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Spoon Lake Blues

By

JOSH TOBIESSEN

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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JOSH TOBIESSEN

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Spoon Lake Blues was originally produced in the Spring of 2011 by Alliance Theatre in Atlanta.

CAST:

Abigail.....Veronika Duerr
Brady.....Jimi Kocina
Caitlin.....Lakisha Michelle May
DenisLuke Robertson

PRODUCTION:

DirectorDavis McCallum
Set DesignMarion Williams
Costume DesignSydney Roberts
Lighting DesignJane Cox
Sound DesignClay Benning
Production Stage Manager.....lark hacksaw
DramaturgCelise Kalke

Spoon Lake Blues

CHARACTERS

ABIGAIL (w): 28, white. Local sheriff.

BRADY (m): 22, white. Denis' younger brother.

CAITLIN (w): 20, black. Summer resident.

DENIS (m): 28, white. Brady's older brother.

Spoon Lake Blues

Scene 1

(The main room of a small house in a small lake town in the mountains. The room serves as the kitchen, living room and dining area. A door goes out to the backyard, as well as doors to a bedroom and a bathroom. The house was built sometime in the 1940s, and while it was probably a nice place back in the day, it's now showing definite signs of decline. The cabinets in the kitchen don't match anything else and may have been found on the side of the road, maybe some panes of glass in one of the windows have been broken and filled in with cardboard from a case of beer. DENIS is over by the back door working on one of the hinges while BRADY removes objects from a large duffle bag and writes in a notebook. There's a small pile of electronics and other valuables on the table. BRADY finds something he likes and shows it to DENIS.)

BRADY. Yo, check out the bling. Gold watch.

DENIS. Good.

BRADY. Gold watch, kick it up a notch. You probably would have missed this. It was in the sock drawer.

DENIS. I always check the sock drawer.

BRADY. But it was way in the back. Anyway, thanks to me we got a gold watch for my crotch.

DENIS. What?

BRADY. Just rhyming, bro.

DENIS. Is that real gold or just gold color?

BRADY. I don't know.

DENIS. So bite it.

BRADY. Bite it?

DENIS. To see if it's real. That's what they do in those cowboy movies.

BRADY. Cowboy movies? Nope, I've never seen that in a cowboy movie. In pirate movies maybe, but never in a movie with a cowboy.

DENIS. You've seen people do it before is the point.

BRADY. I have, in pirate movies.

DENIS. Give me that. *(Takes the watch, bites it then looks at it.)* Hmm.

BRADY. So?

DENIS. Do you know why people bite gold in those movies?

BRADY. In pirate movies? No. Why do they bite gold in those pirate movies?

DENIS. That's what I'm asking you.

BRADY. To check if it's real?

DENIS. Yeah, but once they take a bite how is it that they know whether or not it's real gold?

BRADY. I don't know.

(DENIS throws BRADY the watch.)

BRADY *(cont'd)*. So what do I write down for this watch?

DENIS. Write down: one watch, comma, possibly gold, period.

BRADY *(writing)*. "Possibly gold."

(The phone rings. It's an old rotary phone with a loud metal bell. BRADY looks up to DENIS, who doesn't react to the sound.)

BRADY. That's the phone.

DENIS. Yep.

BRADY. Didn't know if you heard it.

DENIS. I did.

BRADY. We'll let the machine get it?

DENIS. We sold the machine.

BRADY. Oh, right.

(DENIS goes to the refrigerator and opens another can of beer while they wait for the phone to stop ringing. It eventually does.)

DENIS. Anything left? *(Rummages through the bag and takes out a framed photograph.)* What the hell is this? This is plastic or something.

BRADY. I'll take it.

DENIS. I doubt this was more than ten bucks new.

BRADY. So I'll take it, I said.

(BRADY goes to grab the photograph but DENIS holds it away from him.)

DENIS. No you don't.

BRADY. What do you care?

DENIS. We sell everything we take.

BRADY. But you just said it's not worth anything.

DENIS. It's worth something. Every little bit helps. Just don't bother with shit like this next time.

BRADY. Well, we can take this picture out of it at least.

DENIS. Can we?

BRADY. No one's going to buy a photograph of some girl they don't know.

(BRADY takes the frame back and takes out the photo.)

DENIS. Oh, I get it. Is that a picture of your girlfriend?

BRADY. Obviously not or I wouldn't have robbed her house would I?

