

A Few Miles Away

A road trip to visit the perfect girl doesn't go well. . .
or does it?

by Michael Weems

Characters

JEFF } *best friends, in their*
KEVIN } *20s*

SETTING: *A bare stage, representing an empty road. It's dusty and quiet.*

AT RISE: *JEFF and KEVIN are walking together. They look terrible—disheveled and tired. KEVIN stops periodically, turns around and tries to hitchhike.*

JEFF: We're not hitchhiking.

KEVIN: Why not?

JEFF: It's dangerous. Besides, who's going to pick us up? Look at you.

KEVIN (*Challenging JEFF*): Look at you.

JEFF: Exactly.

KEVIN (*Finally agreeing*): Yeah, I know. We look awful. I wouldn't pick either one of us up, either. (*Beat*) So. . .are

you really just going to leave your car there?

JEFF: What good is it to me? Flat tire and probably a busted drive belt. You got the money to fix those?

KEVIN: No.

JEFF: Me either. You can turn around if you want to, you know. I'm still going.

KEVIN: No.

JEFF: You're so stubborn, you know that?

KEVIN: Says the guy who's walking across America to find his dream girl.

JEFF: I've found her already. She just happens to live on the other side of the country.

KEVIN: And you think *I'm* stubborn? Some random girl at a club kisses you. Big deal! You can recreate that experience practically any night of the week.

JEFF: You're the one who's walking with me to try to convince me otherwise. That makes you the stubborn one.

KEVIN: Tell you what. Double date tonight. Me with Cara. You. . . (*Thinks*) what about Becky?

JEFF: She's cute.

KEVIN: Perfect. I'll set it up. Let's just go back that way. (*Points*)

JEFF: She's no Jessica, though.

KEVIN: Dude, come on!

JEFF: She's all I can see.

KEVIN: Listen, a sane person might've gotten a job, saved up a few bucks, flown there.

JEFF: Time was imperative. What if she found someone else in that time? It'd take months to earn enough money for a ticket.

KEVIN: You could ask your parents.

JEFF (*Stonily*): George and Betty are no longer in my life.

KEVIN: By your choice, not theirs.

JEFF: Whatever.

KEVIN: She's just one girl. You've seen hotter.

JEFF: Of course.

KEVIN: Dude, Becky's family is loaded. You wouldn't have to lift a thumb. You'd be her project.

JEFF: Nah.

KEVIN: Then why her? Why this—

JEFF: Jessica.

KEVIN: Right. What is it about Jessica, specifically?

JEFF: She's special. It was my movie moment. That day, you know. . . I was having a really bad day. You dragged me out to that club, I got something to drink, scoped the place out, put a song on the jukebox, (*Shakes head*) and man. Started from the toes up—I saw those slender feet in her heels start to move—like this irresistible force was just coming up from the ground. Her legs—her hips—her arms. Then from across the room I see her eyes trained on me—like guided missiles. It must've taken us hours to part the crowd and get around to each other and when we did. . . it was glorious.

KEVIN: I was there that night too, you know.

JEFF: So you get it. That feeling.

KEVIN: No. I saw you two stumble over to each other and start to make out like teenagers.

JEFF: Subtleties, man.

KEVIN: Sure. I'm not changing your mind, am I?

JEFF: Nope.

KEVIN: Great.

JEFF: How far do you think we've come along?

KEVIN: Your car lasted longer than I expected. I'd say maybe a hundred miles or so.

JEFF: Damn.

KEVIN (*Sarcastically*): But hey. . . she'll wait for you.

JEFF: Shut up. (*Testily*) It's not like I have options here!

KEVIN: George and Betty—

JEFF: I told you before: Not an option.

KEVIN: Then we'd better start walking again. (*Sarcastically*) Might get there by Christmas. (*KEVIN starts to walk. JEFF doesn't.*)

JEFF: (*Suddenly*): I'm an idiot.

KEVIN: No, this was a well-thought-out plan.

JEFF: I'm such an idiot.

KEVIN: What do you want me to say? This was a great idea? I couldn't leave you alone on this trek. The odds of you getting abducted or lost or hypothermia kind of seem a little too high. Friends don't let friends walk across the country by themselves.

JEFF: I didn't think my car was going to die.

KEVIN: How much gas money did you have?

JEFF: Another hundred bucks or so.

KEVIN: That might've gotten us across another state or two. What then?

JEFF: I hadn't gotten that far.

KEVIN: Want to go home?

JEFF: No.

KEVIN: Want to keep walking?

JEFF: No.

KEVIN: Well, we can't just sit here. We need a plan.

JEFF: I'm all out of plans. It wasn't meant to be.

KEVIN: We'll be fine.

JEFF: How can you say that? We're stranded. It's getting dark out. My car is dead.

KEVIN: Remember that gas station right before the state line?

JEFF: Yeah.

KEVIN: I called your Dad. Told him the route. (*JEFF starts walking.*)

JEFF (*Angrily*): What the heck did you do that for?

KEVIN: He thought it was romantic! He said he would've bought us both plane tickets!

JEFF: Where's the honor in that?

KEVIN: Is your tail not tucked between your legs right now?

JEFF: I tried!

KEVIN: If you really loved this girl, you'd be able to overlook your ego.

JEFF: You don't get it.

KEVIN: I do! There's nobility in wanting to do this by yourself. You tried, but our resources were absurdly limited. Does that change your intentions? Does that make you want this girl any less?

JEFF (*Reluctant*): No—

KEVIN: It'll make for a good story. And an adventure for us. Yeah, it's not our proudest moment, but let's just go.

JEFF: O.K.

KEVIN: Really? 'Cause I'm really sick of walking.

JEFF: Me too.

KEVIN (*Patting JEFF on the back*):

Nice try. You almost had it, buddy.

JEFF: Thanks. What now?

KEVIN: I'm sure your Dad will be here soon. We spend the night at their place. Tell them your story. Hop on a plane and find this girl.

JEFF: Sounds good. Thanks for having some common sense.

KEVIN: Of course. That's why you keep me around.

JEFF: It's the only reason.

KEVIN: So where in Massachusetts does this girl live?

JEFF: Boston.

KEVIN (*After a beat*): O.K. Where in Boston?

JEFF (*Shrugging and smiling*): Adventure, right?

KEVIN: Oh, man, you've gotta be kidding me. (*They sit. Lights go out.*)

THE END

PRODUCTION NOTES

A Few Miles Away

CHARACTERS: 2 male.

PLAYING TIME: 15 minutes.

COSTUMES: Modern clothes, somewhat disheveled.

PROPERTIES: None.

SETTING: Bare stage representing empty road.

LIGHTING and **SOUND:** No special effects.