

**TR TWO**

**By Jerold London**

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## TR TWO

### **This child in me will not die.**

#### TIME AND PLACE

Present (post-Covid). United States or Canada. Winter night. Snow is falling.

**Center stage** is the front seat of a car, or something adequately symbolizing one, such as –



## CHARACTERS

AMBER. Female, mid 20s. A hooker.

PAT. Trans girl, 27. A driver.

Figure (silhouette) of a man behind a scrim or translucent screen (non-speaking part).

... in the dialogue indicates a thoughtful break.

... // in the dialogue indicates interrupting (but **not** overlapping) text.

But the snow is gently falling now, as if sliding down from suspended strings.  
Peaceful, untouched.

– Casey Plett, *Weekend, Resilience*, 2017.

**SCENE**

**PAT and AMBER are riding together in a car – PAT driving.**

**PAT**

Pretty damn cold out there. Must be.  
Just look at that snow.  
I sure hope you know where this place is.  
All I've had to eat tonight is a sandwich.

**AMBER**

It's just up there. Over there. Trust me.

**PAT**

How do you know?

**AMBER**

Muzzle it.

**PAT**

I'm just nervous. Sorry.

**AMBER**

You always nervous?

**PAT**

You don't know the guy.  
What if he starts doin' some weird shit?

**AMBER**

I can take care of myself.

**PAT**

But I can't, I'm sure, if you get yourself in too deep.

**AMBER**

That's not your problem.  
It's not your job. It's mine.  
Just let me out.  
Park over there.  
I'll be back in half an hour. Tops.

**PAT parks the car. AMBER gets out. PAT  
turns off the lights.**

**Behind a scrim or translucent screen we can see the silhouettes of AMBER and a man. He gives her some money, which she holds in her hand; and then an apparent disagreement breaks out. Suddenly he grabs the bills out of her hand. AMBER leaves his house, walks to the car, and gets in.**

**AMBER**

The cunt.

**PAT**

What happened?

**AMBER**

He took the money right out of my hand.  
When I told him it costs more.  
What he wanted me to do.  
And he said he always gets it for that.  
The cunt.

**PAT**

What do you want me to do?

**AMBER**

Get me out of here.

**PAT turns on the lights, starts the car, and drives away.**

**AMBER**

I'll pay you what I always do.  
Well, maybe five bucks less, since I didn't get anything.

**PAT**

That's fair.

**AMBER**

Took it right out of my hand, the fucker.  
I should have punched him in the face.

**PAT**

I'm glad you didn't.

**AMBER**

Next time that happens, I will. I swear to God I will.  
Right in his fucking face. Or kick him in the balls.

**PAT**

I've driven more calls like this than you'd believe.

**AMBER**

Cunts.

**PAT**

Even guys who say they'd rather do it with whores.  
How can you know about a guy, if he's not a regular?

**AMBER**

I sure don't know. Just takes a sixth sense, when you meet 'em.

**PAT**

Do you have many regulars?

**AMBER**

None that I need your services for.

**PAT**

Just askin'.

**AMBER**

You ever do it? With a guy?

**PAT**

Oh, I've been fucked. Lots of times, actually.  
But no one's paid me.  
I just drive.  
And work a cash register, daytime.

**AMBER**

Oh.

**PAT**

It's drinkin' I like better....  
In cafés and bars. New places I haven't been to.  
Where nobody knows my name.  
Drinkin' and laughin' with new faces.  
Pretty, new faces.  
That's what I like best.

Could be worse.

**AMBER**

It is.

**PAT**

I'm living it, too.

**AMBER**

We both are.

**PAT**

Just take me home.  
It's going to be a dead night for me tonight.

**AMBER**

Want to come over for a drink?

**PAT**

And you drive me home drunk? No thanks.

**AMBER**

You can stay the night.

**PAT**

With you?

**AMBER**

Just us girls. I'll drive you home in the morning.

**PAT**

No thanks.  
I've got enough friends.