DENIS. We got girl pictures already. Isn't that what the Victoria's Secret is for? Let's have a look.

(DENIS takes the photograph away from BRADY, stares at it for a second, then looks back at BRADY, confused.)

BRADY. What?

DENIS. This is a black girl.

BRADY. Yo, I'm not blind. I can see what kind of girl that is.

DENIS. All right now, I was just making sure. I didn't know that was a kind of girl you were into.

BRADY. What are you talking about? I'm down with all that.

DENIS. I didn't know is all I'm saying. What do I care what color tail you chase after?

BRADY. Right, it's none of your business.

DENIS. Besides, that's just a picture anyways. What do you think this picture was doing in that house? That's weird.

BRADY. Well, I'd guess it's their daughter, probably. That'd be my assumption.

(DENIS takes a second to think about this.)

DENIS. Did we just rob—wait, what?

BRADY. Yeah, I'd say it's her family that lives there. Summer place anyway.

DENIS. That was a nice place.

BRADY. No doubt, bean sprout, that's why we were there.

DENIS. I've never done that before. But that's great. I think it's really great that the—you know, the black folks have stuff worth stealing now.

BRADY. Absolutely.

DENIS. Well, that's America for you.

BRADY. It's a great country.

DENIS. I didn't say it wasn't.

BRADY. I didn't say you said it wasn't.

DENIS. 'Cause that's what I think. It's a great fucking country.

Giving everyone big old summer homes and widescreen TVs.

BRADY. Yeah.

DENIS. We should have taken that TV.

BRADY. Well we can't go back now. Maybe someone else will have a nice TV for us. Remember rule number one: Don't get caught.

(Suddenly ABIGAIL, the town sheriff, kicks the door off its hinges and storms into the house in full uniform with gun drawn.)

ABIGAIL. All right, you dirtbags, get down on the floor and spread 'em!

(BRADY drops to the floor in a panic, then realizes who it is.)

BRADY. Oh hell, Abby! Don't do that!

ABIGAIL. Did I get you?

BRADY *(getting back up)*. Yeah, obviously you got me.

ABIGAIL. Did I get you to shit your pants?

BRADY. No.

ABIGAIL. Not even a little?

BRADY. It's none of your business what happens in my pants.

ABIGAIL (*about the door on the floor*). I thought you were going to fix that door?

DENIS. I just did.

ABIGAIL. Not a very good job. Well I just got a call from one Dr. Alvin Montgomery who was eager to report that there had been a break-in at his summer residence on Deer Creek Lane.

BRADY. Oh yeah?

ABIGAIL. Yes indeed. So I figured I'd swing on by and see if you guys got anything good.

BRADY. Just checking it now.

(ABIGAIL looks through the pile of stuff.)

ABIGAIL. I was right about that place, huh?

DENIS. Did you know it was a colored family that lives there?

ABIGAIL. What? So what? No one cares anymore.

DENIS. No, it's just interesting is all I'm saying.

ABIGAIL. And no one says "colored" anymore. The accepted terminology is "African American" or you say someone is a "person of color."

DENIS. That's what I said.

ABIGAIL. No, you said "colored person," I'm saying "person of color." Sounds more positive that way.

BRADY. Yeah, it's like saying someone is "colorful."

ABIGAIL. Well, "colorful" sort of implies homosexual. Like Allan Gray down on Crow Mountain Road. He's a colorful person.

BRADY. Is he?

ABIGAIL. Big time. You can tell because of that rainbow flag out front of his place. Doesn't even hide it. Not that he needs to. I got a noise complaint about a party he was having last summer so I had to go check it out.

BRADY. Oh man, did you see some messed up shit?

ABIGAIL. Well, no. I guess not. There were lots of guys there though. And they were mostly drinking wine. (*Picks up the photo on the table near BRADY.*) What's this?

BRADY. Nothing. Just a picture.

DENIS. It's the girl from the house. He's sweet on her.

ABIGAIL. Really?

BRADY. Shut up.

ABIGAIL. You and her? That'd be freaking hilarious. Funny funny stuff.

BRADY. Why because she's—you know, African American?

ABIGAIL. No, god no. Because she's rich. She's filthy rich and you ... What about Jessie Barber? She's more your type. Or—who's that girl who works at the library on weekends? With the short hair and the big ...

DENIS & BRADY. Boobs.

BRADY. Katie Miller.

ABIGAIL. Yeah, go out with her. Buy her some shirts that fit. (*About the picture.*) This girl wouldn't give you the time of day.

