

TR TWO

By Jerold London

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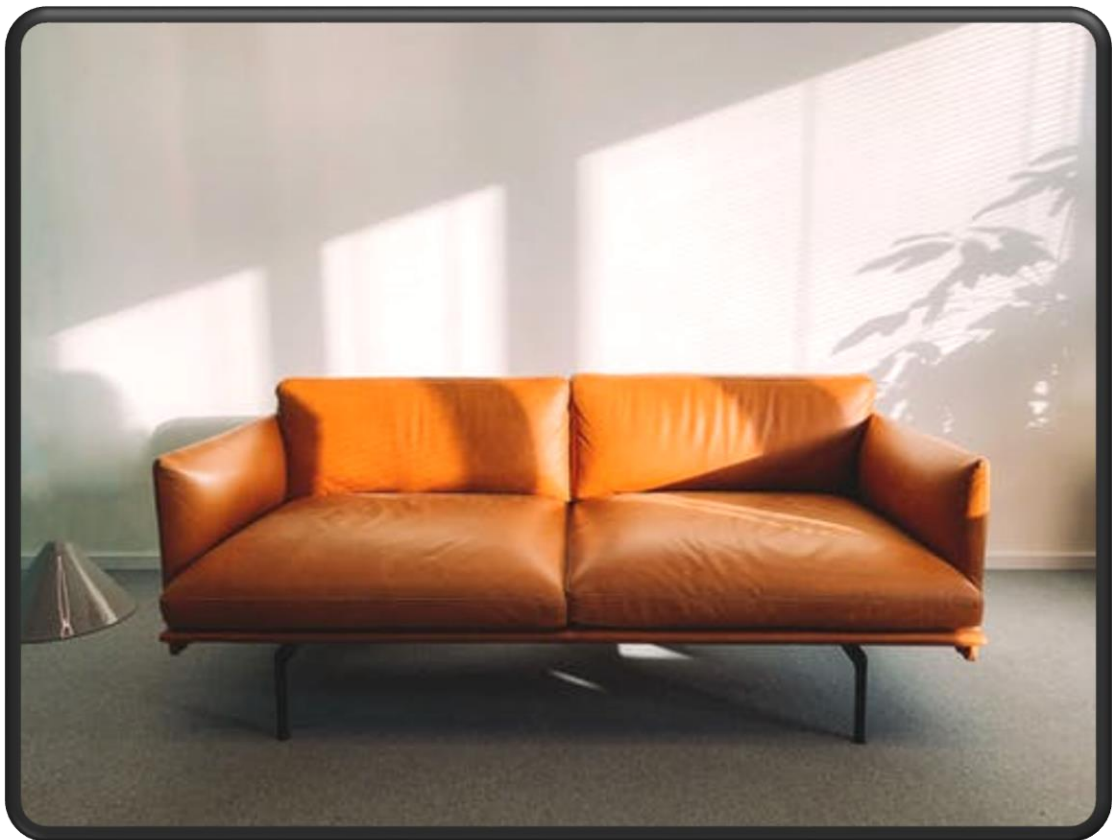
TR TWO

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*).**