**AMBER**

Just askin'.  
I'll probably get another call anyway.

**PAT**

You think so? It's near midnight.

**AMBER**

Sometimes in the middle of the night.  
To near Sweet Jesus and back, usually.

**PAT**



**AMBER**

You ever think of turning tricks yourself?

**PAT**

I told you. No one's goin' to pay for this.

**AMBER**

Why not? You're good looking enough.

**PAT**

No I'm not. And I don't have the nerve, askin'.  
And I could never, ever be femme enough.

**AMBER**

Leave it up to him. *He's* the guy.  
And believe me, there's plenty of them out there.  
Different, if you know what I mean.

**PAT**

Maybe someone would just get buzzed with me,  
and we could fall asleep together. I'd like that.

**AMBER**

Maybe. You never know. A little rum and all. Or a bottle of Sherry.  
It could be worse.

**PAT**

It is.

**AMBER**

I'm living it, too.

**PAT**

We both are.... Ever do it with a trans girl?

**AMBER**

You asking?

**PAT**

Just wonderin'.

**AMBER**

Yeah. Once. It was like yogurt.

**PAT**

[*beat*] Mind if I light up?

**AMBER**

I can't stand smoke. Especially in a car. Sorry.

**PAT**

That's okay. That's fine. I get it....

[*beat*] Sometimes the thought crosses my mind,  
that I should be writing this all down.

For posterity.

**AMBER**

Whose posterity?

**PAT**

You know. Like a poem. For a book. Or a play.

**AMBER**

Why not?

**PAT**

Who fuckin' knows?

It's just ....

If I write about it, maybe it would seem ....

**AMBER**

[*beat, waiting*] What? It would seem what?

**PAT**

Less like my life's a savage dream.

**AMBER**

I go there, too. Sometimes. Thinking life's but a dream.

And hoping someday it's all going to work out okay, and I'll wake up.

**PAT**

Yeah. Drivin' hookers, doin' tricks with strange men,  
when I just want, sometimes, to take some of their cum and spit it in their faces.  
The hypocrites. The lechers. Using people 'cause they've got the money to.  
And could care less what it does to a girl.

**AMBER**

You wouldn't make much of a hooker thinking like that.

**PAT**

Get myself beat up, killed most likely.

**AMBER**

People can be stupid, saying stupid things like that in the wrong place.

**PAT**

Bodies are stupid.

**AMBER**

Speak for yourself.

**PAT**

I am.

[beat] I was just askin' before ...  
about you comin' over.

Just friends.

That's all.

**AMBER**

I know.

**PAT**

No offense intended.

**AMBER**

None taken....

I just generally don't get along, being friendly like that.

I'm not the type.

I'm all business.

**PAT**

I understand.

Best I can.

About cis girls.

Which is why I'd like to write some.

To get to understand better.

There's so much out there to write about. In life.

**AMBER**

You mean, about me??

**PAT**

You'd be one of the characters.... Yeah.

**AMBER**

And other hookers you transport, here and there?

**PAT**

More interestin' than most people....  
And about when I was a teenager.  
Fightin' it so hard. Before all this. Before any of this.  
Before the end of my stupidity.  
Before I gave up givin' up wantin' to be a pretty girl,  
'cause I know I'll never be pretty enough.

**AMBER**

You're pretty enough.  
Plenty pretty enough.

**PAT**

It's taken more spiro and breast forms than I'd like to admit.

**AMBER**

How old are you? if I may ask.

**PAT**

Twenty-seven.

**AMBER**

I'd have guessed close to that.

**PAT**

And still not sure *what* I'm supposed to be doing with my life.

**AMBER**

Me, neither.

**PAT**

Want to come over for a drink?

**AMBER**

Sure. Why not?

**END\***

**\* Recognition to *RESILIENCE* (edited, Amy Heart, Larissa Glasser, and Sugi Pyrrophyta, Heartspark Press, Olympia, Washington, 2017 – and in particular to Casey Plett, *Weekend*).**