

PARK STREET ANGEL

a play by
Peter M. Floyd

© 2011 Peter M. Floyd

PARK STREET ANGEL

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

DEREK
MOLLY
DRIVER
POLICEMAN
DORA
SIOBHAN
DON
DAVIN
WAITER
SKUTCH
ALICE

Prelude: Lights up to reveal two people on stage. MOLLY, an Asian-American woman of about thirty, stands upstage, facing us. She is intently reading a book: Ellison's Invisible Man.

Standing downstage, facing up, is DEREK, a man of about MOLLY's age. He too is holding a copy of Invisible Man. However, he instead of reading it, he is looking intently at MOLLY.

We hear the rumbling of an approaching subway train.

MOLLY, suddenly sensing she is being watched, looks up, and eyes DEREK guardedly. DEREK holds up his copy of the book, pointing at it, and then at the one in MOLLY's hand. MOLLY, noting that they are reading the same book, laughs, and begins to say something, but the increasingly loud roaring of the incoming train makes her words impossible to hear.

A light begins to shine, representing the train pulling into a station. The intensity of the light grows, as does the noise of the train. Then, just as the light becomes blinding, it cuts out, and the stage is left in utter darkness. The roaring and screeching of the train becomes a violent deafening crash.

PARK STREET ANGEL

Scene 1: The lights come up DEREK's one-bedroom apartment in Allston. In one corner is DEREK's bed. At the opposite corner is the front end of a utility truck, which has just crashed through the wall of the apartment.

DEREK, having just been awoken from dream sleep, sits bolt upright in bed in his pajamas, staring in horror at the truck.

DEREK

Oh, my god! Jesus! What the hell? Oh, my god!

The door of the truck opens, and the DRIVER steps out of the cab. He looks the truck ruefully.

DRIVER

Whoa.

DEREK

What is this? What did you do? My god! My walls!

DRIVER

Buddy, Buddy. Keep calm. Relax.

DEREK

Jesus, you wrecked my apartment!

DRIVER

Hey, calm down! Let's assess the situation here.

DEREK

What the hell did you do? What were you doing?

DRIVER

Well, I'm not drunk, it that's what you're thinking. Christ it's, what, 7:00 in the morning? I don't drink that early. I mean, I don't say no to a beer now and then, but never before noon.

DEREK

What happened?

PARK STREET ANGEL

DRIVER

Coulda happened to anybody. You drive along, truck makes an unexpected swerve, and *wham*. No one's fault. Really, you wanna see me touch my nose? (*DEREK stares in disbelief, as the driver stretches out one arm, and touches a finger to the tip of his nose.*) See? Sober as a judge.

DEREK

I can't believe you did this. Look at my place! Look at all my stuff! It's wrecked!

DRIVER

Hey, you're not the only one with property damage here. My truck ain't lookin' so good, either.

We hear the sound of an approaching police siren.

DEREK

Well, that's not my fault. You're the one who drove into my apartment. Look at this mess! You're gonna have to pay for all this.

DRIVER

What do you mean, I'm payin'? Don't try to lay all this on me. This building here doesn't handle a collision too well. Poorly made, right? If it was a better constructed building, it coulda withstood the vehicular impact a little better.

DEREK

What? When you put up a building you don't expect people to people to drive trucks into it.

DRIVER

Why not? Busy street, anything could happen. Hey, I'm not trying to shrug off all the blame here; I'm just sayin' that if this place was made properly, we wouldn't be lookin' at this particular situation.

DEREK

You can't be serious.

DRIVER

I am serious. Don't think you can pin this all on me. I won't stand for that.

There is a knock at the door.

PARK STREET ANGEL

VOICE OF POLICEMAN

Hey, is everything okay in there?

DRIVER

Yeah, everything's fine.

VOICE OF POLICEMAN

Can you let me in? I'm the police.

