

PARKING LOT TRAFFIC

a comedy in process

by

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CHARACTERS

- STACI - Twenty/thirty something,
- CRAIG - Twenty/thirty something. In a relationship with STACI.
- FRANK - A paler, thinner version of Craig
- RONNI - A younger, wide eyed version of Staci

SETTING

A one bedroom apartment and other settings (as noted)

The bedroom: Three doors: to the rest of the apartment (linking the living room), a bathroom and a closet. A window. Dresser, bed, clothes hamper and anything else that one might expect to find in a childless couple's one bedroom apartment boudoir.

The living area: a kitchenette with an extended counter separating the kitchen area from the living room area which includes a sofa, side table, chair and other standard fare, including both the door linking to the bedroom as well as a front door leading out to the rest of the world.

TIME

- | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| ACT I | Three o'clock . . . ish a.m. |
| ACT II Scene 1 | Twenty minutes later |
| ACT II Scene 2 | Two hours later still |

A NOTE ON THE NOTATIONS:

Although some of the formatting seems more standard than not the following legend outlines how grammatical characters are being used in this script--specifically as used in dialogue:

an ellipse (. . .) suggests a thought trailing off. Or being picked up (depending on its placement:

Why do I even bother . . .

. . . And this is a good thing?

And if I say . . . I love you . . . again.

A double hyphen suggest a sudden break in dialogue. Such as a change of thought or interrupted dialogue between two characters:

I couldn't believe you the way you acted out there--talking like some crazy man. And what the hell did you--

Don't talk like that.

--mean by that? Don't talk like what--?

Raising your voice. Who're you to raise--

Oh my god.

--your voice to me?

Within a phone call a hyphen (or dash) signifies the unheard dialogue of the party on the other end of the line:

**What do you want Mother? - I do not. - No, I don't. - I'm not mad. -
What do you mean I call you mother only when I'm--I'm not mad. - I
am not mad, mother.**

And a new toy is the forward slash or oblique (/) which suggests the entry point of overlapping dialogue:

Can we please just / have a civil conversation for a change?

Screw you.

Really? How adult / of you.

Oh give it a break!

ACT I

(At Rise:

A bedroom. Shades are drawn over the windows as STACI, twenty/thirty something, clad in sleeping attire enters quietly from one of three doors (leading to the closet, bathroom or rest of the apartment). She is holding something (or things) behind her back, being sure not to awaken the man (CRAIG) sleeping on the bed. Reaching her destination she swiftly jumps on CRAIG, who is lying on his back, and straddles him: holding him down as she produces the hidden items and moves them into place: a rubber kitchen mallet and a wooden stake positioned over CRAIG 's heart in classic horror film style. CRAIG opens his eyes at first aware only of being provocatively straddled but then keenly aware of the weapon s now in play. Yet before he can say anything STACI announces:)

STACI

Quick: You're a vampire: how do you get out of this alive?

CRAIG

(A beat.)

Can we not do this right now / I don't think I'm awake yet?

STACI

Then you die. I own the element of surprise.

CRAIG

I'm surprised but I'm really not in the mood / for this.

STACI

Oh, I think you are.

CRAIG

Please? Can you just give me a chance to breathe?

STACI

Don't change the subject; You who are about to die--save yourself. Or is this maybe your way of . . .

CRAIG

Why can't I just have a normal relationship with a normal girlfriend?

STACI

Because that would be boring; for both of us.

(Touching the stake to his skin.)

Any thoughts?

CRAIG

(Acquiescing if only to end the torture:)

What if I do nothing?

STACI

(Touching the stake to his skin:)

Then you die.

CRAIG

Hey! That's sharp.

STACI

There has to be an element of danger involved.

CRAIG

Why?

STACI

Save yourself, Demon.

CRAIG

OK. I'm a vampire.

STACI

We know that.

CRAIG

Where am I?

STACI

In your lair.

CRAIG

Could you move off / me or at least shift to the left?

STACI

Tick-tock. Whaddo you do?

CRAIG

(Thinking quickly:)

How bad do I want to live?

STACI

Trick question: you're already dead.

CRAIG

I'm a vampi--

(Responding to the pressure of presumably the stake:)

Pull up. Pull up for godsakes.

STACI

(Eases up just slightly.)

Sissy.

CRAIG

What time is it?

STACI

Why? Who's asking?

(Staying on subject:)

Three o'clock.

CRAIG

a.m. or p.m.?

STACI

a.m.

CRAIG

Old style vampire or new style?

STACI

Old school: definitely old school. Sunlight is not your friend.

CRAIG

Silver bullets?

STACI

Werewolf.

CRAIG

Mirrors?

STACI

Don't own any. For a reason.

CRAIG

Garlic?

STACI

Burns.

CRAIG

Crosses? Holy water?

STACI

Anything religious.

