

PCH

A Short Play

by

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Cast of Characters

Kurt: A man in his 30's or 40's
Affluent, vain, impatient,
plugged in, turned on, wound
tight.

Amy: Kurt's wife, a bit younger than
Kurt. Affluent, vain, etc.

Scene

Interior of a car. And a damn fine one at that! The kind
that drives you nuts, always weaving in and out of traffic,
zipping into the parking space YOU saw first, etc.

Time

The present. Late morning.

SETTING: The inside of a nice car. The windows are kind of mucked up though, greenish and filmy on the outside. Maybe some un-identifiable plant life clings to the side and rear windows. The windshield at least offers a dull view of wherever.

AT RISE: KURT sits in the driver's seat, furiously working the key in the ignition, trying to get the damn thing to start. AMY is in the passenger seat, her irritation palpable as she fusses madly with her iPhone or BlackBerry.

KURT

(a murmur)

Come on come on come on come on come on come on come on.
Come on come on come on come on come on come on come on...

SILENCE between them for a moment as he continues to work the ignition.

AMY draws a long breath then exhales through her teeth, little absent, erratic HISSES, not directly aimed at KURT, but he gets it.)

KURT

It's dead.

AMY

Is it the battery?

KURT

I don't know, it's just--

AMY

When's the last time you had it serviced?

KURT

Oh fuck you.

AMY

You haven't had it--?

KURT
Recently. I take it in regularly.

AMY
That little light was on.

KURT
Bullshit!

AMY
That little service light by the odometer.

KURT
That's not the service light, that's the, that's a different light, that's the, that's the light for normal, the normal light, all systems normal.

AMY
There's no light for normal.

KURT
Jesus, it doesn't matter. There are no lights now and not a fucking thing is normal except you not helping.

AMY
Ass.

KURT
God, you're like a sharp elbow to the throat. Just text Jack and tell him we're running late.

AMY
What do you think I've been doing this whole time?

KURT
Are you getting a signal?

AMY
No.

KURT
Ha. Sprint!

AMY
Shut up.

KURT
You really need to get Verizon.

AMY
Just shut up. That's not--

KURT

Seriously. You drop more calls than anyone I know.

AMY

Has it ever occurred to you that maybe I'm not dropping calls, maybe I'm just hanging up? As in: the conversation's over, I'm done, I'm moving on. Over.

(Small pause.)

KURT

Verizon's still better.

AMY

That's not what's wrong with my phone. It's the battery.

KURT

You didn't charge it.

AMY

I did! I mean, I think I did, I don't know, this morning was just rrrh--

KURT

I hear you.

AMY

--getting the papers ready for Jack...taking Kaitlyn to my parents, she still doesn't get what's going on.

KURT

It's gonna be tough for awhile.

AMY

She thinks you've been out of town, she keeps asking when Daddy's coming home...

KURT

She'll hang in there. I'll be seeing her every other weekend. Most every other.

AMY

She made you something. It's in my purse.

KURT

Something to eat?

AMY

No a, a little, I think it's made of clay. It's in my purse.

KURT
I'm kinda hungry.

AMY
You didn't have breakfast?

KURT
Krissy usually makes something, but she had Pilates this morning.

AMY
...!
(Beat.)

KURT
So what is it?

AMY
What.

KURT
Kaitlyn's thing.

AMY
It's supposed to be one of the Jonas Brothers.

KURT
Huh.
(Beat.)
Who are The Jonas Brothers? Do they fix cars?

AMY
No, they're a boy band. They sing and play instruments.

KURT
Like The Beach Boys?

AMY
Not quite.

KURT
Are they really brothers?

AMY
Who knows?

(Beat.)

AMY (CONT.)
Kaitlyn was so funny, after she made the, the little sculpture, she was so proud, she showed it to me and then she asked me to guess which Jonas Brother it was, and I

looked at it and I, I mean it was just this kind of blob and I, I couldn't help it, I said: the one with the hump?

KURT

Ha ha.

(Beat.)

One of the Jonas Brothers has a hump?

AMY

No no, god Kurt, haven't you--? She made this thing for you, this little Jonas Brother out of clay and it was just this little blob she made with her own hands and it looked like it had a hump.

KURT

Did you bring it with you?

AMY

It's in my purse.

KURT

Kaitlyn.

AMY

Call Jack.

KURT

Right.

(KURT flips open his cell phone
Amy leans against her window.)

AMY

God. It's so gross out.

KURT

Hmm. Strange.

AMY

What is?

KURT

I thought I wasn't getting a signal. Then I...my phone's dead, too.

AMY

Well, that's just great. Can't you charge it?

KURT

Not on a dead battery.

AMY
So what do we do now?

KURT
Calm down.

AMY
I'm calm. I'm just asking you a question.

KURT
I guess...one of us gets out and flags down a passing car.

AMY
And who would that one of us be?

KURT
Well me, of course. I wasn't asking you to get out. It's too dangerous, the way cars come whipping around that bend. You'd probably get blown into the ocean before anyone even saw you.

(Beat.)
I need some air anyway.

(Beat.)
I'll be right back.

AMY
Just stay close to the guardrail.

KURT
Of course, god, what do you think--

AMY
I'm just saying.

(He attempts to open the door.
It won't budge.)

KURT
Hm. Well shit.

AMY
Now what?

KURT
My door won't open.

AMY
You're kidding.

KURT
Would you mind trying yours?

AMY
I'm not getting out.

KURT
Just open your door.

(She tries opening her door.
It won't budge.)

KURT
Stuck?

AMY
Something.

KURT
Hm.

AMY
Oh god, Kurt, Jack's going to cancel--

KURT
It's okay. We can just sit here until somebody sees us.

AMY
No one's going to see us. No one's even driven by.

KURT
Really?

AMY
Have you seen anyone?

KURT
Now that you mention it...

(A short silence. AMY
leans forward, looks up.)

AMY
What's that?

KURT
What?

AMY
Up there.

KURT
That's a. Hm. It looks like a piece of wood. Floating
driftwood.

AMY

What's the last thing you remember? Before the car stopped.

KURT

I don't know. Nothing. I was thinking about work. About some emails I have to send. About...

(Beat.)

...your hands.

AMY

What?

KURT

Your were texting. I glanced over. I looked at your hands and--your thumbs were a blur--and I...I thought, I'm going to miss them. When all this is over. You have nice hands. Then something happened. A loud noise. I saw the guardrail. Then we were here. Trying to start the car.

AMY

Kurt. Look outside. Where are we?

(They take a moment to look outside.)

KURT

Hm. If I didn't know any better...I'd say we're...on the bottom of the ocean.

AMY

I think we're dead.

KURT

Now that's just going a little too far, don't you think? I mean, come on--

(He turns to her.)

--do I look dead?

(She turns to him.)

AMY

Yes. Do I?

(Beat.)

KURT

Yes.

(They settle into their seats, facing front.)

AMY
At least it's pretty down here.

KURT
And I'm not hungry anymore.

(Beat.)

Do you have that thing that Kaitlyn made?

(She reaches into her purse and
hands Kurt a crude clay sculpture.)

Cute.

(Beat.)

You still have nice hands, by the way.

AMY
Thank you.

KURT
So...who's your favorite Jonas brother?

AMY
The one with the hump.

KURT
Mine too.

(KURT sets the clay sculpture
on the dashboard. He takes Amy's
hand in his, gripping it tight.

They sit there, facing front.)

THE END