*DEREK opens the door, and the POLICEMAN enters.
He looks around at the wreckage of the apartment.*

POLICEMAN

Holy crap, what a mess. (*Sees driver, and laughs.*) Bill! Jeez, I should have known it was you. Who else would drive his truck into a freakin' apartment complex?

DRIVER

Hey, Elliot. I'm not drunk.

POLICEMAN (*winking at DEREK*)

'Course you're not.

DRIVER

You can give me the breathalyzer if you want.

POLICEMAN

Not necessary. So, what happened?

DEREK

Well--

DRIVER

Damndest thing. I was drivin' to work, well under the speed limit, and the next thing you know I'm crashing through the walls here.

POLICEMAN

How'd that happen?

DRIVER

Who can say? I certainly didn't mean to. It's just one of those things that could happen to anybody. The thing is, my truck's now damaged. Who's gonna pay for that? That's what I wanna know.

PARK STREET ANGEL

DEREK

Well, that would be you, right? You're the one responsible.

DRIVER

I just told you it wasn't my fault!

POLICEMAN

All right, it's a little too early to be assigning blame.

DEREK

What? Who else's fault could it be?

POLICEMAN

That's not for me decide. I'm a public servant, and have to remain neutral here.

DEREK

Well, you're not saying that as he was driving along, I moved this entire six-story building into his path?

DRIVER

Stranger things have happened.

POLICEMAN

Now, sir, no one's blaming you.

DRIVER

It's the guys who built this place. Shoddy construction for something so near a busy street. It's amazing it hasn't happened more often.

DEREK

All right, well, can we get this truck out of my wall? I need to start putting this place back in order.

POLICEMAN (*pulling out a pad of paper*)

Of course, sir. If you could just give me your name.

DEREK

Derek Delimiter.

POLICEMAN

"Delimiter"? Interesting name. French?

DEREK

No.

PARK STREET ANGEL

POLICEMAN

No. Anyway. Address is 16 Parker. Cozy little place actually, aside from the truck in the wall. How long have you lived here?

DEREK

Three years.

POLICEMAN

You rent?

DEREK

Yes.

POLICEMAN

Live here alone?

DEREK

Yes.

POLICEMAN

You didn't have any overnight guests, I take it?

DEREK

Last night? No.

POLICEMAN

But you *have* had overnight guests before?

DEREK

Uh... well, sure.

POLICEMAN

What where they? Friends, family? Girlfriends? One-night stands?

DEREK

...Is that relevant?

POLICEMAN

Could be. We're still in the early stages of investigation. Any piece of information can be helpful. Still, if you don't feel comfortable answering, I'll understand.

DEREK

I just want that truck out of here.

PARK STREET ANGEL

POLICEMAN

Of course. I'll call Municipal Wrecking. They'll send a salvage truck over.

DEREK

Good.

POLICEMAN

Should get here by Wednesday at the latest.

DEREK

Wednesday?

POLICEMAN

Most likely.

DEREK

You're saying I have to live with a truck in my wall until Wednesday?

POLICEMAN

Yeah. Sorry, you know, budget cutbacks. Used to be we could have a wrecker here inside of an hour. Can't do that anymore. It's the sort of thing people don't want to pay taxes for. If you want, of course, you can hire a private towing service...

DRIVER

Hey, I'm not having some fly-by-night tow service touching my truck!

POLICEMAN

...but that would cost you a few hundred. But maybe you could get your landlords to pay for it or something. Anyway, since there don't seem to be any injuries or anything, I'll be moving along...

DEREK

Wait, shouldn't you be citing this guy for negligence or something?

POLICEMAN

Ha, like that'd do any good! You just can't stop plowing into things, can you, Bill? *(He good-naturedly punches the DRIVER in the shoulder.)*

PARK STREET ANGEL

DRIVER

Shut up!

POLICEMAN

Hey, you should come over for dinner tonight. Margie'd love to see you again.

DRIVER

If she makes that chicken thing with the lemon sauce, I'm in.

POLICEMAN

Deal. (to *DEREK*) Okay, we all set here?