CRAIG

Wiccan?

STACI

Except wiccan. Times up.

(She raises the hammer.)

CRAIG

(Quickly:)

I could kiss you.

STACI

Distract me? Ha! Too cliché.

CRAIG

I could . . .

(Slightly rotates his hips beneath her.)

STACI

Later.

CRAIG

I could cry.

STACI

(She is stopped. Thinks on it)

I like that. Unexpected.

CRAIG

(As she continues to loosen her position over him:)

I could beg you to kill me. Beg you to release me from my torment.

STACI

(And yet she remains atop him--thinking out loud as much to herself as to him:)

Too much talking. I hate it when the villain has to spill his guts to the hero instead of just pulling the trigger and being done with it: it's sloppy. I like it: a tear. Just a tear. It's . . . symbolic.

(Having the upper hand finally CRAIG disarms STACI and flips her onto her back on the bed as if to overpower her sexually but instead continues to roll up and over her, sending his feet to the floor and continue his travel to the bathroom.)

STACI

(Remaining where she is--thinking all things over.)

Thanks, Babe.

CRAIG

Sometimes I think you're crazy.

STACI

Sometimes me too.

(We hear the unmistakable sound of water on water.)

STACI

Close the door for godsakes.

(Flush. Followed by the sound of the sink after which
CRAIG reemerges from the bathroom.--closing the door
behind himself.)

CRAIG

Sorry. What time is it?

STACI

Three a.m.

CRAIG

Real life?

STACI

Yeah. Maybe three twenty.

CRAIG

What the hell'd you wake me up at three a.m. for?

STACI

I was stuck.

CRAIG

At 3 a.m.?

STACI

So?

CRAIG

I don't have to be to work till-- . . .

STACI

Then go back to bed.

CRAIG

I think I'm awake now. Thank you.

STACI

Sorry.

CRAIG

Yeah.

(There is a long pause as CRAIG watches STACI lying on the bed lost in thought. The silence says everything.)

STACI

Later.

CRAIG

What?

STACI

(Sitting back up:)

Next time don't let me watch you pee.

CRAIG

You couldn't see anything. Nothing you haven't seen before.

STACI

OK; if you're a vampire: what kind of work do you do?

CRAIG

Really? You're still on this?

STACI

Not to get close to your prey--or ahead of your hunter--none of that kind of crap-- but because you really need a job.

CRAIG

Then I'm going back to bed.

STACI

(As he climbs back into bed :)

No, think about it: what if--what if he works at a Seven Eleven or a Dunkin Donuts--something open all night--'cuz he's broke.

CRAIG

You're on your own.

STACI

(Moving to sit on the dresser--she knows too well exactly what his climbing into the bed means.)

Enough with the bourgeoisie, independently wealthy, sucking the life out the working class: that's had its day. It was a great political statement for its time but now the disease has to be reborn--coming up from the gutter.

CRAIG

I liked you better with a stake in your hand.

STACI

Come on; help me with this.

CRAIG

Why?

STACI

'Cuz it's three a.m. and you're wide awake.

CRAIG

I thought there was something to be awake for.

STACI

(Looks at him a moment--tilting her head:)

You're cute.

CRAIG

Really?

STACI

So . . . now that you're awake: where does he work? Do you like the convenience store or--

(As CRAIG buries his head back into his pillow:)

--Ple-e-e-e-ease.

CRAIG

Why are we doing this? Are you writing a book or something?

STACI

No. Should I? Would you read it?

CRAIG

If it'll get you back in bed I'll memorize it.

STACI

What?

CRAIG

It's the best I could come up with in short notice.

STACI

I want a donut. You want a donut?

CRAIG

(To himself more than her:)

Oh my god.

STACI

It's not gonna happen till I get that picture out of my mind.

CRAIG

You didn't see anything.

STACI

You will learn.

CRAIG

OK, I'll play along: if only to distract you for the purpose of conquering you.

STACI

Was that supposed to be romantic or . . . ?

CRAIG

It's three a.m.

STACI

It's closer to three thirty now.

CRAIG

(Getting out of bed; throwing on a zippered sweatshirt:)

Coffee or Something stronger?

STACI

You going out for donuts?

CRAIG

No.

(CRAIG steps into the doorway--the lights shift: preferably the stage turns to reveal a modest living room and kitchenette just beyond the bedroom while the bedroom itself [bed, dresser and all] veer into the background or offstage. CRAIG continues his stride to the kitchenette to retrieve a bottle of "something stronger" and two glasses to pour into as STACI follows him out to trade in her hammer and stake for a pen and paper from the kitchen counter. A sofa, side table, chair and other living room amenities make up the room.)

CRAIG

Don't follow me. I'm trying to get you back in there.

STACI

(Already sitting at the counter--across from him--making notes:)

What should I name him?