

# Cyclone

## Ron Fitzgerald

Dramatic

Erin and Mitch, probably late twenties to early thirties

*Mitch and Erin live together in a trailer park. Mitch has been acting very strangely of late.*

*(Mitch stands at the edge of the yard drinking a beer. A pile of empties sits nearby. Across the yard, a hamburger is on a plate near the Flamingo.)*  
*(Erin walks up behind him. He doesn't turn. She lights a cigarette.)*

ERIN: The drinking seems to be going well - *Stead*  
MITCH: Yeah, you just have to apply yourself.

*(He finishes his beer, tosses the empty onto the pile. Stares.)*

ERIN: You having a moment here or something?

MITCH: I was going to play some ball. But I can't play ball. Because the fucking dog stole my ball.

ERIN: Where'd you go last night?

MITCH: I told you.

ERIN: You told me you went for a ride.

MITCH: So. I went for a ride.

ERIN: Where to?

MITCH: Nowhere.

ERIN: I talked to Martin.

MITCH: Why don't you just tell him you're not interested.

ERIN: I'm not.

MITCH: So just tell him that. He keeps hanging around.

ERIN: He comes in for coffee and donuts.

MITCH: Hanging around and making speeches.

ERIN: Martin was talking about this guy with a gun at some store. He asked me where you were last night.

MITCH: What'd you say?

ERIN: I said you were home.

MITCH: It's none of his fucking business.

ERIN: Do you have a gun?

MITCH: It wasn't me. OK? I didn't do anything in any store.

I just . . . I couldn't sleep. So . . . so I . . . you know . . . drove around. Don't worry about it.

ERIN: But I do worry. I mean . . . I want to help you deal with all of this.

MITCH: I don't need your help dealing with anything.

Last time I saw my dad . . . he was driving away. He didn't look back. He sure as hell didn't wave.

*(Mitch lights a cigarette. Erin looks across the yard.)*

ERIN: Is that a . . . a hamburger?

MITCH: Yeah.

ERIN: Why is it sitting in our yard?

MITCH: I set a trap for the dog.

ERIN: You did what?

MITCH: He pissed on my Flamingo. He crapped in my yard. He stole my ball.

ERIN: You can't have that.

MITCH: That's what I'm saying. I'm going to nail the little bastard.

ERIN: With a hamburger.

MITCH: That's just the bait.

ERIN: It's on a bun.

MITCH: It's a hamburger.

ERIN: Yeah but it's for the dog. I don't think the dog needs a bun.

MITCH: It has to look natural.

ERIN: So the dog doesn't get suspicious.

MITCH: It's a very smart dog.

ERIN: How do you know?

MITCH: I've seen him in action.

*(They watch the burger.)*

ERIN: You think it'll work without fries and a Coke?

MITCH: He'll be back.

ERIN: So the dog . . . sees the burger . . . eats it . . . and . . . what? Freaks out 'cause he can't leave a tip?

MITCH: Poison.

ERIN: Poison?



MITCH: He stole my ball. He crapped in my yard. He pissed on my flamingo.

ERIN: That's crazy. You're not going to poison the dog.  
MITCH: I got no choice.

ERIN: You wouldn't poison a dog. You wouldn't do that.

MITCH: At this point, it's kinda him or me.

ERIN: You're talking about a dog.

MITCH: No, I'm talking about principle. The violation of my fucking property.

ERIN: What violation? Some poop?

MITCH: He stole my ball. ~~Stop~~

ERIN: Where the hell did you get poison?

MITCH: Look around.

*(Mitch opens another beer.)*

ERIN: Might want to chew some gum before you go to work.

MITCH: I'm not going to work.

ERIN: You take off?

MITCH: Kind of. I quit.

ERIN: You . . . What are you talking about?

MITCH: I'm talking about how I quit my job.

ERIN: You . . . you . . . Why?

MITCH: Because it sucked shit.

ERIN: You just up and quit?

MITCH: I'm supposed to . . . *what?* . . . just keep on working there . . . so someday I can be a . . . a manager . . . or a supervisor . . . maybe even a foreman . . . some other kinda fucking asshole? Work sixty, seventy hours a week to get myself a . . . a promotion . . . a step up . . . and so then I'm not exactly *drowning* in the shit . . . I'm just wading in it . . . just like ankle deep. It's still shit. It's still going to be the same shit. Every day. I don't want my life to be the same shit every day.

ERIN: Fuck you. The same shit.

MITCH: I'm not talking about you.

ERIN: Why? You think I go skipping off to work every morning?

MITCH: No.

ERIN: Spend my day picking bugs out of the icing . . . come home and I'm just . . . I'm just . . . the same old shit.

MITCH: I . . . I don't mean you . . . I don't mean you and me . . . I mean the, the . . .

ERIN: The *what?*

MITCH: I don't know!

ERIN: Your life can be whatever you want it to be.

MITCH: Right.

ERIN: It can.

MITCH: I'm sure that's true.

ERIN: It's true if you think it's true.

MITCH: Yeah.

ERIN: Do you think it's true?

MITCH: Sure. Why not?

ERIN: Do you? Really? I'm serious.

*(Pause.)*

MITCH: I can get another job.

ERIN: I know that.

MITCH: They're always hiring somebody to do something.

ERIN: Yeah, but what do you want to do?

MITCH: I don't know.

ERIN: I mean, if you could do anything in the world . . . anything you wanted . . . what would you do?

MITCH: Anything?

ERIN: Yeah.

MITCH: I think I would be somebody else.

ERIN: Like who?

MITCH: I don't know. Somebody different.

ERIN: Different how?

MITCH: I don't know. Somebody who . . . who could . . . who was . . . I don't fucking know. What do you want me to be?

ERIN: I don't want you to be anything. I want you to be you.

MITCH: Well . . . that's what I am.

So I guess we're all happy now.

*(Pause.)*

*(He finishes his beer, crushes the can, drops it in the pile.)*