

Girl works in a factory. Something in work has upset her. On her way home from work she stops at her friend/cousin's house and there's a man there – a friend of the cousin. Something happens between them as though they're drawn to each other but the factory girl, at least, is uncertain.

If you don't wanna do that, write something else.

*The back end of a sedan sticks out onto stage left. Two men stand centre stage, staring into the front row of the audience.*

Parker: Jesus christ, Frank.

Frank: I know. It's bad.

Parker: "Bad"?

Frank: You said you wouldn't freak out.

*Beat*

Parker: Please say it was just a wolf or something.

Frank: That would be ideal, huh?

*PARKER walks upstage and squats down to get a closer look.*

Parker: What'd you do, Frank? Other than the obvious, I mean.

Frank: It's more a question of what I didn't do, I think.

Parker: Such as?

Frank: Look at the road.

Parker: Right.

Frank: I was leaning over to get beef jerky out the glove box and, *budunk*, thar-she-blows.

Parker: Whatever it is it has no hair. It has no fucking hair.

Frank: I vaporised it. Jellified it.

Parker: That's not an animal, Frank.

Frank: I hit it, right? And a fine red mist sorta sprinkle-coated the entire windshield—

Parker: How fast were you even going?

Frank: And I have no windshield washer fluid either, so I pulled over and used my sleeve to kinda just wipe it off—

Parker: Supremely unsanitary. So, so unsanitary.

Frank: And there're chunks in the grill, too, but I figure they'll just... fall out after a while. Like lice.

*PARKER hops off the stage to get a closer look. He searches.*

Parker: Oh *fuck* Frank.

*PARKER hops back onto the stage, holding a piece of plaid fabric in his hand.*

Parker: *Again?!*

Frank: I'm upset with myself.

Parker: I thought we sorted this out! You were doing so well!

Frank: It's a problem.

Parker: How many tonight?

*FRANK nibbles on his lower lip, and shyly holds up seven fingers.*

Parker: *Seven?*

Frank: You said you wouldn't freak out.

Parker: *Jesus Christ, Frank. (Beat)* Are they in the trunk?

Frank: And the back seat.

Parker: I can't even believe you right now. Did you put a tarp down?

Frank: Of course I put a tarp down – I'm not a savage.

Parker: Why, Frank. Why do you keep *doing* this?

Frank: I mean, do you want the tonight 'why' or the overarching 'why'?

*PARKER slouches on the floor, leaning against the sedan. He rubs his temples.*

Frank (continued): Do you remember "The Little Mermaid"? There was that one scene – right after the octopus-bitch gives the mermaid people-legs – where the mermaid is completely naked, swimming to the surface. I remember being really little watching that, and really, really liking it for some reason. Do you remember that scene? It didn't show anything, obviously, but it showed enough – enough to let the mind wander and wonder, and to make me rewatch the scene over and over. I didn't know why, I had no idea. I was only a kid – I didn't know what women were, or what tits were or whatever. I just knew that before, merlady had purple shells, and that in that one scene, she didn't.

Parker: I've never seen it.

Frank: And I'm somehow the bad guy here? Anyway: That feeling is very similar to this one, I guess. That need to see more but not being able to, not knowing *why* you want to see more, or *why* you're not able to. I just really, *really* wanted to see those mer-boobs, Parker.

Parker: You liquified a person!

Frank: I will admit I'm being a little excessive.

Parker: What are you doing with all of them?

*FRANK shrugs.*

Frank: Any ideas?

Parker: No I don't have any ideas, asshole. Was this one just hitchhiking, or what?

Frank: In a manner of speaking, I guess.

Parker: Christ.

Frank: I was giving them a headstart.

Parker: And then you hit them.

Frank: Evidently. This one was a legit accident, mind you.

Parker: This is lunacy. You're absolutely insane. Have you phoned Jo?

Frank: I sure have.

*FRANK sits down next to parker and pulls out a packet of cigarettes. He puts one in PARKER's mouth. He pulls out a lighter and lights it for him. He does the same for himself.*

*The sound of car breaks screeching is heard, followed by a door shutting. JOANNE enters stage right.*

Parker: Hi Jo.

Joanne: Parker.

Parker: How're things?

Frank: Hi Jo!

Joanne: Fine. So you've done it again, have you?

Parker: He's 'done' seven tonight.

*PARKER motions towards the car.*

Joanne: Impressive.

Parker: Oh please, Joanne. Don't encourage him.

Joanne: Did you put a tarp down?

Frank: I sure did.

Joanne: A marked improvement.

Frank: I try.

Joanne: Any others around here other than that one?

Frank: There sure aren't

Joanne: Parker, come and help me with it.

Parker: We shouldn't have to keep swooping in to bail him out whenever he does something like this.

Joanne: It's our job.

Frank: Love you guys.

Parker: This is crazy

Joanne: Irrelevant. Now get up.

Frank: Would you like a cigarette, Jo?

Joanne: Please.

*FRANK moves towards JOANNA and gives her a cigarette. She lights it herself.*

Parker: Frank, go and get the chunks out the front grating.

Frank: Can do.

*FRANK exits beside the sedan. PARKER moves closer to JOANNE.*

Parker: It's wrong.

Joanne: And he's going to do it anyway.

Parker: We need to stop this.

Joanne: And what do you suggest? It's not like you can call somebody. All we need to do is take care of our end and everything will continue to be fine.

Parker: I wouldn't call this 'fine'.

Joanne: Fine. Choose any word you like, it doesn't really matter. You came, yes?

Parker: Yes.

Joanne: Then shut up.

Logical and emotional sides of the brain. They aren't actually there.