BRADY. I bet she would. If she knew the time she would.

ABIGAIL. All right Brady, whatever, you and her go and get married then, it's not against the law in this state. Or any other state. And I agree with that. More to the point of my visit, I got about half an hour to kill before I head over there to take that statement.

BRADY. Uh oh.

DENIS (*handing ABIGAIL the list they've been writing*).

Why don't you take this list and show it to your guy.

ABIGAIL. I can do that later.

DENIS. But we're still on to meet him Friday?

ABIGAIL. Sure.

DENIS. You told us Friday, Abby. Is he going to be here or not?

ABIGAIL. If that's when I said he'd be here then that's when he'll be here. Can you just relax? It's under control. (*Suggestively.*) What I'm asking you right now is if you think you might help me kill half an hour before I go over to take that statement. Do you think you can do that, Denis?

DENIS. I don't know.

ABIGAIL. You don't?

DENIS. I've just been drinking a lot of beer and I don't know if I'm up for it.

ABIGAIL. How many beers has he had, Brady?

BRADY. That's just number four.

ABIGAIL. That doesn't sound like too many to me. That sounds like just the right amount. So quit acting like I'm your dentist and get in that room. The sooner we do this the sooner I can get out of here.

DENIS. You can't just come into a man's house whenever—
Fine, Jesus Christ.

(DENIS gets out of his chair and heads into the bedroom, taking off his shirt.)

ABIGAIL. "Jesus Christ"? (*To BRADY.*) Are you listening to this guy? It's like pulling goddamn teeth sometimes. What's a girl gotta do around here? (*To DENIS.*) All right, let's do this!

(ABIGAIL follows DENIS into the bedroom and slams the door behind them. BRADY picks up the photograph and stares at it.

Lights out.)

Scene 2

(DENIS is seated in his recliner, drinking a can of beer and fixing a chainsaw. He notices something crawling along the floor and stomps on it with his boot. He checks to make sure that it's dead then goes back to his chainsaw. BRADY enters from the screen door followed by CAITLIN, who's dressed for a day at the beach.)

BRADY. Yo Denis! Where you at, D?

DENIS. I'm right here!

BRADY. Yo yo. What up, my brother? *(To CAITLIN.)* He really is my brother, same mom and everything. *(To BRADY.)* Check it out, this is Caitlin.

CAITLIN. Hi. Nice chainsaw.

DENIS. It's broken.

CAITLIN. I'm sorry to hear that.

BRADY *(to CAITLIN)*. So this is our crib. The place I was telling you about.

CAITLIN. Yeah, it's great. Has a real rustic vibe.

BRADY. I got some rap CDs over here. We don't have a stereo but, if you want to see what I have, this is where I keep them.

CAITLIN *(taking it all in)*. I love those old fishing rods on the wall, that's so cool. And this table, like, from the seventies or something. Where'd you get this?

BRADY. I don't know, it's always been there.

CAITLIN (*picking up a hat and putting it on*). Hey, cool hat.

Is “Fuhrman’s Lumber” a real place?

BRADY. What do you mean?

CAITLIN. I mean, like, it’s a place to get lumber?

BRADY. Yeah.

CAITLIN. That’s awesome. I think it’s so lame when people wear things with made up names on them. I like this color.

BRADY. You can have it if you want.

DENIS. That’s my hat.

BRADY (*to DENIS*). I’ll buy you another one.

CAITLIN. No that’s cool I can get my own. So how old is this place?

BRADY. Pretty old, my granddad built it. He’s out back with my grandma. In the ground. They’re dead. (*To DENIS.*) Hey, what year did Gramps build this place, I forget?

DENIS. What the hell is she doing here?

BRADY. She’s a guest. She’s my guest. (*To CAITLIN.*) Don’t worry about him, he’s just scared of new people. (*To DENIS.*) We met at the beach, just casual, started hanging out, chillin’ and spillin’. Turns out her house was robbed yesterday so I figured I’d be a good neighbor and show her around.

CAITLIN. Brady said that you had one of the oldest houses in town. There aren’t too many of these places left.

DENIS. Nope, people keep tearing them down to build mansions that send our property taxes through the roof.

CAITLIN. Oh, I don’t know if I’d call our place a—

DENIS (*pointing to the counter*). Brady, ant!

BRADY. What?

DENIS. On the counter.

BRADY. Ah, you fucker!