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Cyclone

Ron Fitzgerald

Dramatic

Bob, early twenties; Mitch, late twenties to early thirties

Bob, a clerk in a convenience store, comes over to the trailer park where a demented customer named Mitch lives. Bob wants to know why Mitch shot him.

(Just before dawn. Mitch and Erin's yard looks pretty much the same except for the Flamingo that is, perhaps, a bit yellower. Mitch staggers in and slumps on the steps. He is carrying a six-pack of Pabst and the charred, twisted, and partially melted cup of ashes. He sees them on the stairs and lights a smoke. After a moment Bob walks in holding his arm, which is wrapped in a bloody American flag.)

BOB: You shot me.

MITCH: You want a beer?

BOB: You shot me.

MITCH: You keep saying that.

BOB: I've never been shot before.

MITCH: Do you want a beer or not?

BOB: I want to go to the hospital.

MITCH: For what?

BOB: You shot me.

MITCH: I didn't shoot you much, Bob. I mean . . . it was just one time for Christ's sake.

BOB: I lost a lot of blood.

MITCH: It's just a little hole.

BOB: I feel kinda dizzy.

MITCH: Why don't you have a nice beer? Beer is good for gunshot wounds.

BOB: I've been bleeding for a long time. I mean, I was bleeding in the car and . . . in the parking lot . . . and at the store. I've been bleeding

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for hours because you shot me at like . . . like . . . What time do you think you shot me?

MITCH: I'm not really sure.

BOB: It was dark out. I remember that. Do you remember that?

MITCH: Yeah.

BOB: Well it gets dark around . . . around . . . What time do you think it gets dark?

MITCH: I have no idea.

BOB: OK, but like *around*?

MITCH: It gets dark around my nineteenth beer.

BOB: I'm a dead man.

MITCH: No, you'll be fine.

BOB: I should just start digging a hole.

MITCH: You're not going to bleed to death, Bob. I only shot you a little bit. And we've got you nice and wrapped up there.

BOB: You promise?

MITCH: Yeah. I promise.

BOB: OK. You know, you did a good job here with this thing. My arm. It's very . . . you know . . . *wrapped* . . . and all. If it wasn't that I was shot, it would be . . . I don't know . . . sort of . . . Cool. 'Cause it's nice material.

MITCH: Consider it a gift.

BOB: Hey thanks.

(Bob takes in the yard.)
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You know this is . . . kinda nice here. You got a yard . . . sort of . . . and you know . . . same steps . . . and . . . hey, you got a pelican there, huh?

MITCH: It's a flamingo.

BOB: A flamingo? Why is it yellow?

MITCH: It's molting.

BOB: Weird.

(Bob picks up the baseball glove.)
Baseball. You got a kid or something?

MITCH: It's mine.

(Bob slips the glove on his good hand.)

BOB: Kinda small. You got a ball? We could play catch.

I guess that's stupid, huh? I mean, I can't really throw, can I? My arm's all fucked up. I can still catch though.

I sure do appreciate what you did for my arm here. I mean, the flag part, not the shooting part. Not that the shooting part's *bad* or anything . . . it's just . . . I would have got blood all over Bob's shirt, and then . . . he would have got back from the Poconos and been all like . . . "Dude, you got fucking paint all over my shirt" . . . and I would have had to go like "Dude, it's got paint, it's my fucking blood" . . . and then he would be all like "Yeah. Right. What did you do, get another one of your nosebleeds?" . . . and I'd be like "No, Bob. I got, like, shot. Like while you were at the fucking Poconos watching a stupid fucking car race and drinking fucking beer and talking to fucking girls and watching a bunch of assholes drive around in a fucking circle. I was at the fucking store. Bob OK? I was at the fucking store, behind the fucking counter, in your fucking shirt, working your fucking shift, and getting fucking SHOT, Bob. So fuck you, Bob. FUCK YOU BOB YOU STUPID FUCK."

He'd fucking shit . . . I said all that . . . he'd . . . he'd hide the coffee.

MITCH: OK, now I want to go to the hospital.

BOB: I'm really sorry I threw that water on your dad.

MITCH: That's OK.

BOB: Flame makes me kinda nervous.

MITCH: I noticed that.

BOB: It's all because of Bambi. That forest fire. Movie really messed me up.

MITCH: Let's go see the doctor. It'll be fun.

BOB: No, no . . . I'm all right.

MITCH: You don't seem all right.

BOB: I'm fine. I want a beer.

MITCH: What about your arm?

BOB: I can drink with this hand.

(Bob slings a beer.)

MITCH: Look, I'm really sorry I shot you Bob.

BOB: No, it's cool. I got this amazing feeling all of a sudden. Like something in my head moved. Like at first, I thought it was all the