

ROADKILL CONFIDENTIAL

a noir-ish meditation on brutality
by Sheila Callaghan

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

TREVOR – female, mid 30's, furtive and glamorous

WILLIAM / TV ANNOUNCER / DOCTOR – male, mid-late 40's, balding, dorky, well-meaning

RANDY / FRIZZY HAired MAN – male, 14, wiry and manic

MELANIE – female, late 20's-early 30's, bubbly and shrill

FBI MAN – male, 30's-40's, cool, level, mysterious, jaded

PLACE:

A small New England county, upstate New York.

A road.

A dark nondescript room.

TIME:

The end of fall, moving into the winter.

NOTES:

The setting should not be real, or naturalistic.

It should not be a set for the piece to play within but rather something against which the piece can resonate: more installation than set.

An ellipses is set within parenthesis is used to indicate a gesture or some sort of vocal sound appropriate to the character and the situation. It is not a realistic sound, however.

The installation will begin as something simple, but will transform throughout the play, perhaps during the transitions at the hands of Trevor, until ultimately the entire playing space and beyond is one enormous diorama.

PLEASE NOTE: Trevor is onstage for the entire duration. When not specifically noted, she is working and watching television, and reacting to it all. She is especially present on stage whenever FBI guy is talking, whether lit specially, or in her own realm of movement and expression.

All scene titles are projected.

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FBI MAN

You could say it all began a month ago

But that's not where I'll start
I'll start *before* it started

On a radiant Tuesday morning
In the lazy days of late spring

Trevor was contemplating her next project.
She didn't know what form it would take
Nor how much time
Nor even what material
She only knew
It was to be brutal.

TREVOR is in her studio, watching TV news, as she does
throughout the play.

Who is Trevor, you ask?

She might have been my greatest triumph.
But she was my demise.
So to speak.

TREVOR flips the channels. Lots of violence. She settles
on one station. A TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE IS
HEARD.

TV ANNOUNCER

And in sadder news
A child has died in the Berkshires this week
Seven-year-old Callie Stewart touched a wild bunny
Outside her home in Austerlitz
The animal was infected with a rare bacterial disease
Causing Callie to perish within mere days.
The name of the disease is being withheld
For reasons of national security

But let it be known, Berkshire residents
The bunny has been detained.

You are in no danger.

TREVOR is suddenly in her car, driving.

THUMP. Squeal of tires. She pulls over.

She has hit a bunny accidentally. She stares at it. Emotion: compassion revulsion fascination etc.

She retrieves a camera and photographs it dying. Then— she gets an idea. She puts on a pair of work-gloves.

FBI MAN

Jump cut.

Five months later

Trevor's in bed with a frizzy haired man

ONE MONTH AGO: RUBBER FACE

TREVOR is in her studio, now in bed with her lover, a frizzy-haired man. They are frozen.

The FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN is playing with TREVOR's face.

Everything around them is covered in tarps.

Trevor is staring at a flickering TV with the sound off. She wears a tie and white shirt.

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Rubber-face

TREVOR

I'm trying to think of way to tell you to stop that
Without using the words "aggravating" or "retarded"

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Ha!

Sorry.

I'll make coffee?

Should I make coffee?

He finds a piece of paper.

What is this?

He reads.

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN (cont)

Friendly Fire
The Roadside Explosives
Mortar Rounds
The Drive Bys
The Ethnic Cleanse
Checkpoint Fuckyou

TREVOR

Band names

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Who's in a band?

TREVOR

No one
I couldn't sleep.
Nightmares
My hands were like this the whole time

He flips the paper over and reads.

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

"Thanks for the help. You're a swell kid. Sorry it didn't work out. With Affection,
Trevor."

TREVOR

That's from yesterday
I thought you were leaving much sooner

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

What did you eat for lunch yesterday

TREVOR

Why?

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Because sometimes what you eat
Like eating badly affects your dreams
The shattering of one's self-image

TREVOR

You're much cuter when you're focused on pleasing me

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

I need a little break
My jaw hurts

TREVOR

All right
I'll tell you what I dreamed, then

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Please

TREVOR

I was the keeper of the marvel

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Wow.
You aren't ordinary.

TREVOR

I know.

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN kisses TREVOR. He is about to
turn off the TV.

TREVOR

Don't touch that.

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Okay
I'm so happy to be here--

TREVOR

What about my coffee?

FRIZZY-HAIRED MAN

Right.
Sorry.

He stands.

Ow.

TREVOR