DEREK

No! What am I going to do until Wednesday?

POLICEMAN

Oh, it's totally up to you. See you tonight, Bill! (*He exits.*)

DRIVER (to *DEREK*)

This isn't over. I'm going to be talking to my lawyer. (*He exits.*)

DEREK stares numbly after them, and then pulls out his phone. He thumbs his way through a screen, obviously looking up a number. He then puts a call through.

DEREK (on phone)

Uh... Hello? Yes, hi... Um. This is Derek Delimiter, I occupy one of your units at 16 Parker Street? So, um, this guy ran a truck into my wall. Yes, it's seriously damaged. I was wondering if-- What? No. No, it's no one I know. What I want to know is-- Yes. Yes, I know. No, look, I didn't cause it. I was just in bed when it-- No, obviously you're not responsible, either, it was the jerk who was driving. I'm just saying that there's a truck in my wall, and I thought you should know... I know that. Wait, you're saying it's a violation of my lease to be sleeping in my bed when some moron smashes his truck into my unit? I don't think I can be held culpable... The lease? Yes, I *did* read it before I signed it, and I don't recall it saying anything about me having liability for random traffic accidents. Look, if my place was smashed in a hurricane, I wouldn't be liable for that, would I? ...Really? No, I don't remember

PARK STREET ANGEL

DEREK (*cont*)

seeing *that* in my lease at all. I don't think, legally, you can hold me responsible... I mean, I can't be held accountable for acts of nature, can I? No, I don't mean the truck, I mean the hurricane. Right, no, I don't mean a real one, I mean a hypothetical hurricane. No, but see, I wouldn't have any control over it, just like I had no control over this truck... What? You can't be serious. Well, I'll... I'll just-- I'll just talk to my own lawyer then! Goodbye!

DEREK hangs up.

DEREK

Shit.

DEREK dials another number.

DEREK

Hello? Hey, Don. Derek. Yeah, I know. Long time. Listen, something's come up, and I wonder if I could crash at your place for a couple days... Uh-huh. Well, it's a bad time for *me*, too. Come on, I'm begging you. I promise you, I'll keep out of your hair, I'll wash your dishes and bathe your dog. Anything. Please?... Awesome. You're a lifesaver, big bro. I'll be over in about an hour.

DEREK hangs up, and takes one more look at his wrecked apartment.

DEREK

Shit.

Scene2 : The kitchen/dining room of MOLLY and DORA's apartment. MOLLY sits at the table, eating breakfast (scrambled eggs, toast, orange juice), while reading Invisible Man. DORA enters, in her bathrobe.

DORA

This city sucks beyond all magnitude of suckitude.

MOLLY

Hey, Dora. When did you get in last night?

DORA

PARK STREET ANGEL

I dunno. Half past the end of the world. Do you know what happened to me last night?

MOLLY

No.

DORA

So, I'm taking the Red Line home after meeting up with Cassie, and I'm feeling kinda good, 'cause we'd gone on this frozen daiquiri spree. So I'm just sitting there minding my own business, and sitting opposite me are these three college creeps who keep looking my way and sniggering.

MOLLY

Why were they sniggering?

DORA

'Cause they were creeps, why else? So, one of 'em says, "Hey, my friend here kind of likes you." He's pointing to one of the other ones. "He kind of likes you. Can you do him a favor?" So, I'm just ignoring him of course, which never does any good. And he's like, "Can you do him a favor? Like this one little favor?" And the other guys are cracking up. "It's just one little thing. Can you let him eat your pussy?"

MOLLY

Wow.

DORA

He's like, "Come on, it won't hurt, and you might even like it. Don't act so stuck up."

MOLLY

What'd you do?

DORA

I fucking pulled out my Luger and shot each one right between the eyes. (*Mimes this.*) Pyew! Pyew! Pyew!... Well, no, I just got off at the next stop and walked all the way home, feeling totally humiliated.

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM