

BOBBY

Are you shittin' me?

ALT

What?

BOBBY

What the fuck is a friggin' queer theory?

ALT

It's a multi disciplinary study of gender issues related to identity, sex and desire, with a focus on gender ambiguity and gender-corrective surgery.

BOBBY

What the fuck is that?

ALT

It's my thesis.

(pause)

BOBBY

You some kinda homo?

ALT

What?

BOBBY

I knew you were a skinny little shit, but you're telling me you're some kinda homo on top of that?

ALT

It's none of your business! Stop! Let me out! Let me out!

BOBBY

Cool your friggin' jets guy! I'm just making conversation.

ALT

Pull over! Let me out!

(Bobby pulls over. Alt jumps out, starts walking away down the road.)

BOBBY

Fer christ's sake.

(Drives slowly behind.)

BOBBY

Friggin' a, dude. You're gonna freeze to death. Ain't nobody coming along here until morning.

ALT

Fuck off!
(flips the bird)

BOBBY

Look, I got a mouth on me. I don't mean nothin' by it.

ALT

You don't know anything!

BOBBY

I know you're gonna freeze. Shit. Just get in. I'll drop you at the next friggin' town.

ALT

Don't you dare fuck with me.

BOBBY

I didn't mean nothin'.

(Alt hesitantly gets back in the truck, squeezed to the far side.)

ALT

Let me out at the next town.

BOBBY

Fine.

(long, long, pause as they drive and the radio plays)

BOBBY

(almost talking to himself)

I was standing out on the lawn, with friggin' Amanda yellin' at me, tells me I gotta sell my truck, quit fishin', get some kinda shitty night shift job with her uncle. Can you believe that shit? Says I don't make enough money for a baby. Like she ever worked a day in her friggin' life. They're closing the friggin' plant anyway. Ain't gonna be any jobs left anyways. (pause) I been goddamn fishin' since I was 18, it was good enough for her then. Paid her friggin' bills. (sighs) What the fuck, anyway.

BOBBY

Look, bub, I gotta cousin who's a little light in the loafers, and he's a good shit. I didn't mean nothing.

(Alt looks at Bobby for a long moment, then looks away.)

BOBBY

What're you doing up here, anyway?

ALT

(shrugs)

Staying with a friend to save money.

BOBBY

You got a boyfriend? (laughs) Woah! I'm just askin'.

ALT

Girlfriend.

BOBBY

I thought you..

ALT

I'm a girl.

BOBBY

A...

ALT

Was. Was a girl. I'm saving up for surgery.

(Bobby says nothing, just drives.)

ALT

I had the top done. I'm saving up for the rest.

BOBBY

Whatever, bub.

(long pause)

BOBBY

Like, they cut your tits off?

ALT

(nods)

(long pause, they listen to the radio.)

ALT

Do you think that's weird?

BOBBY

Don't know nothin' about it, bub. Whatever floats your boat.

ALT

She kicked me out.

BOBBY

Yeah?

ALT

We were supposed to buy a house together.

BOBBY

(nods in agreement)

I thought we were in love. ALT

Shit happens. BOBBY

Yeah. ALT

(long pause, listen to music)

That's really college degree? BOBBY

It really is. ALT

(music & lights fade out)

~fin~