

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 to New Bedford.

(long pause)

BOBBY  
Goin' fishing.

ALT  
You fish?

BOBBY  
Yup. 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?

No. ALT

Well what? BOBBY

Nothing. ALT

Lawyer? Engineer? Some kinda friggin' environmentalist? BOBBY

Queer theory. ALT

What? BOBBY

Queer. Theory. ALT

Are you shittin' me? BOBBY

What? ALT

What the fuck is a friggin' queer theory? BOBBY

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. ALT

What the fuck is that? BOBBY

It's my thesis. ALT

(pause)

You some kinda homo? BOBBY

What? ALT

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 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)

ALT  
I thought we were in love.

BOBBY  
Shit happens.

ALT  
Yeah.

(long pause, listen to music)

BOBBY  
That's really college degree?

ALT



It really is.

(music & lights fade out)

~fin~